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TURF, CARDS, AND TEMPERANCE.

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TURF CARDS AND TEMPERANCE

OR

Reminiscences in a Checkered Life:

CONTAINING THE MOST IMPORTANT EVENTS
IN THE LIFE OF

J. R. TALBOT,

TOGETHER WITH SKETCHES OF ALL LEADING MEN WITH WHOM, PERSONALLY, THIS
SPORTING MAN, POLITICIAN AND LECTURER
HAS COME IN CONTACT.

——Pauci dignoscere possunt
Vera bona, atque illis multum diversa, remota
Erroris nebula. JUVENAL.

——How few
Know their own good; or, knowing it, pursue?
How void of reason are our hopes and fears?
DRYDEN.

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PREFACE.

BIOGRAPHY requires no recommendation. To praise that, against which, since the world's creation, a whisper has not been heard or disapprobation perceived, would be absurd, for man is without doubt the most interesting object to man, and through this mirror we are taught to recognize ourselves. Biography shows by what mistakes in conduct true happiness has been lost, and grief and ignominy incurred, and by what exertions information and moral goodness are acquired, and ignorance and crime destroyed. If Napoleon at Rome shed tears before the statue of Cæsar; if Daniel Webster felt the sublime passion of a patriot fill his being when reading the magnificent outbursts of Patrick Henry; if the heart of the American sailor, centuries to come, will pulsate and throb at the name of Perry, all this and an exhaustless more is owing to the most bewitching kind of history —Biography. The author is well aware that in quitting the ranks and stepping forward beyond the lists he is a challenger, whom all have the right to attack; but whatever may be the verdict, one thing he does presume, however faulty the execution, the *plan* of the work will meet with universal approbation. The lives of individuals, as frequently written, are greatly marred by pages of excessive dullness, lacking spirit, and most of all, are injured by repetition. Heterogeneous parts, without order, without system, and without reason, are jumbled together in absolute chaos. This work is divided into fourteen chapters, so arranged as to be nearly independent of each other, and presenting under the heading of each all of Talbot's observations on the subject considered, from youth up to the present day. Interest is greatly heightened by the slight thread of Talbot's life, woven through the whole, and the manner in which it is blended with the lives of others with whom he has come in contact. The author is not ambitious to attain reputation as a writer, but to communicate information in the most eligible form, and humbly hopes his work, both as the teacher of a moral and a curiosity in Biography, will not disappoint the expectations of the reader.

THE AUTHOR.

NEW YORK, March 14th, 1882.

CONTENTS.

eT275
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CHAPTER I.

Early Life.... 5

CHAPTER II.

New York.... 11

CHAPTER III.

New Orleans; Faro... 19

CHAPTER IV.

The Hepp Family..... 26

CHAPTER V.

Basin Street; Heroines of Many Loves..... 32

CHAPTER VI.

The Louisiana Cock-Pit; Billiards; Cards... 39

CHAPTER VII.

The Stage.... 48

CHAPTER VIII.

Opera; The Mardi Gras Ball..... 57

CHAPTER IX.

The Turf..... 62

CHAPTER X.

The Mississippi..... 77

CHAPTER XI.

Financially Ruined; Oratory..... 86

CHAPTER XII.

Temperance 94

CHAPTER XIII.

Temperance—Continued..... 114

CHAPTER XIV.

Politics..... 121

Index 130–134

Turf, Cards and Temperance.

Chapter One.

Early Life.

—Non tamen irritum
Quodcunque retro est efficiet, neque
Diffinget, infectumque reddet,
Quod fugiens semel hora vixit.

Be fair or foul, or rain or shine,
The joys I have possess'd, in spite of fate, are mine.
Not Heaven itself upon the past has power,
But what has been, has been, and I have had my hour. —Dryden.

The subject of this sketch was born in Bristol, R. I., July 17th, 1850. His father, Josiah Richmond Talbot, from whom he was named, first saw the light in Dighton, a little country village in Massachusetts, and with no better than a homespun education, and forced to earn his bread by the sweat of his brow, came on foot to Bristol when sixteen years of age, with a pack upon his back, and shipped as cabin boy on a merchantman. Bristol, at that time, contained a population of some forty-five hundred souls. Situated on Narragansett Bay, it was regarded by many as one of the most beautiful spots on earth. A great change has taken place in the last century. The main thoroughfare at present is Hope street, which runs in a straight line for about a mile. Water can be seen at either extremity, and the grandest arcade of trees ever viewed adds to the beauty of the scene. It was formerly a commercial mart, and many vessels sailed from the spacious harbor to all parts of the world, the De Wolfs, the Ushers, Robert Rogers, and others, adding greatly to the wealth of the seaport, by their boldness and enterprise. But, surrounded by large cities, and the local trade being small, a change gradually occurred in the business of the town. Two mills, a sugar house, a rubber works and the Herreshoff manufactory were erected at suitable points, and those who were accustomed to the wild sea, the clang of blocks and the creaking of cordage were soon settled in a calmer vocation. The town undoubtedly owes its present prosperity to the National Rubber Company, which monthly distributes among its operatives, some thirteen hundred in number, over fifty thousand dollars. This influx of wealth manifests itself in the substantial sidewalks and comfortable—many magnificent—dwellings which line the thoroughfares. A water works has lately been voted, and, with abundance of the greatest civilizer of the world, the future of the old town is assured. With manufactories enlarged and increasing in number, with strangers settling within its borders, Bristol must play a more important part in the history of Rhode Island.

The elder Talbot, although able to trace his ancestry back to the second oldest family in England—the ancient Talbot baronial castle is still standing—was born of poor and obscure parents, and that he was able, issuing from beginnings so weak, to raise himself to a high position in society, and an independent fortune,

is sure evidence of some notable qualities and some uncommon talents. He was by nature frugal, laborious, constant, indefatigable, and, although austere in manner, was held in the highest esteem by his neighbors. He died when fifty-one years of age, leaving a wife and two children. His son was thus left, when only nine months of age, to the care of a loving mother, who, born in Dennis, Mass., could trace through her father, Uriah Howes, lineage back, in direct descent, to the landing of the Pilgrims in the May Flower. The subject of this sketch was therefore signally fortunate in ancestry. Nothing of importance occurred in his child life worthy of mention.

When Richmond was seven years old, his mother married Benjamin Flanders, of Brooklyn, New York, a man of wealth, of singular energy, prominent in Plymouth Church, and of whom Henry Ward Beecher always speaks with the tenderest regard. His mother, however, was soon again a widow, losing her estimable husband after a brief union of three weeks. Mrs. Flanders returned to her home in Bristol, and young Talbot was sent to Mrs. Perry's school, on High street, and afterwards to the North Grammar, over which Mr. Pollock presided. These teachers will always be remembered, both using the ferule and whalebone energetically, as many in Bristol can testify. At eleven, Richmond became a student in the University Grammar School, College street, Providence, R. I., conducted by Merrick Lyon, a teacher of great experience and well versed in the languages. He boarded for five years in Mr. Lyon's family, manifesting a greater love for sports than study, and it was with difficulty that this amiable man could keep him under control. He endeavored to lead the wayward boy into an acquaintance with himself, to convince him of his folly and vices, to inspire him with the love of virtue, and to furnish him with useful and moral instructions, but without avail. At fifteen, it was thought best he should return home, and then, for the first time, it seemed to dawn upon his mind that, to make a success in life, it was necessary to devote himself to study, and acquire dominion over his passions and appetites. He applied himself with such zeal at the Bristol High School that his average of one hundred in English Literature, Constitution of the United States and Geometry has never been surpassed. This was accomplished by incessant study. He was a youth of slow parts, and loved physical rather than mental exercises. His progress in learning was probably retarded by inflexibility and obstinacy of disposition. To learn is to submit to a new impression, and those submit the most easily who have the least power of resistance.

But, although the youth's apprehension was slow, and his learning came with difficulty, what was once acquired was long retained. Conscience at that time, powerfully awakened, was undoubtedly one great stimulus to exertion. The spirit of the Lord was brooding over Bristol, and a great revival, where hundreds were converted, ensued. Thomas, Locke, and Osborne held meetings of great interest in their respective chapels, and it seemed as if the millenium was at hand, so visible were the workings of the Creator. Mr. Latham, a graduate of Brown University, was principal of the High School at that time, taking especial interest in religious exercises, and the moral welfare of his pupils. He was a man of rare attainments, and it was under him that J. B. F. Herreshoff laid the foundation of that chemical knowledge which made him one of the first scientists in this country. Herreshoff, or "Pompey," as he was sometimes called, was a prodigy of strength. His wonderful feats prompted young Talbot to emulate him, and he thus gained an athletic frame and a powerful constitution.

Talbot did not graduate at the High School, although it was desired by Mr. Latham, but preferred to remain and review Algebra and Latin under the assistant teacher, Miss Luther.

preparatory to attending Phillips Academy, Exeter, N. H. He remembers the graduating class with interest—Miss Tilley, Miss Fales and Le Baron Bradford Miss Tilley was the valedictorian, was a remarkable student, and possessed a most retentive memory. A more accomplished scholar never graduated at the High School. Miss Fales, although not so quick, yet excelled. She died a few years ago, after marriage with a Mr. Fortun, of Cuba. Her death was felt by all. Miss Fales was the most conscientious girl Talbot ever met, and when, during the prayer meetings held at the High School, she felt the full burden of conscience, would burst into tears. "*Requiescat in pace.*" Le Baron Bradford gave promise of the future success which has crowned his efforts. A most painstaking student, his deportment and scholarship were worthy of emulation. His ambition was great and his will determined, and it was under Mr. Latham *that* religious principle which made him one of the founders of Trinity Church, and elevated him to a high position of trust, was more than strengthened.

Talbot never regretted the study of the Constitution of the United States under Latham. So great advantages have been reaped from the knowledge thus acquired, that he would advise all High Schools to make it an important branch of study. It embodies principles which, planted in the minds of youth, will last through life, and perhaps eternity.

A year after, Talbot became a member of Phillips Academy, historical as having in the list of pupils Daniel Webster and other men of note. Mr. Talbot has many times remarked, "Should I have a son, *that son* must be educated at Phillips Academy," so high an opinion has he of this preparatory school. No institution of learning in this country was, at that time, so similar to Rugby, England, in its customs and the habits of its pupils. Mr. Talbot and Mr. Thompson, now a professor in a Western college, and valedictorian of his class at Brown University, talk with pleasure of their boyish reminiscences at this famous seat of learning. Richmond excelled in physical exercises, and his standing in scholarship was above the average. Through constant practice with the dumb bells, his arms assumed immense proportions, and by measurement were the largest in the school. He was pitcher of the school nine, "lay back" on the foot ball eleven, and graduated with the reputation of having made the longest hit ever known at the academy. The sphere was assisted, however, by a strong wind. Gideon Soule was principal, a man of great dignity, and always respected by the students. At the beginning of each year, the old man, of more than seventy winters, would, in the presence of the whole school, bring his clenched fist with force upon the desk, and, with a look that would make the boldest quail, exclaim: "He that crosses the threshold of a rum shop or a billiard saloon, crosses the threshold of this academy for the last time." The Doctor showed no mercy to the transgressors; they were never spared, whatever their scholarship or social standing. This school was patronized both by rich and poor. The indigent received instruction free, and, if apt and promising, a sufficient sum, with a little outside help, to pay the necessary expenses. The sons of Ulysses S. Grant, August Belmont of New York, Governor Clifford of Massachusetts, and other notable men, were in Talbot's class.

Hazing was practiced, as at colleges, upon the poor juniors, but in a more limited degree. During Talbot's first week at Abbot's Hall, while preparing, one evening, the lessons of the following day, suddenly everything became blue, and he was seized with a fit of coughing. On opening the door, he found a crowd of middlers, and one of their number blowing sulphur smoke through the key-hole. His temper, aroused by this, was so fired into a rage when several bean-blowers delivered

their smarting contents, that he seized the dispenser of sulphur, who only escaped through the assistance of friends, and the loss of a coat, badly torn. Talbot was never hazed again. The same night an unfortunate youth from the country was undressed in his room, hung half-way out of the window, bed and boots filled with water, a most frightful oath administered, and the poor victim nearly scared out of his senses.

Not only the juniors suffered, but occasionally the teachers. One of the most unpopular men connected with the academy was Darrah, professor of penmanship. The students passed two hours each week under his tuition, and as those excelling were excused from this exercise, and spent the time as they chose at book, base ball or other recreation, these hours were very irksome to the quill-drivers. Mr. Darrah's marriage gave the sufferers an excuse to revenge themselves on their tormenter. It was decided to serenade the happy pair. He was awoke one night by a most horrid din, as if the gates of hell were opened. A huge gong, innumerable bells, giant fire-crackers and loud yells made the night hideous. His carriage was run out of the barn into a brook across the road. Several students, climbing by a ladder, opened the blinds, looked in at the windows, and one, reaching through, upset the clothes-horse. So tremendous was the outburst of pent-up enthusiasm, that the house must have been torn down about his ears, if the much-abused man had not gratified the wishes of the students by making a speech in his night-cap. The next day a warrant was served, a collection taken to pay damages, and several students expelled. Talbot always regretted having participated in this affair.

A boxing teacher having decided to give lessons in the manly art, a school was formed, and with decided advantage to the students. Horace Greeley delivered a lecture in Exeter, and recommended physical culture, alluding to the emaciated student slowly wearing out his vital force, burning the midnight oil, in order to excel in scholarship. If Talbot understood him aright, this remarkable man threw a damper on classical education. If Horace had been a student of Phillips Academy at the time of which we write, he would have interested himself no doubt in boxing. That same love of recreation which induced this peculiar man to purchase a farm near New York would have placed him, gloves in hand, before an equally ambitious schoolmate, and probably, at this moment, there would stand extant an article from his flowing pen, which might have made every lover of sport bow the knee, and perhaps, by the enthusiasm thus awakened, created Greeley President of the United States. He would have reviewed pugilism from its earliest stages; would refer to single combats with staves, as when Gurth, the swincherd, and the miller of the robber's band, fought near Ashby de la Zouch, and the latter was sadly beaten; would allude to Richard Cœur de Lion and Friar Tuck exchanging buffets beneath the limb of Robin Hood's oak, and Friar Tuck, to the delight of the outlaw band and his own chagrin, rolling on the greensward. Touching lightly on the quarrels and misunderstandings settled by the clenched fist at fairs, foot-ball matches, feasts, etc., he would inform the reader that it was not until the House of Hanover was elevated to the English throne that pugilism became an art. With beaming eye—*that eye* which has scanned the letters of President Lincoln, President Taylor, Henry Clay, Lewis Cass, Longfellow and Bryant—he would unfold the fact that one of the bravest and gamest of men, William, Duke of Cumberland, brother to King George the Second, was the earliest and greatest patron of the ring. He would descant on the attributes of Figg, Broughton, Jack Slack—mere pounding machines, men of immense strength, but little science—Dutch Sam, Jem Belcher—when he died, an immense multi-

tude followed him to the grave, as was the case when Tom Sayers was buried—Jackson, Mendoza, Gully, Greyson, Tom Cribb—the first man greatly reduced beneath his former fighting weight, and thus setting an example *ever* after followed by English trainers, and making the sentence, "I will not back a man who has shirked the grand preparation," famous as General Grant's "I will fight it out if it takes all summer"—Thomas Winter, John Shaw—perished at the battle of Waterloo, after fighting eight hours, dealing destruction on all around him, at one time attacked by six of the French Imperial Guard, four of whom he killed, but was slain himself by the remaining two, and over whom the Poet Laureate wrote a requiem:—

"O, shade of the pugilist! you who, alas!
Doubled up by the dozen those Monsieurs in brass,
On that great day of milling when blood lay in lakes,
When Kings held the bottle, and Europe was stakes."

—Spring, Jem Ward, Simon Byrne and Deaf Burke. In what glowing terms he would speak of these men, looked upon in their day as heroes, and something more than mortal by gentlemen and noblemen, who were proud of making their acquaintance! How he would allude to that celebrated gladiator who actually entered the ring with the first gentleman in all England leaning on his arm!

The author has frequently conversed on the manly art with Mr. Ramon Guiteras, now champion of Harvard College, and whom Talbot has known from boyhood up, when, with little top-knot tied with a blue ribbon, he attended Mrs. Josiah Gladding's drawing school on Hope street. From childhood this young man gave promise of mettle, and the writer has great expectations of him, both as a doctor and an exponent of the manly art. Possessing broad shoulders, deep chest, very long, muscular arms, with wonderful strength in the loins, and an appearance of ease and suppleness when in position, few amateurs can stand before him. Like Mendoza, he looks at the ground when sparring. By repeated conversations with this young gentleman, the author has concluded that, as a mere exercise, boxing cannot be surpassed; that, in this posture, endurance, force, presence of mind, judgment, quickness of eye, are brought into play in a wonderful degree, and, therefore, strengthened; that the master of the manly art, knowing his power to take care of himself, is less arrogant and overbearing towards others.

The boxing mania took strong hold of the members of the academy, and for a time Talbot participitated, when, learning that at every encounter he stood in danger of becoming blind, as to a near-sighted eye—after a sudden shock, there is danger of particles of matter forming between the transparent membrane which lines the eye, and the eye-ball itself, thus distorting the vision and ruining sight forever—he determined to abandon this enticing pastime. An opportunity was soon given at Exeter to bring the manly art into *bona fide* practice. Robert Kerr, a young man of great promise, and with an insatiable ambition to excel—that same ambition which lifted Henry Wilson from a cobbler's bench to the Vice-Presidency of the United States—had an encounter with two "towners"—in Oxford *parlance*, "the town"—and routed them foot, baggage and artillery. This same Kerr was born of Irish parents, who came from the "tight little isle" to carve out a home and a fortune, if possible, in America. He had been accustomed to hard knocks from childhood, and at last fell back on masonry as a profitable means of earning a livelihood. Instead of spending his money in drink and tobacco, as many of his companions, he saved it, loving it not for itself, but as a means of obtaining an education, without which, in this growing country, a man is *poor, indeed—poor, indeed.* Coming to Exeter, and entering the middle class with a fair common school education, his efforts at first were truly ludicrous; but

he soon forced himself to the front rank as a Greek and Latin scholar, accomplishing in one year as much as some students in three.

In 1879, Talbot met Mr. Kerr opposite the Astor Library, New York, and learned that he had graduated from college, and was in the same law building with young Grant, with whom he was on the most intimate terms at school. The subject of this sketch called at his office in 1881, and was informed that Mr. Kerr had moved to Texas, where the same energy displayed at school is doubtless manifesting itself on a ranch.

The fight above alluded to was occasioned by the application of epithets, decidedly uncomplimentary, and it met with an instantaneous response. Kerr drew himself into distance, and planted his left on the right eye of one of the assailants, who was knocked down, and, before the fallen man could recover, Robert shifted, with the crafty motion of a cat drawing upon a rat, towards the second offender, and, again getting within distance, delivered so powerful a blow upon the nose of the "towner," that this organ and both eyes were soon in "mourning." Kerr could hit like a horse kicking with the right when he could plant it. Both tormenters rose and ran as fast as legs could carry them. This affair created great talk throughout the town, and Kerr was the hero of the hour. Dr. Soule alluded to the fracas the following morning in such terms that, while discountenancing fisticuffs, it was evident that the good man believed in boys showing spirit when insulted. Kerr, as an Irishman, came of good fighting stock. Of the families and races of men, only seven have furnished first-class boxers — the Americans, the English, the Welch, the Irish, the gypsies, the Jews and the negroes.

After a three years' course Talbot graduated, when twenty years of age, and returned home, where he remained until his majority. It may not be amiss, before closing this chapter, to allude to the young graduate's first experience with the tender passion. He fell in love, when twenty years of age, with a pert, handsome miss of sixteen. The youth could not be too much in the lady's society, and was found every evening by her side. True love at such an age is impossible and ridiculous; yet many a little master or miss, who would have been better employed in reading the fables in the spelling-book, having perused Petrarch's "Laura," the "Sorrows of Werter," or some other work of similar character where love is painted in the colors of the rainbow, imagine themselves in love and marry, only to find their after-life embittered and their future a wreck. The subject of this sketch was terribly in carnest. His heart was as tender and susceptible as a beefsteak that has been well beaten for the gridiron. He worshiped the very ground on which the fair miss trod, and, when "attentions became too marked," and he was told that "Father thought her very young (very common sense), and he must call but once a fortnight," the big tears welled into the youth's eyes, and he felt "that the blackest ink of fate had been his lot, and, when fate wrote his name, she made a blot." He kept away from the adored one several weeks, and then found his love was but a boyish fancy. How fortunate the young lady's parents had common sense! The closer in contact you bring those who have no natural affinity for each other, the greater and more distant the rebound. Love is one of the master passions of the human soul. It embraces all the powerful faculties of man. No passion covers so vast a space. It commences with the cradle; it animates us through life; it accompanies us to the bed of death, and it concentrates its sublime energies at the throne of the living God.

Chapter Two.

NEW YORK.

Posthabui tamen illorum mea seria ludo.
—VIRG.

For trifling sports I quitted grave affairs.

On reaching majority, Talbot came into possession of a handsome fortune, not sufficient to give an indepeudence, but large enough, with proper care and little labor, to insure a comfortable maintenance. Like all young men entering life, he was surrounded by individuals, who advised, some one course, others another. He listened to none. He believed that, as we must all, by the law of nature, enter life in ignorance, we must all make our way through it by the light of our own experience. Advice, purchased by years of toil and bitterness, is usually disregarded by the young, and this should not astonish us. It is an inherent principle that all claim—the right to choose their own measures and regulate their own lives. At twenty-one there is scarcely a young man, with property under full control, and without a settled business in life, that is not either headstrong, pert, petulent, vivacious or giddy.

Hon. Samuel W. Church, trustee with Richmond's mother of the property, a man of large wealth and good standing in society, who had enjoyed the highest offices in the gift of the Bristol people, a beloved friend, interested in many business transactions with the elder Talbot, ventured, together with the Hon. Wm. T. C. Wardwell, excellent advice. These gentlemen recommended Talbot to study some profession, leave the property intact, as it was placed in a most advantageous manner, and depeud upon his own exertions, assisted by the interest moucy, to carve out a future. This was good advice, given by intelligent men, but it fell unheeded on the young man's ears. He had been fondled in ignorance, and flattered into pride. He possessed the benevolence of a mind not yet alarmed by fraud, irritated by opposition, embittered by cruelty. He did not dream the remark of Bias of Priene, *οἱ πλεονεξ κακοι* — "the majority are wicked"—was too true; that the throng, which wealth and beauty draw after them, is attracted by the scent of prey, and that among the flatterers there is scarce one but hopes for some opportunity to betray or devour—to glut himself by their overthrow. How true are the words of Juvenal: "*Rari quippe boni, numero vix sunt totidem quot Thebarum portæ, vel divitis ostia Nili!*"

Wall street, with its glare and glitter, its magnificent opportunities for the acquisition of wealth, lured him on. The month of August, 1871, saw Talbot in New York. He had always longed to become a resident of the metropolis. In his native town, of some six thousand inhabitants, a life which would give pleasure to a man of mature years, and to those engaged in every-day pursuits, had no charms for him. He desired to see and hear what passed in the world—to know the aims of the busy, the schemes of the politic, the desires of the ambitious, who is rising, step by step, to the top of the mountain, and who is vacillating on the precipice of ignominy. He had conversed with those whose pleasures, health or business had brought from New York to Bristol. He saw these individuals, who were acquainted with facts that had echoed on the streets of New York, but never reached his native towu, treated as superior beings, regarded as disseminators of knowledge, and flattered as persons of great importance. Schoolmates, who, with lank hair, unwieldy forms and awkward gait, had been

remarkable for nothing but stealing eggs and sucking them, after passing a few years in the great metropolis, returned, miracles of fashion, the admiration of the ladies, the envy of the men, the observed of all observers. By their conversation, these youths appeared to Talbot judges of genius, critics of music and theatres, arbitrators of points of honor—in short, all that was to be desired. He built, in imagination, a magnificent future. Wall street, through his genius, would soon rain golden showers. He would pay large bills on sight, would toss about heaps of gold with a shovel, his word would pass for fabulous sums upon the Exchange, his bank would be celebrated for its size and the strength of its doors.

He first visited, on his arrival in the city, several old acquaintances, among them Wm. Perry and Byron De Wolf, located on or in the vicinity of Wall street, and whom he understands to-day are married and prosperous. Their surroundings only made the heedless boy more firm in his resolve to turn all his landed property into money, and meet the world as a financier. Talbot registered at the Coleman House, on Broadway, which, famous then, as now, for its restaurant, was popular among the sporting class of the city. His exuberance of money, manifesting itself in showy apparel and carelessness of expense, soon formed acquaintances whom the same superfluity of fortune exposed to like license and vain show—young men to whom, like himself, the legal dismission from the hands of their guardians had opened, for the time, a new world. Surrounded by men of spirit, and with the strong love of sports which had manifested itself in early life, it is not strange that the subject of this sketch entered on a course which nothing but death or utter bankruptcy could terminate. The expenses of the city being great, and Wall street not affording at that time a proper theatre for practicing a system which he had studied arduously for two years, the base-ball field and the turf, where millions of dollars change hands annually, were soon objects of intense interest.

Base ball is one of the most ancient of games. Herodotus alludes to the pastime, and maintains that it first existed with the people of Lydia in the days of Atys, the son of Manes, who originated the sport to pass away the time. Homer, in stately verse, referred to it thousands of years ago, and a most expert player of Athens had a statue erected to his memory in honor of extraordinary skill. It is the most exciting of outdoor sports, both to spectator and player. When conducted on honorable principles, it is worthy of every encouragement. Having been played, with ever-changing rules, it first attracted particular attention in this country during 1845, when the Knickerbocker Club, of New York, an organization purely amateur, sprang into existence, and also when the Tri-Mountains, of Boston, the first New England club, was organized. How well we remember the old Massachusetts game, where four upright posts formed the goals, and the ball was thrown at the players, instead of into the hands of the basemen! It was not, however, until 1860 that base ball assumed anything like importance, when the Excelsior Club became prominent. But it was in 1864 that the game took gigantic strides in popular estimation, the professional element—men who devote all their time and energies to the advancing of the sport—for the first time receiving encouragement. In the author's opinion, the Wrights—Harry and George—have done more for base ball than all others combined. Through them the famous Red Stocking nine was organized, which always played legitimately, and in 1869 performed the stupendous exploit of winning seventy consecutive games, not suffering defeat through the season's play. No stain rests upon their record. This unparalleled suc-

cess created immense enthusiasm among the masses. Base-ball clubs sprang into existence in every town and city throughout the land, the one motive being *to defeat the Red Stockings*. If it had not been for this organization, base ball might yet be in its infancy. The Wrights gave the impulse, and they deserve the credit. What efforts were made in 1870 to defeat the crack club is well known to every lover of sport, and when, after an eleven-innings game, the first victory was won by the Atlantics, the news was heralded to every hamlet in this broad country, and was cabled to Europe as an event of astonishing importance. Talbot remembers the day well. It was on the 14th of June, 1870. He was stretched at full length beneath a tree back of the catcher's position on the base-ball ground hired by the students of Phillips Academy, when he read in the columns of a daily paper the astounding intelligence. Tears of joy and of sorrow at the same time coursed down his cheeks—joy at the success of the Atlantics, sorrow at the defeat of the vanquished. It was the talk of the sporting fraternity for months and years after. No event in base ball ever produced such an impression on the young man's mind.

Having made the pastime a study, Talbot found himself perfectly at home on the Union Grounds, Brooklyn. These were reached by a circuitous route. He would take the green cars in front of the Coleman House, travel to the ferry, some two or three miles distant, cross on the boat, and, after the ride of a mile and the walk of a block, find himself at the entrance of these celebrated grounds. An army of small urchins, when a game was prospective, could always be seen on the outside of the inclosure, with eyes glued to every crevice and knot-hole, and, when a sharp point was apparent, would applaud in unison with the thousands within. It was no uncommon matter for seven thousand admirers to pay admission, while ten thousand would gather on the outside, where everything to which hands could cling was improvised to elevate heads above the fence. After descending a steep pair of stairs, and advancing through a hallway, on either side of which were the dressing rooms of the players, the grounds proper, surrounded by a low railing, were reached —surface that must have been reclaimed in the past by dredging and a system of pipes. This inclosure was truly beautiful to the eye, level as a parlor floor, and covered with green and tender grass like a velvet carpet. On the side back of first base, and in the rear of the catcher's position, seats were arranged as in an amphitheatre, where thousands could comfortably view the sport, and, when a brilliant play was made, their acclamations rent the heavens, as in the days of the Roman Empire. These historical grounds, the author understands, are now covered with massive edifices of brick and stone. It almost seems profanity. As grand struggles for supremacy, where clearness of vision and coolness of head are required, were never seen save on the field of battle.

Base ball in 1871 was infantile as compared with the national game of to-day; yet, we verily believe, the spectators enjoyed the good old times the more when, with a lively sphere and a slow pitcher, the bases were frequently cleared by a tremendous drive to left, centre or right field, and the batter, amidst the thundering plaudits of the assembled multitude, would cross the home plate. Talbot saw on the Union Grounds, for the first time, those celebrated players whose names are connected so closely with our national sport —the Wrights, Brainard, Start, Pearce, Chapman, Smith, and others of note. George Wright was particularly admired—and justly —being the model short stop of those days. He was also strong at the bat, and, with Start, who handled the heaviest ash the law allowed, frequently led the score. Pools were sold in those days on the ground, and there was

a "Gold Board,"—sarcastically so-called—which bet on each innings as to runs. It was composed of all classes, from the swell Wall street broker to the lowest sharper, who here met on equal terms, and vied with each other in cries of "Five to four they do not make a run, or three to five they do." The Board was very exacting and summary in its proceedings, and woe be to the man who *could not*, or *would not*, settle. Talbot, on one occasion, saw a man knocked down and severely injured, because refusing to pay his losses.

The run of fortune was sometimes extraordinary. The subject of this sketch won eighteen consecutive bets, in a nine innings game, from an Irishman. The unfortunate, as the youth departed with over two hundred dollars of his money, exclaimed: "Sir, I do not know who you are; but I believe you would fall into the water and not get wet."

William Johnson, formerly a butcher, a large, fleshy, strongly-built man, presided at the pool box, and was immensely popular by reason of his genial manner and pleasant ways. Talbot studied the pool box and the "Gold Board" carefully, and concluded that he could not lose and must win. He invented a system which brought in a golden harvest. In those days many games were undoubtedly bought. Knowing the proper odds, if an inferior club sold higher than its record deserved, Talbot concluded there was a "nigger in the fence," and bet accordingly. He remembers a most exciting contest, on which Mr. Miller, of Brattleboro, Vermont, a man of considerable culture, possessed of strong common sense, the owner of several trotting horses, and acquainted with all the conduct of the turf, had, together with himself, bet a large amount and given odds. It was eleven innings before the game was satisfactorily decided. The suspense was great, especially to Mr. Miller, who had never witnessed a match of this nature, and was suspicious of foul play. When the base-ball season closed, Talbot found himself some fifteen hundred dollars winner, and a firm believer in his *system*.

Talbot accompanied his Vermont friend occasionally to Jerome and Prospect Park races. Thus was formed a passion which will follow him to the grave—a passion which induced him to break those plans of a brilliant future in Wall street, and made him prominent on every race track in this country. If he had followed the advice of the gentlemen already alluded to—*Φειδεο των κτεανων*—"Husband thy possessions"—his future might doubtless have been different; but he never would have enjoyed that ecstasy, that exulting sense, only attained when, in the presence of admiring thousands, the noble, panting steeds pass beneath the wire. From the chariot races of ancient Rome to the present day, racing has had its votaries. It has ruined nearly all that have followed it, save those of princely revenues, and many of these, as represented by the highest nobles of England and France, have been crushed, and ended their existence either in poverty or misery, or by the knife and bullet of the suicide. They progressed by soft approaches, ruining themselves, not by the force of a blow which destroys at once, but by a slow poison, daily repeated and long continued. By rational judgment this course seems absurd, but the sudden fall of some families proves it to be common, and each day sees many wretches reduced to contempt and want through their heedlessness and folly. Talbot, when conversing with youth entering on the voyage of life, has always advised them to refrain from bets of any description, even to the value of a pin. The end is but too frequently a pauper's grave. Among the evils of human life, scarce anything is so generally dreaded as poverty. Other species of misery can be forgotten, because not always forced upon the attention;

but not a day, not an hour, passes in the walks of life without observing how want is exposed to neglect, insult, nakedness and hunger. The author has attained his object if this friendly admonition but influences one mind to steer a safe course over the ocean of existence. Youth will not listen to advice, and, when too late, finds these words of Horace most true: "*Insanientis dum sapienti consultus erro.*"

The subject of our sketch can never forget his first visit to Jerome Park, Oct. 17th, 1871. He had never seen a race track before. The land had been purchased by Leonard Jerome for railroad purposes, who, finding it useless for this end, and wishing to obtain some returns from the outlay, formed a jockey club. The investment was good, and the aristocracy of New York, both male and female, had new recreation and food for thought during the autumnal months.

In 1871 considerable rain fell, but on Tuesday, the last day of the meeting when Talbot made his advent on the turf, the sky was faultless, the track in splendid order, and very fast. All was novelty to the young man. An annual carnival seemed in progress. He noticed that the course was in the form of the figure 8. On the side where he entered was an immense stand, crowded with spectators. A hill was black with carriages, and on the bluffs, facing the south end of the grounds, was an immense multitude, who could see the races free of charge. A club house was built inside the track, filled with the beauty and fashion of New York City, making a striking Watteau-like picture, which Sala alone could describe. The toilets were prodigies of art—the handiwork of a Worth. The park was green, fresh, beautiful, and all was so lovely to Talbot's admiring eye that, if there had been no racing, he would have departed satisfied. His reverie was broken by the peculiar voice and brogue of a little red-faced man, the *facsimile* of Ben. Butler. Standing in a box enclosure, elevated some three feet from the ground, and removed a considerable distance from the grand stand apportioned to ladies and escorts, he shouted in the richest of Irish brogue: "How much am I offered for Helmbold, Abd el Koree and Defender in the field? Come, now; don't wait! How much for first choice? You will not have another such a chance. Why, just think of it, gentlemen: Helmbold, who defeated Longfellow at Saratoga, the favorite, two to one, and no takers. Ha! ha! Ha! ha! Here's a bid. Here's a knowing one! Five hundred dollars for first choice; five hundred dollars for first choice. Going—going! Six hundred dollars (with pointed finger, a shrewd wink of the eye and a shrug of the shoulders). Seven hundred dollars; eight hundred dollars; nine hundred dollars. *Nine hundred and fifty dollars* (long drawn out). Going—going—*gone!* And to a lucky man. The first pool is always the best. Now, how much for the field? Abd el Koree in the field. Mind that, gentlemen—Abd el Koree in the field!" A crowd of sports soon gathered, and large sums were staked on the respective races. This game little man was the famous pool-seller, Dr. Underwood, with whom Talbot was destined to journey many a mile, enlivened by his fund of anecdote and native wit. The Doctor died several years ago, and was a great loss to the turf. After listening to his harangue, Talbot leaned against the fence, a short distance off, within easy ear-shot of two men busily engaged in conversation—the one, tall of stature, powerful looking, dressed in a black suit, perhaps too flashy for a minister, and with a pin containing gems unsurpassed in brilliancy; the other, aristocratic in appearance, evidently a sport of the first water. "I tell you the field will win. Helmbold cannot beat the three-year-old to-day. You can hazard all with safety," sharply said he of the diamond pin. Both moved away. Talbot asked a bystander to name the two gentlemen. "That man with

the dark suit," said the stranger, "is John Morrissey. His friend I do not know." This was news to Talbot. "A word to the wise is sufficient." He stepped up quietly to the pool box, and backed Abd el Koree for three hundred dollars, so high an opinion did he and most others have of John Morrissey's judgment.

Sauntering along with his friend, Mr. Miller, several distinguished men from all parts of the country, conspicuous by reason of their efforts to sustain and advance the turf, were pointed out. There was Mr. Belmont, whom the young man had seen but once before, and then at Exeter, New Hampshire, where this distinguished financier had brought his son to be fitted for Harvard College. Mr. Sanford, whose horse, Monarchist — afterwards so famous — had won two races the Saturday before the last in very fast company, was also present. Dr. Weldon, of rubicund face, strikingly original, a theorist of no mean order, always admired to the day of his death, graced the track. There was Leonard Jerome, Governor Bowie, John Smith of Cincinnati—a greater admirer of the thoroughbred never lived—Major Thomas Doswell of Virginia, Commodore Vanderbilt, M. Cottrill of Alabama, H. P. McGrath of Kentucky — now dead — and many others of celebrity. Reddy the Blacksmith leaned against one of the partitions of the grand stand. He had but lately returned from California, and his name was a household word.

After three races of minor importance, the bugle pealed across the course, and the horses for the great four-mile dash made their appearance. A thrill of expectation ran through the vast assemblage, and a suppressed murmur arose, as if the interest felt was too valuable to be lost in noise. Innumerable bets, of a varied character, were made between the ladies aud their escorts—the fair sex judging not by past performances, but as the colors of a rider, or the appearance of a steed, happened to strike the fancy. Helmbold was a horse of great reputation, and had won an enviable record for gameness and bottom. He was owned by W. R. Babcock, then, owing to surprising success, the most conspicuous man on the turf. Talbot afterwards met Mr. Babcock, a native, like himself, of Rhode Island, in New Orleans, and found him, in every sense, a gentleman. Among other acquirements, he possessed an accomplishment of which Rhode Island aristocrats are particularly proud—under his superintendence, clams acquired a flavor and richness which would satisfy the most exacting epicure. Defender's chances—entered by Morrissey—were considered small, but Abd el Koree was looked upon as a dangerous rival, and with justice. A chestnut colt, he had ran many races during the year in fast time, and with marked success. John Morrissey backed him for a large amount. His fear was the colt could not stay the distance, being a three-year-old, and having as competitor a horse tough as whalebone and true as steel. As he stood, like an antique statue, disclosed to the anxious audience in his symmetrical form, it was the opinion of all that Nature could not fashion a more magnificent horse, or human skill put him in a better condition. His eye was bright, his flesh hard as iron, his look constant and confident. He was fit to run for a man's life. The backers of Helmbold drew a long, deep breath of apprehension as they gazed upon him. The thick crowd of betting men, among whom Talbot recognized Morrissey's friend, put the money on in thousands, but could not alter the odds, Helmbold having many supporters. The sympathy of the larger portion of the spectators was plainly with Abd el Koree, on account of the colt's youth, as it seemed cruel to run a three-year-old so long a distance, besides the odds were three to one against him.

At last the horses were off, and the assembled thousands for a few seconds were in a

blaze of excitement. Then followed the silence of death. Talbot could not begin to describe the race. He remembers Defender took the lead, and kept it for more than two miles in slow time; that Abd el Koree then went to the front, and easily retained his position until they had gone three miles and a quarter, when Helmbold began to gain, and his heart gave a mighty bound, leaping into the throat, as they went out of sight, and a gentleman said: "When they appear again, Helmbold will be ahead!" And with what anxious eye Talbot watched their coming. Although out of sight but a few seconds, *those seconds* appeared years. A triumphant shout, "I told you so," changed into a howl of despair from the gentleman, was joined with the suppressed murmurs of thousands when the gallant steeds appeared. Abd el Koree was still leading and forcing the pace. Catgut and steel were applied by Hayward to Helmbold. The game animal, responding nobly, began to gain, inch by inch, and it looked as if the old horse would win; but Abd el Koree, holding his own to the last, won a magnificent race by a head in 7:33—very fast time for such a track as Jerome Park, and fully equal to 7:24 on the Lexington course. John Morrissey was right, and Talbot had won eight hundred dollars on the race. It would have been better for him had he lost it. The money was made too easily, and the excitement was too intense. It influenced his future life. If he had settled down in a business founded on a solid basis, and attended a race meeting as one would the theatre, it would have been perfectly proper; but for a mere youth, with passions which burned and boiled within like molten lead, to embark on such a tempestuous sea thus handicapped was to insure certain failure.

Joining the crowd, some, by their faces, manifesting joy and exultation, others looking unutterable things and saying a few that were utterable, Talbot soon reached his carriage. A man, elegantly dressed and with a gold-headed cane, begged a seat by his side. Now began the ride to New York. It is beautiful. The autumnal tints were on the trees; the road wound its way through wood and dale, and all Nature smiled. The carriages were filled with beauty and happy faces. Wealth was visible on every side.

After several narrow escapes, and a most entertaining conversation with his companion, who had the manner of a perfect gentleman, but was, as Talbot afterwards discovered, one of the most designing knaves that ever infested the great city, known to every detective of prominence in the metropolis, the young man, delighted with the events of the day, drew up in front of his hotel, and, after attending to the requirements of the toilet, entered the Coleman restaurant. The moment Talbot's form darkened the door, five waiters rushed, with frantic efforts, each to a chair, and stood, like statues, at his disposal. Their movements were so sudden that it made the youth very conspicuous, and, by the side glances of guests present, it was evident he was regarded as a man of distinction, perhaps the son of a millionaire. What had occasioned this great activity among the attendants? *The power of gold.* Talbot had feed these men most liberally, and they looked upon him as a mine to be worked. Their obsequiousness was purchased with prodigality. Extravagance and a heedless outlay of money is foolish in the extreme. It procures ultimately neither applause or pleasure. The prodigal is praised by young men, abandoned and thoughtless like himself, devoid alike of virtue and of knowledge, and by those wretches who consider him subservient to their purposes—sirens, that beckon him to shipwreck, and wolves, that are, with open mouths, ready to devour him. After a substantial meal, Talbot started forth to cash the pool ticket, which called for eleven hundred dollars. A short walk of a few blocks brought

him to the rooms, and there, for the first time, Dr. Underwood's hand was clasped in his, who congratulated him on the successful venture.

Ten years ago, if we remember aright, three per cent. of the winnings was the commission of the pool-seller. These men are generally honest in business transactions. The subject of our sketch had a misunderstanding with Thomas Johnson, the pool-seller, which may be of interest to the reader, and which created considerable talk in New York at that time among the sporting class. Talbot visited Prospect Park, Oct. 18th, next day after the memorable four-mile dash at Jerome, and, having backed Susie heavily, lost over six hundred dollars. There was collusion undoubtedly between the drivers, although it could not be proved. Susie lost the first heat in 2:30, won the second in 2:26¾, but could not reach the front in the remaining two, trotted in 2:28 and 2:29¾. This certainly gave ample room for suspicion. Nettled at his loss, Talbot backed Idol Girl and Joe Hooker on the following day for six hundred dollars, obtaining seven hundred dollars against the venture, determined to get even if possible. He discovered, while eating supper, that a pool ticket calling for one hundred and sixty dollars, was missing. Immediately returning to the rooms, he acquainted Messrs. W. and T. Johnson, together with Marshall, famous on every track in this country, and an honorable man, of the loss, and was informed that a notation would be made on the books, "payable to Talbot." The next day, Oct. 19th, Idol Girl and Joe Hooker won their respective races, and when, flushed with success, Talbot had cashed in over eleven hundred dollars, and there was one hundred and sixty dollars yet to be paid, the startled young man was informed by the book-keeper that the pool ticket had been presented on the track and settled. Although terribly aggravated, Talbot determined not to act until properly advised. Having consulted many turfmen, he accosted Mr. Johnson, after the evening pools had been sold, and, in an emphatic manner, declared that he held him liable for one hundred and sixty dollars—that a pool box is the same as a bank, which is responsible when cashing a check notified as lost. T. Johnson's face became flushed with rage, and, but for Marshall, a fight must have ensued. Talbot left the rooms, declaring, before a hundred or more sporting men there present, that several thousand dollars were on his person, every cent of which would be expended towards the closing of the establishment, if the money was not forthcoming by twelve the next day. Johnson, by note, requested an interview the following morning. An apology was tendered, and the money paid. Thomas Johnson was a fair-minded man, scorning a mean action, and would have settled at once if he had understood the particulars.

This episode made Talbot ever after careful in betting transactions. He attended several other trials of speed that year, and on the close of the season, finding himself several thousand dollars winner, determined to visit the Crescent City (New Orleans). The eve of departure will never be forgotten. An inexperienced boy, he relinquished dear friends and pleasant surroundings. His father, over twenty years ago, had died whither he was journeying, leaving a mourning wife at home. Perhaps he would meet a like fate!

Driving from Thirty-sixth street to the ferry, and crossing over, he soon found himself on the Jersey side and in the Erie depot. Two lady friends accompanied him. The one, a beautiful, auburn-haired woman, of large and striking appearance, for whom he always had the highest regard and respect, was introduced on a former occasion by him to a brother-in-law, Frederick Flanders, and afterwards by this relative to Frank Osborne, a member of a leading firm on Beaver street, New York City. This gentleman married her. She lives in a French flat on an aristocratic avenue, has a

box at the opera, a yacht as a recreation for the summer, and, having improved and cultivated her mind, is in every way an accomplished and lovely lady. Talbot was deeply interested in her companion, a handsome brunette, very fascinating, with a crowd of admirers, and his departure was truly painful. At last he tore himself away. The bell sounded, the train started, he waved an affectionate adieu, and was on his way by the Great Southern Mail Route to the historical city.

Chapter Three.

NEW ORLEANS — FARO.

——— *Dives qui fieri vult*
Et cito vult fieri.
—JUVENAL.

The lust of wealth can never bear delay.

TALBOT was now journeying towards New Orleans. This was his first experience in a Pullman car, but he slept soundly, and, on waking in the morning, the train was leaving the Washington depot. His toilet was made with the cars at full speed, the section was put in order by the colored porter, and the lonely young man sat down at the window, and, with mind dwelling, in spite of himself, on past events and a distant home, tried to enjoy the ever-varying landscape. A family group, nearly opposite, soon attracted his attention. It consisted of an elderly woman and two young ladies, the one maybe twenty-three, the other budding into a ripe and glorious womanhood. With lunch basket between them, this group was a pleasant and interesting study. Cold chicken salad and other dainties were dashed down with claret from pale luster goblets. *Repartee* and silvery laughter floated to Talbot's ears, and dispelled his gloom. He learned, by occasional remarks, they were journeying to Huntsville, Alabama, which would make them fellow travelers that day and a part of the next. The two young ladies were sisters, and the elderly woman was their aunt. The face of the tenderest in years would attract attention anywhere. It was the face of an angel. There was no regularity of feature, but there was a glorious whole, lit up by the soul within. Talbot saw at once that she lived in a higher atmosphere, and was ordained for a life of happiness beyond the grave. He longed to make her acquaintance, and, leaving his seat, hazarded the impropriety of self-introduction. His youth, his loneliness, his curiosity to know of the South and her people from those who had lived within her borders, and the lack of a gentleman escort, made his advances agreeable, and he was soon seated by her side engaged in conversation. The aunt was thoroughly acquainted with New Orleans, and when Talbot showed his letters of introduction, presented by Mr. Collins, Columbia Heights, Brooklyn, a neighbor of Henry Ward Beecher, and for many years the elder Talbot's dearest bosom friend, and who would emphatically declare that his favorite was the smartest sea captain that sailed out of New York City, her face brightened up with a smile, her manner changed, and she informed the happy youth that the letters were addressed to the first families in New Orleans of the bluest blood. Being received as one of the family, the time passed on the wings of thought. This meeting made a lasting impression on the subject of this sketch. It left a richness in his heart which after-experience, after-reverses, after-companions, never could efface. That angelic face is now before him; those lips quote choice selections from the

New Testament and Milton's "Paradist Lost;" that winning manner and deep common sense urge him to return to an active membership in the Episcopal Church, from which (joined when sixteen years of age) he so foolishly strayed. But the bands of a wicked world were too tightly welded about him, and, too late, he discovered the mistake. She was the daughter of a judge, and her experience during the war was most thrilling. "Why," said she, "our house was burned, and"—her eyes welling with tears—"my little pony stolen from the cellar, where it was concealed. Conscience never accused us for keeping slaves. We believed in bondage. Our ministry upheld it, quoting the Bible in the pulpit."

Talbot could not have been happier in the company of a superior being. Through her conversation, the world looked different than before. She advanced most vividly the fact that *virtue* is the true end of life; that our individual virtue in this world amounts to little, but, when we reflect on the effect in our spiritual life, after death, it is priceless; that our virtue, in a worldly sense, is a meteor, which blazes for a time and disappears forever, and, excepting a few invincible names, which no length of time, no revolutions of empire, can possibly efface, hastens to obscurity; that a life beyond the grave is the desideratum and the true reason for acquiring virtue; that an Eastern monarch always kept an officer in the house to remind him of immortality by calling out every morning at his door: "Remember, Prince, that thou must die;" that Solon, of Athens, left this precept to go down in time: "Keep thine eye fixed upon the end of life!"

Talbot made himself useful as possible—procured supper, sent a telegram to waiting friends, and secured sections in the Pullman car when a change was necessary. His adieu the next day was a sad one. Courtesies were exchanged, and the young man was invited to visit Huntsville, Alabama, on his return from New Orleans. We allude to this delightful episode in Talbot's history, as it was an oasis in his desert of unhappiness, never forgotten.

After being delayed several hours in Mobile, the subject of our sketch, journeying over a most singular road, built on piles, imbedded in mud and surrounded by slimy water, where, in the hot rays of the sun, enormous alligators were basking, at last, weary and travel worn, arrived in New Orleans. This great and well-known city hardly requires particular mention here. Built on a bend of the Mississippi River, it is called "Cresent City." It is practically at the mouth of the river, and a seaport town. Its importance becomes apparent when we consider that it is the central point of nearly twenty thousand miles of steamboat navigation. The greatest cotton market in the world, it was in New Orleans that the elder Talbot obtained that knowledge of long staple which afterwards made the bulk of his fortune. The aggregate of the commerce amounts annually to nearly one hundred and fifty million dollars. Most of the buildings are constructed of brick, being low, save in the business portion, where they are frequently five or six stories high. The city is advantageously laid out; the streets are of good breadth, well paved, and cross each other at right angles. Such was New Orleans, which Talbot had just reached, and which was destined to be the theatre of events bearing strongly on his future. "*Quantulacunque estis, nos ego magna voco.*" "How small to others, but how great to me."

Mr. Rivers was then, as now, proprietor of the St. Charles Hotel. Formerly a man of sporting proclivities, on marrying a lady of high social standing, he devoted himself entirely to business and the comfort of his guests. Talbot soon occupied a pleasaut room in the hotel, and, after a comfortable meal in the large and splendid dining-room, went out to "know the town." Talbot never visited a large city without meeting old acquaintances, and, lo! in the billiard saloon of

the hotel, came face to face with a former schoolmate of Phillips Academy. This young man inherited a fortune of some one hundred and fifty thousand dollars from his parents, and was placed under a guardian until he should reach the years of discretion. He was very popular at school, excelling in foot and base ball, gymnastics and athletic exercises of all kinds. He formed a special passion for billiards, as Talbot for horses, and this pastime, and particularly pool, although played with rare skill, was his ruin. On attaining majority, his property had shrunk to a nominal sum, and 1878 saw him keeper of a pool table in Chicago, where the subject of this sketch met him the second time since leaving school. He was very poor, aud it is hoped has since settled down in some legitimate business, which is the only safeguard for men of his temperament, who would hazard all on a cast of the die.

Talbot handed a letter of introduction to Mr. Wallace, the large clothier, and was introduced to a bank, where, leaving a certificate of deposit, he took out a book. He decided not to present the other letters until thoroughly acquainted with the inner life of this remarkable city. The Metairie races would begin March 30th, 1871, and last six days, to be followed by the inaugural meeting of the Louisiana Jockey Club. Talbot therefore would, in a business point of view, be idle for some time, unless a means of profit presented itself. Ambitious, and knowing that the hotel bill, minor expenses not considered, would cause sad havoc with his bank account, he determined to look about to make both ends meet. After a careful investigation, he decided to make faro, poker, the Louisiana cock pit and high ball at pool a study, and, before the spring races began, had familiarized himself with them all.

His first introduction to King Faro may be of interest to the reader. Among his acquaintances at the hotel were several drummers, who, representing large New York houses, traveled from city to city, obtaining orders for their respective firms. They are generally a jovial set, ready to participate in amusements of all kinds when business did not require their attention. Having studied the game of faro, as given in Hoyle, Talbot came to the conclusion there was money in it, and was anxions to meet the enemy—by many called "Tiger"—face to face. He was accordingly introduced by a most genial "traveling man," of faultless apparel and good presence, to a substantial-looking gentleman, who claimed to be a mule dealer from Texas. This "*gentleman*," supposed to be acquainted with all the square faro banks in New Orleans, was most happy to show Mr. Talbot the sights, and protect the young stranger against fraud. *Talbot saw the sights.* He visited, in company with his seeming friend, two faro banks, and they were, in gambling *parlance*, "skins." His losses were slight, however, as he had been the evening before warned and taught to protect himself. His experience afterwards as a player has been with "square" games, and the proprietors were always gentlemanly in bearing and generous to the unfortunate.

Faro is played with a full pack of fifty-two cards. The dealer sits at a table prepared for the purpose, with an assistant—looker out—who sees that he takes and pays properly. The dealer shuffles the pack carefully, and places them, face up, in a small metal (silver in first-class houses) box. This is open at the top, so one card is always visible. It also has a narrow aperture at the side, large enough to allow a single card to pass through conveniently, with springs placed in the bottom of the box to keep the remainder of the pack in view as the cards are passing through the opening alluded to. The players then make their bets on a "lay out," consisting of the thirteen cards of a suit. The dealer, seeing that all are ready,

pushes through the opening the top card, which is placed by the side of the box, a little distance off, and, immediately afterwards, the second card, which he puts between the first card and the box. He then takes or pays the bets of the players as won or lost, and they make new bets preparatory to another turn. He wins or loses by the following rule: Suppose the top card to be the ace. He shoves it through the opening, when, maybe, a king appears. This is the banker's card, and he wins all open bets placed upon the corresponding card on the "lay out." He immediately pushes out the king, and perhaps a jack appears. This is the player's card, and he loses all open bets placed upon the corresponding card in the "lay out." When a player wishes to reverse, and make the banker's card *his*, he can do so by placing a small, round piece, called a "copper," upon the chips. The only percentage is the split, which is two cards of a kind coming together and constituting a turn, when the banker takes one-half of the amount bet on the corresponding card in the "lay out." No game, in the opinion of the author, was ever invented by man that gives the player such a "sight" for his money and so little percentage to the bank; for, when three cards of a kind have passed out of the box, the fourth, as there can possibly be no split, is a "case," and the percentage vanishes. In every deal there are almost certain to be seven "cases," and frequently twelve. Old gamblers take advantage of this and play fourth cards, thus giving the bank no preponderance, and it is to this fact must be assigned the immense popularity of the game.

Thad. Stevens was an inveterate player, and individuals whose names have adorned the page of history have passed their happiest hours around the green cloth. It was recreation, brightening their intellects. The antipathy to gaming would, to a great extent, cease, could men control themselves; but so long as faro banks exist, as long will mothers weep and wives wring their hands in agony. But perhaps this is true in other branches of business, only less visible. Nothing is said should a man lose ten thousand dollars in a legitimate calling—it is a matter of course—but let him drop that amount at a faro table, and the outcry rends the very heavens. Faro bank has given the author great relief from an overtaxed brain, has cost him very little money, and he may be prejudiced in its favor. He plays to win, and never lifts a bet from the table until the limit is reached, and has thus astonished friends by the frequency and size of his gains. But, take it all in all, *there is no money in faro bank to the player.* The writer was one evening the winner of thousands, and left the table for thirty consecutive nights thereafter without a dime. The percentage of this game does not consist so much in the split, as many suppose, but in the fact of the bank being cold—has no life—and obeying immutable laws. The players are flesh and blood, cannot keep the rules made, are frequently "off," and lose at one sitting what their system may have been months in accumulating.

The most popular house in the United States at the time Talbot visited New Orleans was in New York, on Broadway, two blocks below Union Square. One hundred thousand dollars constituted the bank capital, divided into twenty shares of five thousand dollars each. This glittering bait was held up before the gambler who had but a dollar to hazard, and the nerve to play until the bank was broke. The limit was two hundred dollars on single cards ("cases") and four hundred on double, but frequently players would size up against each other to the value of thousands. The rules and by-laws of this club were framed by a leading politician of New York City, and manifested singular shrewdness, sagacity and knowledge of human

nature. One emphatic statute reads: "A shareholder, wishing to gamble at faro, must play against his own game, or cease to be a member of the corporation." Stockholders staked heavy sums, and, when the dealer became wearied, one of them would frequently take position at the box. The rule was a wise one. Money stayed at home, and was not floating about. A member, having lost a thousand or two, was consoled with the thought that when a dividend was declared a portion of the money would be returned to him. John Morrissey, John C. Heenan, McCormick, Gage and several others were interested in the club house, and, as the game was conducted on square principles, the bank made or lost thousands nightly. The seats, by courtesy, were allowed the heavy players, while the lighter-weighted stood in rows around. Judge Colton, a man of remarkable ability, competent to make a fortune in any pursuit, with a Conkling cast of countenance, and a marked man, was a constant player. Dancey, interested with Colton on Barclay street, one of the wealthiest gamblers in New York, believed to be the only man that could safely walk the streets of the great city with thousands in vest pocket, won heavily at this bank. Conspicuous in countenance, the jaw turned to one side, his voice was peculiar, and he spoke with difficulty. Dancey was rated the best backgammon player in New York City. The writer saw "O Bill!" on one occasion, sitting disconsolately at the table playing "cases," and laying down his chips as if each was a drop of blood, only to appear a few nights after, blazing in gems, and faultless in attire. He had beaten the bank, the "boys" said. He bought a thousand dollars' worth of chips, readily secured a front seat, and began winning heavily. A tall, bald-headed Philadelphia gambler, with a conceited drawl, kept the cue box. He had been lucky for several weeks, and, having thousands of dollars, wanted the limit and more. "O Bill!" and this gentleman played the same system, and, the dealer having objected, because so much was hazarded on a single card, the question arose which should act the courteous. "Bald-head" was obstinate. "O Bill!"—why given we do not know—became nettled, coppered him, betting four hundred dollars on every "case," to which the dealer consented, as the bank was not differed over two hundred dollars on a card. This led to sizing up, and the Philadelphia gambler was broke in one deal. He yielded the cue box to his opponent, and, giving him a look which I shall remember to my dying day, withdrew. Gage was dealing—a handsome man of forty-five, and very popular. The perspiration poured down his cheeks in streams. "O Bill!" was not regarded as a professional, but a "flat"—in gambling *parlance*—and Gage was very anxious to best him. But his efforts were futile; "O Bill!" had his "pin feathers" on, and could not be touched. He beat the bank that night, and for weeks after, out of at least sixty thousand dollars, and died, we understood, while erecting a brown-stone mansion up town. Gage, just alluded to, is considered one of the most gentlemanly professionals in New York. His eye-teeth were cut in California, and he was rated at one hundred thousand dollars. Called justly the "Automaton," every motion was grace and accuracy itself. Misfortune at last overtook him, as it does all who gamble, and he lost sixty thousand dollars against faro while contemplating a bank up town which would rival John Morrissey's. The downfall of no sporting man in New York was more regretted. He had many friends, and was kind and generous to the unfortunate. Gage is now interested on Barclay street, and is likely any time to retrieve his losses.

We have said enough of the players. Let us glance around a moment: The eye is charmed with the princely magnificence of the place; yet everything is plain, "rich, but not gaudy."

The ceilings are exquisitely frescoed; the floors are covered with carpets so soft, so yielding, to the tread, that the tramp of a regiment would hardly awaken an echo; the furniture is antique, heavy and costly; the gas jets send a soft, mellow, but brilliant light, through cut-glass globes in chandeliers of immense value. Negro servants cater to every want, and obey the slightest nod. "Supper, gentlemen," now echoes through the room, and a magnificent repast, provided at great expense, awaits each player. Liquors of all kinds are furnished free of charge. No one is forced to play; but visitors, prompted by courtesy, generally hazard a few dollars.

The largest and "toniest" faro bank in New Orleans was opposite the St. Charles Hotel. It had several partners, all remarkable for particular traits. Charles Bush and Rufus Hunt were perhaps the most widely known. Talbot frequently visited these gentlemen, and enjoyed their society. They were sporting characters of the first water, and could relate, particularly Hunt, thrilling adventures "by flood and field." Hunt was a man of undoubted bravery. Born in Huntsville, Alabama, his father was a jailer, and he was accustomed in early life to scenes of strife, uproar and bloodshed. His departure from home, and his rise to fortune, was interesting in the extreme. He was, at one time, on the New Orleans police force. A Frenchman ran a rapier into his body. It broke off close to the hilt. Hunt plucked the steel from the quivering flesh, and with it killed his antagonist on the spot. He commanded during the war a company of the most determined men Louisiana sent to the scene of conflict. He was admitted partner in Bush's game, and was considered a valuable man when trouble was brewing. As a judge of horses, he had few equals and no superiors, and it is doubted if he ever left Saratoga out of pocket. "Hunt and luck" were proverbial. He knew Major Perry, of Bristol, R. I., and declared him "the bravest of the brave." His memory was prodigious. He had visited Europe, and carried in his mind's eye a panoramic picture of the battle field of Waterloo, both as to time and localities. He was one of the most interesting men Talbot ever met, and kindled within his breast an increasing love for the horse. H. M. Conner, at that time Secretary of the Metairie track, and one of Hunt's intimate friends, happened into the rooms occasionally, and, with such companions, the subject of our sketch passed many an agreeable hour.

Charley Bush was a "happy-go-lucky" sort of man—full of fun, never able to refuse a man a dollar, if he had it or could get it. He knew the Mississippi from New Orleans to St. Louis, and had friends everywhere; yet, back of all his generosity and open manners, there was great depth and a wonderful knowledge of human nature which enabled him to overcome all obstacles, and made the man most prosperous in his profession.

Johnson, an intelligent and well-informed young man, dealt in the private room. His perseverance was remarkable. Puzzles never conquered him, and he would sometimes work out a solution thought unsolvable after months of study. His equanimity was retained under most trying circumstances. A gentleman of business reputation in New Orleans once beat him thirty consecutive days, but the smooth exterior of the man was never ruffled. The successful player had adopted a system, but the "tiger" at length tore him, as he invariably does, and feasted on his flesh. Talbot met at Bush's open game a most interesting character. Springing, so he said, from a good family, his originality was remarkable. He was tall and thin, with small head and a sharp countenance, and was known in New York and New Orleans as a confidence man, "seeking, like a wolf in sheep's clothing, whom he might devour." Talbot having an engagement at a certain hour, and anxious to kill time, sat at the table

one evening playing carelessly, when this individual, dressed in the height of fasbion, with two diamonds in his sbirt front, worth at the least five hundred dollars a piece, perfect gems, entered the room, and, buying a stack of "chips," played the limit. He was drunk and singularly unfortunate—could not win a bet. Tbe subject of this sketch was playing a contrary system, and wbat was "cream" for bim was tbis man's poison. With a good-natured smile, tbe sharper boped Talbot was not coppering him. All ready money was put up and lost, next one diamond was given as collateral, tben the other, and as tbe professional staked watch and chain, Talbot "casbed in" his "chips," to keep the engagement referred to. He learned afterwards that the gambler went down like a bucket in a well until but ten dollars remained, wben, striking a deal and hazarding all till he reached the limit, in a sbort time was out and winner. Talbot met him several times afterwards in New York, Saratoga and Long Branch. He was well dressed, and appeared to have wealth until a year ago, when he owed everybody. Talbot lent bim money on three occasions. Rum bad undoubtedly caused improvidence and reduced him to a low status. Having a wife, of wbom he was very fond, both suffered. Tbis is generally the fate of all on tbe "outside."

A remarkable instance of luck came under Talbot's observation at Barclay street, New York City. J. R——, a famous sport, likely to bave money as any one, bad been playing bank all tbe day long. Three tbousand against a hundred had been bis system for weeks. His luck was extraordinary, and the bank paid a hundred so many consecutive times, that it looked a matter of course. But the evil day came at last. Each deal showed a deficit, and be rose from the table a broken man. At that moment D——, the best poker player the country ever produced, and his record will prove it, a particular friend of R——, took a seat and bought two hundred dollars' worth of "chips." R—— whispered, with faltering voice: "Am I in with you, D——?" "Yes," was the reply. Tbe new-comer drew out, at the end of the deal, twenty-two hundred dollars, and handed one tbousand dollars to his friend. R—— again faced the "tiger," but, weak as a rag, tbere was not an ounce of strength left, and it was "a down grade and no brakes." He was losing the suddenly acquired stake very fast, wben D—— bought a stack, and botb faced the enemy. Tbis was a twelve "case" deal. D—— played "ends against the centre," coppering tbe ace, deuce, king, queen, six, seven, eight, and playing the tray, four, five, nine, ten, jack, to win, and did not lose a bet. R—— had followed him, and both cashed in over five thousand dollars.

"The secret of success in faro bank is, when you are in luck, lay tbem down," said an old sport, and he was right. These veterans, with linen scrupulously clean and with clotbes just escaping by the sligbtest miss a seedy look, can always be seen around a faro bank, ready with sage advice. Wben the boys make a winning, a few dollars find the way to tbeir skinny palms, which are as rapidly transmitted back to the coffers of tbe bank. Too old to win, they have played luck "out." As representatives of tbe past generation of sports, these unfortunates are tolerated by the banks. Many formerly had magnificent gambling places and kept spans, but what was made at tbeir own table was lost on that of anotber. At last, becoming infatuated, a few days of play took all. One precious old fellow, a walking cyclopedia on past events, has had a supper served him "free gratis" for over ten years in one of New York's leading gambling houses. Why? Because he once dealt faro, and never pulled a dishonest card. The gambling fraternity always take good care of tbeir maimed, and you rarely see a broken-down old sport that did the "square thing" and paid just debts, laid in the cold grave witbout a

coffin and a becoming ceremony. We once saw the following lines engraved on the side of a faro box:—

"His bloody eyes he hurls round, his sharp paws
Tear up the ground; then runs he wild about,
Lashing his angry tail, and crying out.
Beasts creep into their dens and tremble there;
Trees, though no wind is stirring, shake with fear;
Silence and horror fill the place around;
Echo itself dares scarce repeat the sound."

Chapter Four.

The Hepp Family.

Scilicet ingeniis aliqua est concordia junctis,
Et servat studii fœdera quisque sui,
Rusticus agricolam, miles fera bella gerentem,
Rectorem dubiæ navita puppis amat.
—Ovid.

Congenial passions souls together bind,
And every calling mingles with its kind;
Soldier unites with soldier, swain with swain,
The mariner with him that roves the main.
—F. Lewis.

One evening, while playing pool at the Crescent billiard saloon, corner of St. Charles and Canal streets, Talbot was introduced to Walter Hepp, the son of a wealthy wholesale liquor dealer, sole agent for Krugg & Co.'s champagne, and reported to be worth a million dollars. Walter was small in stature, and, dressed in velvet sack coat and light pants, then popular among the youth of the city, was a little gentleman. Although speaking in a dogmatical manner, and having a high opinion of himself, he was not a surface man by any means, possessing rare, good common sense. The introduction was sealed by a bottle of wine, there was a mutual drawing towards one another, and Talbot invited the young man to dine with him Sunday afternoon. The dinner was served in the large hall of the St. Charles Hotel. It was truly enjoyable. Governor Warmouth, then in the zenith of his power, sat at the head of the table, surrounded by politicians. He was a tall man, with well-proportioned figure, and weighed perhaps one hundred and sixty pounds. His face was handsome, and, even at Saratoga, where Talbot saw him again in 1873 or 1874, his appearance was so striking, with slouched hat and Prince Albert coat, setting him off to the best advantage, that perfect strangers turned around to admire him. He married a charming lady in New York City of the bluest blood, and both could frequently be seen on the promenades, his black eye beaming with love and admiration. The intelligent citizens of Louisiana, chagrined at the defeat of the Southern arms, refused to engage in politics. Warmouth, with other adventurers, and, taking advantage of the ignorance of the negroes, just given the right of suffrage, obtained possession of the leading State offices to their own aggrandizement. Like hungry hyenas looking for a dead carcass, they came into power, and, like these horrible beasts, they tore, rended and fattened themselves on the powerless city. New Orleans was pillaged as never before; the taxes were enormous, real estate could almost be bought by those who would pay the taxes, and a gigantic debt was being heaped upon the city. The proceedings of the negro legislature were a farce. Two-thirds of this "mob"—for it was none else—could neither read nor write, and hardly knew the difference between "yes" or "no." It is asserted, among other charges, that a valuable tract of land was bought by the city, and the price paid was raised one-third in the official account presented to the people. The difference undoubtedly found its way into the pockets of the carpet-baggers. No wonder the old citizens were moving from the city;

and there was a regular exodus to St. Louis and towns along the Mississippi. The United States government no longer protected its citizens.

Off in the distance sat Lotta, who was performing with Ben De Bar at the old St. Charles Theatre in the "Ticket-of-Leave Man" and "The Marchioness." She had made a great hit, and old men, with faces bronzed in many a clime, would, in turn, weep, laugh, clap their hands and call her out before the curtain. She was encored one evening at least ten times while singing with Ben De Bar, "Will Ever I Cease to Love?" Both were compelled to forge "impromptu" poetry, which brought down the house. Lotta loved Ben De Bar, and mourned his loss, a year after, as she would a father. He made a capital Falstaff. She is now the best-known actress on the American stage, and her full-length portrait, which appears upon the show bills, is a fine specimen of advertising. A school girl on the street, she was bewitching on the stage. While Talbot and Hepp were at dinner, the charming little minx, by placing both elbows on the table and resting her chin on the palm of her hands, actually stared a would-be "masher" out of countenance. He turned red as a beet, and the "precious one" enjoyed it. With such guests, the dining-room was a study.

The sport already alluded to that had risked the night before his diamonds, watch and chain, and was fortunate to clear himself and depart winner, sat nearly opposite, in company with a professional dealer from Memphis, who had just made a heavy winning against the bank, and was enjoying the sights of the great Southern city. Southern belles and heiresses were on all sides, and many recognized Walter and smiled. After this memorable repast, washed down with claret and champagne mixed—an enlivening drink—the two friends strolled out on the veranda, paved with stone, to enjoy a quiet smoke. Hepp desired Talbot to dispense with the theatre, and pass the evening and night at his father's house. The invitation was accepted, and, after a mile ride, both stood before a mansion which proved the solidity of its owner. A high iron fence protected the front of the building, and a massive wall of solid masonry surrounded the grounds. The house was large, square and with an ell. In its rear stood the quarters of the negro help, and to the left was the barn. It seemed hardly credible to Talbot when Walter asserted that these grounds were once covered by the waters of the Mississippi, and had been reclaimed by his father, who erected a levee many years ago, and that the city stretched off in front many blocks, resting on made land. The Mississippi is very eccentric, changing its river bed frequently. . Sometimes half a mile of land or more suddenly disappears, swallowed up by the "Father of Waters," to make its appearance by a corresponding growth on the other side of the river.

Walter applied his key to the lock, and they entered the grounds of the ancestral mansion. The hour was eight P. M. It was not without trepidation that Talbot entered the sitting-room. The rankling feelings awakened by the war had not yet completely calmed down, and Southern blood was still boiling. But the subject of our sketch had been lenient towards slavery, although not a believer. Richard Smith had married Hannah Borden, a sister of the elder Talbot's former wife, and frequently called at Richmond's house when passing the summer in Bristol. This gentleman owned two large plantations in Cuba, and was reputed to be worth a million dollars. Talbot had heard slavery discussed by him from infancy. Walter had posted his guest as to his father's likes and dislikes, who accordingly determined to express liberal views, and the deadly antipathy of a tight-fisted New Englander to prodigality of money and lavishness of outlay. "You will soon know," said Walter, "whether father likes you. If he

likes you, John will be sent down cellar for two pint bottles of Krugg." This was a strong stimulus to please, as the famous wines of the elder Hepp had mellowed in his cellar for years.

Mr. Hepp was a remarkable business man. Having accumulated a fortune when very young, he had lost it all by the burning of a steamer not insured. He then built a saw mill, which was nearly ruined by a freshet, and bankruptcy stared him in the face; but his noble mother came to the rescue, and mortgaged her property to bridge him over the difficulty. He labored with indefatigable energy, as do all who succeed in life. With his loving wife, born in New Orleans of French parents, with whom his courtship, he laughingly would say, was in action more than in words, as she could not speak English and he was equally deficient in knowledge of French, before sunrise he would ride up along the banks of the river to bargain with the lumbermen rafting down the Mississippi. The mortgage was soon paid off, and he was looked upon as one of the solid men of the city. His integrity was undoubted; French capitalists trusted him with immense sums, invested by him in plantations along the river, which returned fabulous dividends. He saw the flash and heard the thunder peal of war lighting up and filling the horizon with uproar, and turned these investments, as far as possible, into solid money, and, not being able to forward the proceeds to France, buried the treasure in the ground, and afterwards boasted: "Many a time did Butler's soldiers pass over those hoards, not dreaming of the immense wealth below." He was a large owner of real estate in New Orleans, which, previous to the war, had returned a princely revenue. The enormous taxes imposed by Warmouth and his crew almost made him wild, and he would sit in the arm-chair—he was over seventy years of age—and, with bitterness, say: "My country no longer protects me. Who would have thought *that* Republic, framed by our forefathers with so much care, so much labor, would allow her honest, laboring citizens to be pillaged by a gang of thieves?" No words were strong enough to express his disgust of their proceedings. He considered the right of suffrage given to the blacks as unpardonable. With touching accents, and tears almost streaming from his eyes, he would say indignantly: "Why, what mind, twenty years ago, could have dreamed or have imagined that, in the first century of its existence, a sovereign State of this Union should be ruled by African freedmen of the lowest type of brutality and ignorance; that a race, who have for centuries directed the destinies of the world, should have, as judges of rights and property, blacks of whom scarce one in a hundred could write his name? Greece nor Rome, nor the middle ages, nor the modern States of Europe, furnish any such example." The judgment of to-day, ten years after these remarks were delivered, is with Walter's father. Charles Sumner's plan, at the close of the war, was common sense; to consider the rebel States as Territories, and then admit them into the Union when properly reconstructed.

There was no formality in this meeting between youth and old age. Mr. Hepp resembled Talbot's father, and the subject of our sketch loved him at sight. This man, when in the full flush of manhood, must have been above the middle height. His face was noble as that of the lion in repose. There was dignity; no servility.

Mrs. Hepp, of pleasant exterior and with a foreign accent, soon made her appearance. She was a woman of strong common sense, and had reared a family of children. After an hour of enjoyable conversation, John was summoned. This magnificent looking man, accustomed to wait on the table at family gatherings and parties, also equally at home behind his master's mettlesome span, was a family pet,

worth thousands of dollars in the days of slavery. He had one sad weakness—rum—which Walter said occasionally unfitted him for duty. Young Hepp smiled when the old gentleman cried: "John, bring up two pint bottles of Krugg. You know where they are—the very best." Talbot was confident a favorable impression was made, and, as he quaffed glass after glass of the amber-colored nectar, sparkling and foaming in beads of snow, blood coursed through the veins, a most delightful sensation followed, and thoughts flowed with infinite and wondrous rapidity. An evening of conversation, in which the grandest and noblest thoughts found utterance, passed most pleasantly on the wings of time. The family group broke up at ten, and the guest was ushered to his room. A small hole was visible in the ceiling of the chamber, a memento of Walter's narrow escape from the bullet of a pistol, handled carelessly by his brother.

Breakfast was served at eight, and Talbot was introduced to Miss Hepp, one of the most accomplished ladies in New Orleans. Dean Swift, in his "Letter to a Lady on Her Marriage," excites suspicion that his opinion of women was such that a very little sense in a female would enrapture, and a very little virtue astonish him. To what sublime heights, then, would this remarkable man soar in eulogizing Walter's sister? Miss Hepp was singularly like Miss Chapman, alluded to in the previous chapter—only not so spiritual. She was probably a better scholar, more conversant with the languages, and superior, maybe, at the piano. Sickly, life was once despaired of; but, through the untiring exertions of her brother-in-law, a widower, to whom she was engaged, the lovely girl was snatched from the tomb. She made Talbot feel perfectly at home. He remembers that Southern breakfast, of wondrous variety, the famous "hoe cake" and other edibles, washed down with claret and sherry.

A New Orleans gentleman educated his children, from youth up, to speak at meals, one day French, the next German, on the third English, and so throughout the year, attaching a penalty to the delinquent. French was generally spoken at the Hepp table, but during Talbot's stay, out of courtesy to their guest, English was the means of converse. Walter's sister kindly gave the young man lessons in French, and taught him several phrases, some of which he remembers to this day. Talbot was frequently at the Hepp mansion, and, as he looks back at the panorama of his past life, and remembers the family dinner every Sunday afternoon, conversation flowing rapidly, the long, beautiful curtains rolled up, letting in a blaze of light through the immense open windows, disclosing the garden, where, in the rich turf, grew orange trees, with their luscious fruit gladdening the eye, and birds discoursed sweet music in the branches, conscience accuses him, and his mind, now cleared from the fumes of vanity and self-conceit, informs him that he has been a *fool.*

Those hours were the happiest in Talbot's life; but he was not conscious of it. *He is cognizant of it now.* The family circle, with dear father, mother and happy children, where purity mantles the brow, is the most enjoyable place on earth, worth a life of toil, and God meant it should be so. Repentance comes too late; but Talbot of thirty-one is physically and mentally superior to the prodigal of twenty-one! *Then*, with considerable resources, it was the present. "*Cereus in vitium flecti, monitoribus asper.*" *Now* he thinks of the future, the building up of a happy home, a name. Blood ran like burning lava through his veins; excitement was the rule of the hour. He could not look at a handsome and expensive suit of clothes, a stylish hat, and a fine pair of shoes, without desiring them; he could not hear of a cock fight without attending it; he could not see a notorious woman without desiring her

acquaintance. The family circle, now the dearest spot on earth, was then a place of repugnance to be shunned. Late nights, late suppers, balls, opera and the theatre were his recreation—his only thought. Thousands of youth at this moment are pursuing a like course, and throwing life away.

Mr. Hepp once asked Talbot: "Why has God placed us here?" That young man answered immediately: "To fit us for eternity." Reader, mark my words, and weigh them well: At no distant day, if you pursue a fast life, as did the subject of this sketch, each word here written will stamp itself upon your brain in characters of fire, and it may be *too late—too late.* A young man, only eight months ago, was stopping at the first hotel in New York. Expenses must have averaged hundreds of dollars a day. His society was courted by all the fast men and women of the city. He exhibited himself at the French ball in the Academy of Music with a woman exquisitely dressed, beautiful as an angel, but with the heart of a demon. Their names appeared in the papers, coupled together, and the infatuated youth felt honored. He saw a princely fortune dwindling away, but did not have courage to stop a mad career. The author discovered him two weeks ago in New York City, deserted by friends, in penury and want. He was ignorant as to the value of money, and from boyhood had seen nothing but obsequiousness, and heard nothing but commendations. Flatterers were on every side; the impudence of adulation praised his manly form, his skill in bowling, at billiards and in boxing. The culture of an understanding that could have earned daily bread was neglected, and, too late, came the discovery that he was flattered and this world was a "Vanity Fair." "*Quod tam grande sophos clamat tibi turba togata. Non tu Pomponi, cœna diserta tua est.*"

Talbot truly loved the elder Hepp. He occasionally rode with the old gentleman in the elegant equipage, with prancing steeds and gold-mounted harness, to his place of business. The noble man gave his young friend advice, precept on precept, which, followed, would have made him rich and honored. He wished the youth to court the society of the elders, from whom something always can be learned, and to shun the companionship of fast young men. Asserting that he saw in Talbot good, fallow ground, which, improved, would yield an abundant harvest, he expressed sorrow at his intended withdrawal from business life, as he should like to make him a first-class business man. "By all means," he would say, "keep up your dignity. Show deference to your superiors, but put down those who would belittle you. Why," he added, "some thirty or more years ago I was at Saratoga Springs. A ball was given in the hotel. A young jackanapes, in the best of ball-room costume, looked pointedly at me, and made a disparaging remark concerning New Orleans. The assertion was clearly not intended for my ears, but was said casually in conversation; but it made my blood boil. I felt something rising within me, which said: 'Your dignity is offended; you must show your disgust.' I said nothing, but, marching by him, and looking the man square in the face, came down with the full force of my heel on his corns. He went off hopping, amidst the laughter of those around, and that was the last I saw of him. I expected a challenge, but none came. My boy, preserve your dignity at any cost, and a consciousness of possessing it."

Young Hepp and Talbot were constantly together, either at hotel or residence, and the latter, through the medium of the French lessons alluded to, could readily study the life and inner character of Walter's sister. There was nothing ordinary in this young lady. Nature had endowed her far above most females. To the casual observer, she was a brunette, not particularly striking, save when

engaged in conversation. Then the whole soul spoke through the face, and magnetism exerted tremendous power. The more the youth saw her, the more he liked her, and, perhaps, might have married this intelligent woman if whispers of excesses had not reached her ears. Impurity and looseness of morals were most foreign to her, and, to discover such in another, was to lose respect. She was not affected by flattery, or the other modes with which woman's regard is awakened and won. A celebrated author writes: "Few are so little familiar with the human heart as not to know that woman's first wish is to be handsome, and that the best method to obtain her favor is to praise her beauty, to make her believe, if possible, that she is the delight or torment of every eye, exciting admiration and envy, and that, to make success with her certain, is but repeatedly to use the words ardor, absence, inconsolableness, eternal constancy, irresistible passion." All this could have no effect on the common-sense mind of Miss Hepp; *she was above it.* Such nonsense seemed infinitely ridiculous to her; yet she had a high opinion of men. She was not afraid of them; she could look them in the face, and she thought the male sex meant other things, when they conversed with ladies, than to allure or deceive; that a lady who suffered a man, who squeezed her hand, to approach the second time, was not on the abyss of ruin, and she who answered a *billet* without consulting her relatives was still safe from the pangs of love, which might work destruction.

This noble girl began to exert a marked influence over Talbot for good, and he fell desperately in love. Mr. Hepp saw it; Mrs. Hepp remarked it; Walter knew it—it was apparent to all. Matters came to a climax one Sunday afternoon. The young man was very fond of music, and particularly opera. He was sitting at the piano, a magnificent French instrument, with the sweetness of tone an "Upright" alone can give, playing in his simple way, and, noticing Miss Hepp in an adjoining apartment, asked her to sing some sacred music, that he might recall his school-boy days when chanting in the boy choir at Phillips Academy. She was soon seated at the piano, her young admirer standing and turning over the leaves of the folio. That grand old hymn, "Nearer, my God, to Thee," was scarce began, when a form darkened the door, and immediately withdrew. Five minutes after, Mrs. Hepp called her daughter, and Talbot was left alone. The rules of etiquette in New Orleans are the same among the creoles as among the French and Spanish in the hot climates of the world. It is considered highly improper for youth of both sexes to ride out or to be alone without company. "The Doctor," said Mrs. Hepp, entering the parlor, "is foolishly jealous. He does not reflect that you are treated as a brother, not as a mere caller. He could not bear to see his affianced wife alone with a gentleman in the parlor. I have smoothed it all over, and have given this explanation that you may know how to act in the future."

Talbot had been accustomed to the manners of the Eastern, Middle and Western States, where a young lady of age, with leading strings off, is left to her own volition, but now understood that, in the tropics, where the blood runs warm, safeguards are undoubtedly necessary to protect the fair Southern belles from the arts of designing men. Miss Hepp, although demure at supper, was exceedingly pleasant, and whispered: "The Doctor was jealous." But there was a stiffness ever afterwards, and suddenly an icy coldness on her part, and once, when all were present at the dinner table, she abruptly put the question: "Mr. Talbot, do you bet on horses?" The young man's face flushed to the very eyebrows, and he saw that now his failing, his weakness, was discovered. The high-minded girl could NEVER love *him.* In the evening, Walter privately in-

formed Talbot that a day had been assigned for the wedding. The news came like a thunder-clap, and he burst into tears. An old betting-book furnishes the date of this unhappy night. Desperate, and declining his friend's emphatic wish to remain and breakfast in the morning, he dressed himself rapidly, returned to the hotel, drew a large amount from the safe, stiffened himself up with a brandy milk punch, two-thirds liquor, rushed to a faro bank, and, anxious to drown all woe, played with a recklessness which amazed old gamblers. He retired to rest that night richer by twenty-five hundred dollars, his greatest win in New Orleans. Is the adage true: "Unfortunate in love, lucky at cards?"

He remained secluded for a week in the hotel, and did not attend Miss Hepp's marriage to the Doctor, who, the old gentleman declared, was "a good physician, but no money maker." The elder Talbot once said of the commander of a vessel, in which he was interested: "Splendid captain, splendid captain! Makes no mistakes; but he brings no money." And he desired that a change should be made and a new captain appointed. He judged of ability not by acquirements, but by returns on a money basis.

After the marriage of his daughter, the elder Hepp determined to visit France, taking wife and son. He desired Talbot to accompany him, who foolishly declined. There was no living excuse. Having abundance of time, and plenty of money, a better opportunity was never afforded a young man to better himself. After a delightful spring voyage across the Atlantic, the best society of France would, through the Hepps, have been at his disposal. But, no! The love of horses that had entered into his very being, as the appetite of the inebriate drags the victim to a drunkard's grave, kept the foolish youth in America, and hurried him to destruction. Walter made the trip, became interested in a lovely French lady, and afterwards married her. His father is dead, and the son, we understand, is now a leading business man in the Crescent City.

Chapter Five.

Basin Street—Heroines of Many Loves.

——Decipit
Frons prima multos, rara mens intelligit
Quod interiore condidit cura angulo.
—Phædrus.

The tinsel glitter, and the specious mien,
Delude the most; few pry behind the scene.
—Johnson.

No language can boast such treasures of knowledge or such number of authors, elegant, pious and learned, as the English. The following unpublished article, written years ago by a gentleman now dead, an acquaintance of Talbot's in New Orleans during January and February of 1872, describes far better than our humble pen the *demi monde* of the Crescent City, many of whom Talbot saw on the street and elsewhere during his stay.

"Hostetter had other intimates besides Edmunds while in New Orleans. Among them were Mr. Jackson, the two Johnsons, Mr. Smith, John and Henry Hudson, and a Mr. Chambers, who traveled for a large house in Chicago, manufacturers of mirrors and picture frames. With these companions, the winter months of January, February and March were one continual round of excitement and pleasure. Hostetter was introduced to Mr.

Chambers the second night of his arrival in New Orleans by a New York drummer. The latter, although never spending a dollar, having a wife and children to support on a meagre salary, was tolerated by reason of his singular persuasive powers and gift as a story teller. That evening, in company with these two gentlemen, John Hudson and a Mr. McHenry, from the Empire State, many places of interest were visited, and it was not till early dawn the hotel was again reached. Many chapters could not describe what was seen that night, and, for want of space, we must confine ourselves to Basin street, a name known from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from the Arctic to the Antarctic regions of ice and snow. To gain this famous neighborhood, you walk from St. Charles street, where the hotel of that name is situated, into Canal, and then, turning to the left, you follow that thoroughfare four or five blocks, and Basin street is reached. It is but a square in length, with the famous residence of Minnehaha blocking the way, being a rectangle, with Canal street and the above-mentioned house forming the short sides. The awful ruin accomplished here is considered in ten years more destructive than the Chicago fire. It is tolerated because a necessity. With railroad trains, steamboats and crafts of all descriptions daily filling New Orleans with a floating population of thousands, many of whom are desperate characters, a female, without this instrument, could not walk the streets in safety. Women come from all the great cities of America, ranging in years from fourteen to forty, but most are under thirty. They travel to New Orleans every winter, drawn thither by the squandered wealth of strangers. Young, in the prime of life, they are frequently beautiful and accomplished. Do not think alone of the ruin they effect, but think of them—their disgrace, their annihilation, their death. To a woman of robust frame, strong passions, fond of dress and display, glancing at the elegantly attired courtesans on the street, in barouches, at the theatre, the surface life of a prostitute may seem attractive. *Its pleasures are hollow in the extreme. It is wasting.* Women of beautiful presence and commanding form, that make up the large portion of the inmates of first-class houses, have not climbed from the lower round of the ladder to the top with approaches of years of denial and study, like her who improves the brain by culture. Their sensual beauty, however gross the intellect, at once gives value in the eye of the 'Madam,' and they begin at the top, only to descend. How true are the words of the poet :—

> 'Beauty is a fair, but fading flower,
> The tender prey of each coming hour.'

"Their life is that of a beast, and they are regarded and treated as such by the men who visit them. They are the toy of an hour, producers of sensual pleasure, and then forgotten as the food devoured. This terrible life soon makes the prostitute brazen and repellant. Down, down, she sinks into the awful depths of degradation and suffering, from which a lingering death is the only outlet. Very few escape. Some marry; but, for reasons we cannot name, frequently return to a life of shame, sure to die in want or squalor, however magnificent their course began. '*Tædet cœli convexa tueri.*'

"Let those who pass their days in security and plenty but visit for one hour the house of the prostitutes, sunk to the lowest round of the ladder, and see the poor wretches, mad with intemperance, nauseous with filth, white with famine, and pestilential with disease. He must be hardened, indeed, if sympathy is not awakened to rescue human beings that have a soul from a state so horrible. Their careers, one and all, with little variety, are the same. Johnson thus describes their life: 'Sometimes the property of one man, and sometimes the common prey of accidental lewdness; at one time tricked up for sale by

the mistress of a brothel, at another begging in the streets to be relieved from hunger by wickedness—without any hope, in the day, but of finding some whom folly or excess may expose to their allurements, and without any reflections at night but such as guilt and terror impress upon them.'

"Walking but a short distance on the right side of Basin street, a magnificent brownstone house, which would compare favorably with the princely mansions of New York City, greets the eye. It is the famous abode of Nellie Otis. You have but to ring the bell to be ushered in by an attendant. The hall runs the whole length of the house, with winding staircase in the centre. On the left is a reception room, where men of reputation can see their lady friends or make selections. Behind is a bed chamber, and, in its rear, the apartment of the 'Madam' (Nellie Otis), where private parties can drink wine at ten dollars a bottle. Three rooms, with folding doors thrown open, are on the right of the hall, making a magnificent parlor, lighted by costly chandeliers with globes of cut glass. The frescoing is exquisite, displaying the wondrous skill of an adroit artist. Musicians occupy the rear, far back as possible, and play at intervals the latest selections, interspersed with brilliant waltzes and polkas. Above these apartments are the rooms of the courtesans. In the parlors are gathered a promiscuous throng. There may be seen the rich banker from New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, St. Louis, who imagines himself unknown, and, close beside him, a hoosier from Texas. Money is the God, and all who possess it are worshiped here. The poorest dressed are generally the most popular, being countrymen who have sold their stock or come to the city to replenish a store. Twenty or more women, decked in the height of fashion, in dresses of all colors, from maroon to sober black, cut with trail, or as the garb of a peasant girl, stand, sit or dance, as inclination prompts, all looking for the main chance—money. It is a subject for Hogarth; we would that he could paint it. This is the upper round; how revolting, by contrast, the lower! The 'Rake's Progress' would sink into insignificance. While most of the women would be considered beautiful, many are plain; but these always have some fascination which wins men. Where such allurements are sold, those deficient in charms could not gain a livelihood. Let us look into the lives of some of these women.

"Emily leans against a chair, with the most modest air imaginable. She makes money faster than any one in the house. Her beauty does not win men; it is her air, her way, an indescribable something, which takes, and none can tell why. Coming from Ireland a year ago, she landed in New Orleans an innocent, homeless girl. Unable to find employment, she adopted a life of shame; but, not understanding the art of dress, was at first unsuccessful, and it looked as if she would sink to lower dregs of infamy, when one evening, advised by a room-mate, she discarded the flashy apparel presented by the 'Madam,' and attired herself in sober black, with a narrow white collar around the neck. Her auburn hair was brushed carefully over the forehead, caught back in a knot; and there she stood, the very picture of a New England school-ma'am—to all appearance, intellectual and pure as the driven snow. From that time her profits were immense. She paid board of twenty-five dollars a week, and laid up money, and is now contemplating a trip to Ireland, to see her dear old mother. No one can forecast her fate. She is prosperous now, but so few escape, we fear she will sink to the low degradation described by Johnson.

"A large and magnificently formed woman sits on the other side opposite Emily. She came to New Orleans with a record, having enjoyed the society of a famous railroad king of this country. She boasts of it, and has many admirers, with one of whom she is now

conversing. She has also posed for a sculptor, and is shaped like the Venus of Milo. But there is a fierce, wild expression in the face, and her eyes look like those of the lion at Central Park. While a man of culture and a lover of art might admire her as a representative of the sensual, he would pass her by when the sweet, classical face of Emily met his view.

"But who is this, dancing and throwing all her soul into the mazes of the waltz? A young man, scarce eighteen, thin and above average height, but very stylish, is her partner. He has just come in from an evening party, probably given by some high-toned family, and, clad in ball-room costume, with a slender gold chain, only worn by the upper crust, is very conspicuous. 'That is the son of Mr. ——, prominent as a business man, and of high standing in the church,' is whispered by several. 'What a pity!' said an aged Custom House official, on whose large, round face many a 'brandy mash' had blossomed. 'I shall send an anonymous note to the old gentleman to-morrow. A stop must be put to this. A foolish youth shall not ruin a family name. This is disgraceful.' The boy—he is but a child—is dancing with Alice Damasky ('Russian Alice').

"This woman has a remarkable history, is very popular among the fast young men of New Orleans, and is reputed to be worth twenty thousand dollars in hard cash and diamonds. She is very shapely, and, attired as a peasant girl, is irresistible. Dressed in silk tights, and receiving marked attention from the most 'toney' present, Alice was considered the belle of the Mardi Gras ball, held annually in New Orleans, and attended by the fast men and women of the city. She was seduced, report affirms, in New York City by a young foreign officer; hence, the sobriquet 'Russian,' which will hold fast to her for life. *His pocket-book* not meeting her requirements, another conquest was made, and still another. A celebrated 'Madam' who visits New York and Quebec annually to provide 'new stock,' took her, in company with other notorious women, to New Orleans. The hot climate of the South agreed with her, and she vacillated between Havana and the Crescent City. Of good figure, pleasant features, beautiful blonde hair—thought by many to be dyed, and the cause of her after-insanity—vivacious, interesting, and speaking with a foreign accent, she had many friends, both young and old. Avaricious, and always looking for the main chance, she made enormous profits during the war. How true it is that money follows money; wealth, wealth! She boasted that, from beginning with one diamond, she obtained many others from various admirers. With these, a beautiful and costly necklace, ear-rings, and a magnificient diadem were fashioned. Her bank account was always increasing, and money was her God. But 'the evil day and misfortune dire' came at last. This seems to be the fate of almost all public women who have accumulated property. She fell in love, if such a thing were possible in one who had danced at the downfall and over the grave of many a wrecked fortune, with a young man of pleasant exterior, and started him in some business of a speculative character. He played her on the same principle as 'English dice cloth' or 'banco' is operated. It was 'put up, put up,' all the time, with promises of immense returns. She made the last great venture, expecting a grand 'coup,' and was a beggar. Life had to be commenced anew. Rich friends deserted her, and, with beauty on the decline, and brain weakened by the horrible strain upon it for years, she became a wanderer on the streets, with occasional relapses. Where she is at this moment, we do not know; whether in the insane retreat, behind iron bolts and doors, out in the lone world, with the whistling blast cutting into the very marrow of the bone, or in the cold grave, God alone can tell. May the good Lord pity and forgive!

"The music ceases. Emily goes to an out-

side supper with a particular friend; 'Leonine Eyes' sits down at the piano, and dashes off a brilliant polka; 'Russian Alice' is held up at arms length before a mirror, aud then carried off by her young and foolish admirer; and Hostetter sits down beside a woman, shortly after famous. It was none other than 'French Emma.' She was a brunette, had seen adversity, and, being of strong mind, was determined to place herself on a sure footing as soon as possible. Every penny was saved. The aim of life was to be proprietress of a mansion equal, if not superior, to the house in which she played a minor part. The savings of 'unfortunates' are generally wasted on dresses, for which fabulous prices are paid, and the landladies are always desirous to run their women into debt if possible, in order to keep them inmates of their houses and subservient to their wishes. She turned a deaf ear to all allurements, and now, above the fear of penury and want, one of the finest houses in Chicago is catalogued among her possessions, and the wish is gratified.

"But here comes Nellie Otis, a woman of medium height and a brunette. She is deep, and very ambitious. The Saratoga papers have alluded to her splendid toilets, but now there is no ostentatious display. This is policy. Smart landladies dress plain, and thus keep their women, who otherwise would become jealous. Jennie Mitchell outdressed all the inmates of her mansion, and with difficulty could retain a boarder. Said to be of Irish parentage, Nellie was fortunate to gain the affections of a young man of good connections and aristocratic family. When he had spent all his property on her, instead of spurning the youth as a beggar from her feet, she married him, and started this famous palace of sin. Her success was unexampled. She would not suffer men to villify her house, and such traducers were always refused admittance. When business was dull, like a hound scenting game, she walked swiftly through the rooms, inviting men of well-known wealth to wine with her. This custom made her profits. Wine purchased at two dollars a bottle, she sold for ten, and could treat four times to her guests once. The women feared and respected her. She could not stand imposition, and, when her Irish blood was up, could make 'Rome howl.' Woe to the woman who braved her; out she went, bag and baggage. She could be very pleasant, and was kind-hearted and liberal to those in want. She sold the property, after years of prosperity, for a handsome sum, and, with a large capital lyiug to her credit in the bank, retired to private life. Very religious, we understand, a member of the church, and, giving liberally to charitable purposes, she is doing all within her power to atone for her past career.

"As this famous woman enters the room, all conversation is suspended, so great is her reputation. She nods and smiles, takes in everything at a glance, and, after brief conversation here and there, invites Hostetter and friends into her private room. The solicitation means wine, and at ten dollars a bottle. They cannot refuse, as this is the first visit, and, not wishing to appear penurious, champagne flows like water. The handsomest women in the house are called, songs sang, toasts drank and amusing stories related. Aunie Carr, the finest in New Orleans in Chambers' opinion, is seated on Hostetter's knee; 'Russian Alice' exchanges witticisms with Hudson, and Emily, with flushed face, talks of her prospective visit to the 'Emerald Isle.' After an hour thus passed, the 'sight-seers' take their departure.

"A marble front house, with iron balconies before the windows, the second pretentious mansion from Nellie's and nearest Minnehaha's, is next visited. This edifice must have been built at great cost. The party, lively from the wine so freely imbibed, are ushered into the private room of the most beautiful woman Hostetter ever saw. Wine is ordered,

loud laughter and drunken revelry follow. Hostetter has a magnificent gold-headed cane broken by the lady of the chamber, who tried to bend it double. The writer, who was one of the party, alludes to this woman because, six years later, he saw her in Pittsburg. How striking the change! Take a painting by one of the great masters, full of vigor, faultless in taste, perfect in detail; after gazing upon it with admiration, seize a brush, and draw it across the picture. The whole now becomes a hideous daub, exciting disgust and loathing. There was a like alteration in this woman—once so beautiful, now so hideous. I could not endure her presence—calling up early reminiscences, and placing money in her hand, departed.

"Minnehaha's residence is similar in appearance to Otis's, but not so deep. This famous woman, widely known almost as the street on which she lives, is about forty years of age, a natural blonde, and in size and appearance not dissimilar to Lydia Thompson, who for several years traversed the United States with a troupe, making fame and fortune. Notwithstanding her age, Minnie was interesting and very fascinating. Marrying, like Otis, a young man of aristocratic connections, she remained faithful, until his death by consumption. An inveterate card-player, sitting for hours at whist, euchre or high low jack, she would stake wine or large amounts on the result. McHenry was interested in this woman, and had showered diamonds and money upon her, but, having a heart of stone, she loved her husband, and respected his memory. 'Mac' left a few weeks after; it is hoped, a better and a wiser man. She could be seen riding daily through the streets, in shining and costly equipage, with Cora Wilbur, a woman of magnificient proportions, kept by a celebrated gambler of New Orleans. Betting Hostetter that she would dare to drive in male attire to the Louisiana cock pit, pay the fare, enter, and sit by his side, he paid forfeit on learning that the affair would make him notorious, and get into the newspapers. Minnehaha thought well of this gentleman, having formed a very favorable impression during his first visit. Winning at euchre four games out of five for the wine—ten dollars a bottle—he handed her fifty dollars, and, refusing to take the change, won lasting esteem. 'Actions speak more than words,' which was heightened by the gift of a beautiful chess-board, inlaid with ivory, costing, with carved Chinese men, one hundred and twenty-five dollars, and by the presentation of a set of Scott's novels.

"The party left this striking woman as a bell tolled the hour of three. Having decided to indulge in a stronger drink than wine before retiring to rest, the friends entered a small bar-room, near the corner, close by Canal. Their feet had barely crossed the threshold, when a hack drove up, and four gamblers alighted. A tall, thin man, with red hair and moustache, lithe, and looking like a panther ready to spring upon its prey, had, judging by the conversation, made a heavy winning at bank, and all were on a 'lark.' 'It is my turn to treat,' said a large, burly fellow, with a heavy, black beard; 'boys, what will you take?' The gamblers named their bitters; but the 'star'—the fortunate winner—was silent. 'Jack, what's *your* drink?' continued the large man. 'Wine,' was the answer. The entertainer looked aghast. He could stand anything in reason; but wine, *never!* His companion shrugged a pair of well-knit shoulders, and said emphatically: 'I am drinking wine—nothing but wine—and I am willing to pay for it.' The burly man became terribly enraged, and prepared to spring upon his opponent, whom it looked as if he would crush by a single blow. This individual made a motion, quick as lightning, with the index finger in the direction of his antagonist's face, and, stepping back, stood close by Hostetter with a drawn revolver concealed behind the right limb. His adversary re-

maiued as if petrified, not daring to move a muscle, with blood streaming from a terrible gash under the ear, where a knife concealed in his opponent's hand had cut him. 'The red-haired' had 'the drop.' A motion meant instant death. They stood this way for full a minute, when Chambers, seeing the wounded man would soon faint from loss of blood, whispered in the ear of his antagonist that the police were coming, and advised him to avoid arrest. The gambler backed out of the open doorway into the night. Bandages were applied, and the wounded man was quickly taken by his companions into a hack, which drove away. Whether the man died from the effect of the wound, Hostetter does uot know to this day.

"But the adventures of the night were not yet completed. The party, after copious drinks, had reached the corner, when it was accosted by an object of sympathy. His face was pale and haggard, his beard long and matted, and his eyes, red as fire-globes, vivid as lightning, glared like twin meteors. A magnificent head, with towering forehead, proclaiming the powerful intellect beneath, was covered by a battered beaver. His clothes hung in rags about him, and, at the same time, he awakened pity and disgust. Hostetter and friends were about to pass indifferently by, when Hudson whispered: 'That is Dr. ——, a celebrated physician of this city, but now a worthless bankrupt and an outcast. His wife and children are doubtless starving for want of bread. Rum, gambling and women have been his ruin.' Hostetter's sympathy was awakened, and, leaning against the lamp-post, conversed with this man. Liquor had not passed his lips that day, not that he did not want it, but no one would trust him. He had been on a long debauch of the lowest kind, and in New York naught but the Island would appear to be open to him. He seemed dull and stupid, but when his young, beautiful, adoring wife and children were mentioned, the change was instantaneous. A look of unutterable agony passed like a gleaming shadow across his countenauce. The whole soul was in his eyes; the full heart streamed out of his face. He threw his hat upon the ground, and tore his hair in agony. He cursed the day that he was born, and hurled such terrible invectives that Hostetter and friends trembled like aspens. Such woe was never before witnessed by man. His forehead glowed like a heated furnace, and, with countenance like that of a maniac, he flung his long, bony arms aloft, as if to grasp a thunderbolt. Suddenly his voice became hushed; he wailed out a piteous cry, until all present wept and sobbed like childreu. Such language! At first massive as a mountain, wildly rushing like a cataract of fire, now that of a father pleading for his own. Hostetter, in fancy, saw the wife and children in want, without bread to pass the parched lips. There was a long-forgotten roll of bills in his vest pocket. Where could be found a better object for charity? He placed eleven dollars in the hands of the once great, now ruined man, and, requesting him to send a note to the St. Charles Hotel, if again requiring assistance, hastened away, a sadder and a wiser man. What a terrible example of the power of rum! Would he, like this unfortunate, disgrace a family? Horrible thought! In Monday morning's *Picayune*, Hostetter read of the death of Dr. —— in the station-house from delirium tremens.

——'I fled, and cried out *Death*;
Hell trembled at the hideous name, and sighed
From all her caves, and back resounded *Death*."

"The money given with a generous purpose had been squandered for rum. Every faculty of sense whereby he heard, saw, smelt, touched, tasted, a slave to alcohol! The widow and children were cared for."

Chapter Six.

The Louisiana Cock Pit—Billiards—Cards.

Damnant quod non intelligunt.
—Cic.

They condemn what they do not understand.
—Johnson.

The winter months passed rapidly in New Orleans. Each day brought excitement to Talbot; but Sunday with him, as with most of the inhabitants of the Crescent City, was a time of gayety. His recreations may be of interest to the reader, each Sunday being but a repetition of the other. Breakfasting after the morning bath, at half-past ten, he repaired, in company with several friends, by horse cars to the Louisiana cock pit, where the afternoon was passed in intense excitement. After supper, billiards at the Crescent were in order. An evening at the theatre followed, and finally, after a quiet game of "draw" or a "play at bank," the foolish youth, at two or three o'clock in the morning, with aching head and wearied step, sought his room and pillow.

The cock pit was distant perhaps a mile and a half from the St. Charles Hotel. The payment of a dollar was the "open sesame" to the theatre of many a bloody battle, where more determination and strategy was displayed than the annals of human endurance could chronicle. The pit was perhaps twenty feet in diameter, and was surrounded by a fence or rim, about twenty inches in height. The spectators were accommodated by raised seats, as in a Roman amphitheatre. On the right of the entrance, coming in, was a room devoted to roulette, where hundreds were frequently lost and won. In the rear part of the building were tested scales for weighing the birds, and, farther back, accommodations for the fowls, kept in well-ventilated coops with scrupulous care. Mr. Claybourne, a gentleman of commanding presence, belonging to one of the first families in New Orleans, and owner of several plantations, pitted every Sunday afternoon, against all comers, his own peculiar breed, and would wager large amounts on the result. This kind gentleman took particular pains, after an introduction, to show Talbot over the establishment, and expatiated with pleasure upon the particular attributes of various fowls. These birds were not at all like the huge muffs, white hacks and pyles, weighing from four to six pounds each, so much admired by American and English fanciers, on whom immense steel spurs are fastened, making the result more of a dice-box affair than justice to the birds would seem to demand, but Spanish game fowls, not massive, but slender, agile and beautiful to look upon. They are not fought with metallic spurs, but with Nature's weapons, sharpened to a very fine point. Such combats are very exciting, and, as chance does not play so important a part, much depends on the cunning—instinct, some call it—of the bird. After several fights, a crafty bird runs in a circle; then, wheeling suddenly, will seize its antagonist by the side of the neck, and strike again and again, frequently braining it on the spot.

Mr. Claybourne had one cock which Talbot saw win four consecutive battles. The third was thrilling in the extreme. A crafty Spaniard, knowing the owner's partiality for the fowl and his belief it was the best in New Orleans, brought from Cuba a famous cutter that had won many a battle, and which he painted to defy detection. Claybourne, as, indeed, all present, saw through the cheat, but wagered immense sums on the result. The Cuban bird

was the most active, rapid fighter Talbot ever saw, and, after the first flight, he would have sold out his fifty-dollar bet for a song. The bird seemed to be in the air all the time, bounding from the ground like a rubber ball. At the first flight, Claybourne's pet lost an eye, and proclaimed the same by a sharp cry. At the second, although succeeding in wounding his terrible antagonist, the brave creature received so forcible a blow that he was seen to stagger, and seemed bewildered; but, not forgetting his old tactics, he immediately ran in a circle to get "second wind," the Cuban pursuing hot and fast. The latter endeavored to catch his tail, and, by holding on, force the bird to flap, thus leaving an opening for a body blow, which, accurately delivered, would cause the wounded bird to bleed inwardly until it choked to death, or went down in the pit. These efforts were unavailing, and, when the cutter was considerably fatigued, the crafty foe, turning frequently, would deliver several blows at the head and neck, and then continue his tireless run. The Cuban could not long withstand such tactics. He was a rapid fighter, but tired quick, and, when exhausted, fell an easy prey to his cunning rival, who soon delivered the *coup de grace.*

The love and affection manifested by owners for their pet birds is amazing. A Spanish barber pitted his favorite for a large amount one afternoon against a neighboring fowl, and actually fainted when the creature received an apparently deadly wound. The bird was not slain, however, but renewed the battle, and won the fight while his master was stretched senseless in the pit. On one occasion an amusing incident occurred. Two gallant birds were struggling for supremacy, when the heelers became enraged, rushed at each other, and fought, until separated, almost as desperately as the fowls they were so skillfully handling. The public on that day paid to see a cock fight, and had a prize fight added free of charge.

Cock fighting has fallen into disrepute in the Northern States. The laws are so stringent, and the prices of admission so large, that only bankers, politicians, and prominent business men can countenance and engage in it. It is a luxury, and mains are held in the parlors and coach houses of the aristocracy. Every subterfuge is employed to avoid detection in the professional cock pits where admission is charged. None but the initiated are admitted. A carpet covers the floor. This serves a double purpose; it not only gives a good footing to the birds, but, when the police make a break, the fowls are run out, the carpet is ripped up, and the floor is tidy, no blood, no feathers, proving the deadly conflict. The police never look for the carpet; their sympathy is with "the boys," and their duty on the side of the law is evaded as far as possible.

The author has always believed that emulation, the desire to surpass others, the wish to make a name in the world, has a greater influence, as was the case with Lord Byron, in elevating a man to high position than the mere love of luxury or a sordid avarice. This same jealousy of others manifests itself in the game fowl—a bird as far superior to the eagle, or any other feathered thing, as the bee to the fly. If it had not been for the associations connected with the game cock, I verily believe the national bird of the United States, instead of being the rapacious, cruel pirate of the skies, would have been that bird which history eulogizes. Themistocles, author of the celebrated sentence, "It is true I never learned to tune a harp or play upon a lute, but I know how to raise a small state to a great one," first brought the attention of historians to this wonderful creature. The army was on its way to engage the Persians, when, noticing a combat between two cocks, this remarkable man stopped his forces and delivered wise words of advice: "These fowls have neither gods, country nor families to fight for. They fight

for victory. Should you not fight better, who have all these to protect?" A most brilliant victory was the result of this powerful oratory, and, to perpetuate its memory, an annual main was established in Greece.

Aristophanes, a most celebrated comic poet of Atheus, contemporary with Plato, Socrates and Euripides, of great spirit and resolution, an enemy to slavery and all that wished to oppress their country, and whose play of the "Clouds" has always awakened, when perused by the author, a deep sensation of awe and admiration, in his "Aves," or birds, speaks in flattering terms of the game fowl as the "Persian bird," and it is probable that the first game fowls came from that part of the world. The Romans brought these birds from Greece to Italy, and from thence to Britain, Cæsar soon driving out the inferior native fowls with the cocks of the sunny clime.

Although we read of cock fighting during the reign of Henry II., it never became a favorite sport till the rule of Henry VIII. The merry monarch, in spite of the rolling of the Puritanic eyes of Oliver Cromwell, who declared it wicked and heathenish, re-opened a royal pit iu Westminster, and there openly fought his own cocks, to the admiration of his courtiers and blue-eyed cyprians. In Hogarth's celebrated painting, a French marquis and a farrier, a peer and a pickpocket, a horse jockey and a chimney sweep — rank not dreamed of — are completely lost in the movements of the birds. Agile and disabled, unscrupulous and honest, they think of naught else but the "finale." The painting has many lively little witticisms, to which language is not equal. Mexico, Persia, China, Sumatra, India, Molaca, Cuba, still keep up the old pastime. In India the birds are never trimmed, but fight in full plumage, and rajahs hazard fifty thousand dollars on a single combat. Their birds are much larger than those fought in America, weighing over six pounds—the maximum in this country.

Talbot, after several visits to the Louisiana cock pit, made many acquaintances, all of whom he found to be gentlemen, as far as deportment was concerned. He inaugurated a system of betting, which, as in base ball, was pregnant in results. The moment two fowls are weighed, one at once becomes the favorite, according to the fancy of those always giving odds. Claybourne's cocks were commonly preferred, but the bird which weighed the most (they do not always turn the scales at evens, as desired by their owners) generally carried the money. Talbot took the odds when the birds first touched the ground, and not to a larger amount than three or four dollars against five. He was obliged to begin with so small a stake, as the betting would not authorize a larger, it being difficult sometimes to place money as desired. The moment *his bird* received a blow, thus lessening the chances of winning, and the betting was perhaps ten to four, he gave the odds, and, if the true favorite won, came out even. Should, however, the weaker cock, by a lucky blow, as frequently happens, bring the betting to eveus, he wagered twenty dollars on it, and stood to win fifteen or lose twenty-one. If the betting changed again in favor of the original favorite, at say two to one, he would stake forty dollars against twenty on the result; if three to one, sixty to twenty, and so on—it being his intention to always have money on the winning bird at every stage of the battle, save when the cocks first struck the ground. He has been at times, by pursuing this course, a heavy loser, when a bird, for instance, lying almost dead in the pit, and the victor gradually destroying life, gave one last desperate flutter and brained his antagonist on the spot. But this is not a common occurrence in New Orleans, where Nature's spurs are used, and Talbot was a heavy winner at this pastime when he left the Crescent City.

All phases of society could be seen at the cock pit, from the planter, the tourist—it is

asserted Prince Alexis dropped in while at New Orleans—the president of a bank, a member of the legislature, to the man who turned the wheel at a roulette table. It was a study to watch the faces during an exciting battle—youth and age, with eyes concentrated on the deadly conflict. One afternoon two young men, brothers, accompanied Talbot to the pit. The younger, as blood began to flow after the first flight, exclaimed: "How cruel! I cannot endure it." And when the neck of the bird, after repeated blows from the spurs of his more active antagonist began to assume the appearance of a raw beefsteak, added: "This is inhuman; I must go." He was with difficulty induced to remain. When the next battle was at hand, Talbot tried an experiment. The odds were five to four. He offered his young friend a tempting bait—five against two. The bet was taken. In a short time the favorite received a terrible stroke, which tore out one eye, and made it stagger like a drunken man. His antagonist then forced the fighting with great agility. The youth could remain still no longer. A sweet smile played upon his face, and he shouted aloud: "Strike again! strike again!"—emphasizing the words with both arms. Such is human nature. Money seems to be "the root of all evil." Talbot, on first seeing the gallant birds struggle for the supremacy, confesses to a feeling of horror, and so perhaps do all not brutalized by inordinate passions; but the feeling wears off, and the most sensitive soon become callous. All this comes from a natural aversion to blood, which Nature has implanted in the breasts of the human family. Is not this aversion too sensitive as regards cock fighting?

The game fowl is most savage in disposition. Take a cock, with plumage as glossy and as smooth to the touch as satin. Examine the eye of the bird—the eye is said to be the true index to character—and the organ stares with an expression, a courage and self-confidence, death alone can abate. These splendid fowls will attack children, pigs, dogs, turkeys. A copy of a celebrated painting is in the *Sporting Magazine*, where is represented a game cock, with his spurs in the head of a fox, killed by the plucky bird while defending its young. Two young cocks, hung up by the side of a wall with their throats cut, pecked at each other for a short time before death. The white feather of all feathers is never shown by the game fowl. Many doubt whether this bird suffers while fighting. Nature has given it singular pugnacity, and, if left alone, will always engage in combat when an opportunity is afforded. If fashioned for the purpose of battle, should not man assist in carrying out the design for which God created it, especially if his pleasure is augmented? We see death in the lower species every day of our lives, and pass along without even casual notice. The spider devours the fly, the small bird eats the spider, the hawk seizes the small bird, and is himself shot and fastened to a post by the husbandman. Who dare assert there is cruelty in these workings of Nature? Man can sit and enjoy all this, if inclination prompts, and why not in an enclosure prepared for the purpose as in the open air of Heaven? "Cock fighting brutalizes," say some. Perhaps it does, and so doth the crushing of flies and the reading of Samson's destruction of so many Philistines with the jaw bone of an ass. This is offset, however, by the example of gallant bravery displayed, which ennobles the mind and creates a love of fair play. You very rarely see a sneak or a coward among those who frequent the cock pit. Carried on in moderation, this sport would tend more to form our natural character of brave, ready, alert, energetic men. Cruelty is not the aim, end or object of, and forms no portion of this recreation.

The most exciting battles were fought at the Louisiana cock pit while the spring races were progressing in New Orleans. Bob Harland, a

famous sport, who had visited Europe, was present in 1873. This remarkable man could not quit faro—the game, he said, always kept him broke—until a solemn oath was taken before a Justice of the Peace. The immense sums he wagered, his knowledge of cocks, and his quickness in seeing a blow and its effect, made old hands appear amateurs. His heart was big as a mountain, and he was generous to a fault. Mr. Harland appeared at the Lexington races in the spring of 1873 without his famous diamond piu, stating that it had been stolen in the horse car, a man with a duster on his arm having pressed against him. He distinguished himself in the campaign of '72, and received a position in Chicago, a reward for services rendered. Acquainted with all prominent race courses in America, he beat every meeting one season to a large amount. Aiming always to find the true favorite, he wagered thousauds on the result to his last dime, and occasionally left the track penniless. Some of the richest blood of the South flowed in Harland's veins, and his name was national, known among sports from the Atlantic to the Pacific and from the Cauadas to the Gulf. He loved cock fighting because it was "*honest gambling*," and money could be wagered without fear of fraud.

Mr. Claybourne having kindly promised his friend a pair of fowls, owing to au early and unexpected departure, the young man could not secure them. Thanks are here proffered for the courtesy extended.

Talbot usually left the cock pit at half-past four, and, after supper, visited the Crescent billiard saloon for an hour's recreation. This was the finest and best appointed in New Orleans. Situated on the corner of St. Charles and Canal streets, it occupied the second floor of a large building. The paying teller, an expert billiard player, had his desk behind a railing in the centre. On his left was a door which opened into a court, and, following the balcony for a few steps, the department devoted to pin-pool was gained. This was reached more readily by ascending an open stairway from the court below, adjoining which a bar, with the choicest of liquors, met the wants of the most fastidious. This pool room was the resort of the fast young men of the city who admired billiards, and preferred to gamble where the decision was quick aud no fraud practiced. Pin-pool is too well known to requira a lengthy description. It is played with a red and two white balls. Five pins are placed in the centre of the table, numbered up to five, respectively. After the order of the players is decided by a number of balls drawn at random from a leather bottle by the marker, a private ball is given to each, rating from one to sixteen. When the player prostrates sufficient pins, the combined sum of which, added to his number makes thirty-one, he wins the pool. It is useless to enumerate farther; to enter into all its varieties would be an endless task. Sometimes the betting was very heavy on "high ball." The contestants placed equal sums into the pool, which lay on the centre of the table, and, when the balls were cast around, the individual fortunate to hold the highest took down the stake. Talbot was one of three, on a certain occasion, where seventy-five dollars made the stake, and left at four in the morning, several hundred dollars loser. His companions were the fastest of the fast, and, although belonging to the best families in New Orleans, with loving parents anxious for their welfare, are now, with names dishonored, wanderers on the face of the carth, not daring to revisit the place of their nativity.

Talbot can call up a panoramic view of this room. One evening a friend had an altercation with a young lottery agent of the city. The subject of our sketch rushed between the parties before they could come to blows, and firmly grasped his companion's arms, when suddenly there was a gencral stampede on all sides. Men hid behind the table, and seemed

anxious to hug the floor, and in half a minute the room, which had been filled with an excited throng, was nearly empty. Talbot looked over the right shoulder, and there, his Southern blood boiling, his face dark and passionate, with a self-cocking Tranter and finger on the trigger, ready to pour in five deadly shots with gentle pressures of the hand, was the lottery agent. Did you ever stand looking into the barrel of a pistol in the hands of an infuriated man? In describing the incident, Talbot declared he could feel the bullet. Pushing his companion towards the door, he stood in the way, acting as a shield; but the young man was bold as a lion. Daring the deadly weapon, he begged his friend's revolver, and would undoubtedly have been shot if an employé, coming up behind, had not suddenly seized the pistol from the hands of the madman.

Such altercations are more common in the South than in the North, where an insulting word is usually answered with the bullet or the knife. A young man, who represented a large furniture house in Memphis, once challenged Talbot to mortal combat. Short of money, one evening, at a game of poker, the subject of our sketch gave Mr. —— a note for fifty dollars. With the money thus obtained, he not only retrieved all former losses, but, holding a remarkable hand, broke the Memphis drummer. When the cards were shown, chagrined at his want of luck, the latter asserted Talbot was the closest player he ever saw, who retaliated by declaring him the "meanest." The next morning the latter was waited upon by the drummer's second, who presented a short and laconic note, giving Talbot choice of weapons, and desiring an early meeting. The subject of our sketch readily found a second, and answered through him that he believed duelling to be a relic of the barbarous ages, but should the gentleman desire to heal his wounded honor, a chance meeting on the street must determine the better man. The seconds conferred together, and the matter dropped over a bottle of wine. This drummer was a born gambler; every penny went to faro or poker. His brothers—most reputable in character and of business tact—spent time and money in efforts to reclaim him. Again and again he took the road with new resolves, always to return, devoid of jewelry and barely clothes to his back. Cultivated, possessing a thorough knowledge of books, and of prepossessing appearance, these failings were to be deplored; but he was bound in bands of iron, like the inebriate who spends his last dime for rum. This young man, and an elderly gentleman from Illinois, are at present Talbot's debtors for over one hundred and fifty dollars.

The latter, owner of two farms, and apparently "square," played billiards at the Crescent with the subject of our sketch. The opening stake was two dollars and a half, the next five dollars, then ten dollars, and, doubling up to the last, the final two bets were eighty and forty dollars, respectively. Talbot won every game, and the Illinois gentleman owed him one hundred and ninety-seven dollars and fifty cents, who, short of cash, proffered his diamond pin as security till the next day, which the winner declined, and accepted his word for the amount. The Memphis drummer then crossed cues, and lost seventy-five dollars.

——"With emulation, he essay'd
His utmost skill. Nay, more! he pray'd:
Was never losing game with better conduct played."

He agreed to settle the next day, but was never again seen by the victor, and left for home, it was understood, with borrowed capital. The duped Talbot never forgot this instructive lesson. It was a splendid study of human nature to the young man. "Put up or shut up" was ever after the key-note of his betting transactions, and we would advise all operators to nail these colors to the mast.

The Illinois gentleman, a few days after the loss—a penny of which he never intended to

pay—invited Talbot to play poker in his rooms, where was ensconced a red-faced, stout-built man of fifty, with cork leg, a first-class story teller, agreeable company, but worse than a monte sharp at cards. The supposed victim to the wiles of these two worthies was most anxious to play, but was expecting a check from home for five thousand dollars on the following Monday, —he had at that moment, if the truth was told, a cash balance of thousands in the bank, and fifty-four hundred in pocket,—would not the Illinois gentleman lend him two hundred dollars to enter the game? A loan of one hundred dollars was proffered and accepted. This was the entering wedge of the schemers. They hoped to pound and pound, when, lo! a check of a thousand or more, with Talbot's autograph at the bottom, would be their property. *They were disappointed.* The intended victim followed the cards with careful eye, and, when turning sideways to take a glass of wine, the pack disappeared for the millionth part of a second beneath the edge of the table, he suspiciously awaited developments. On raisiug the cards, a full hand—three aces and two queens, worth five hundred dollars, as they were betting—stared him in the face. The Illinois gentleman—small, dark, with long beard, very energetic, and evidently not afraid to use a pistol on an emergency, sitting on the left of Talbot, who was age—bet five dollars. The red-faced man "saw" the five dollars, and "raised" it five dollars. Talbot made good the ten dollars, but did not "go better." This *nonplussed* the schemers. Had something gone wrong? Had the cards been dealt properly? Was the "flat" suspicious? Certainly so careful a player as this youth had proved himself would not let such an opportunity slip! Thus, by the play of his countenance, undoubtedly reasoned the small man. He hesitated a moment, made the five dollars good, and decided to wait for the draw before putting the supposed victim under "cross fire." Common sense told him Talbot was not yet in deep enough to go through this terrible ordeal, which has made many a good man sweat as never before. "How many cards?" said he with the wooden leg. "None," was the answer. "How many cards?" continued the dealer to his accomplice. "One," in a careless tone. The red-faced individual drew one. It was the small man's first bet. He hazarded five dollars. His friend went five dollars better. Talbot "saw" the ten dollars, and "raised" it ten dollars. "Fifteen dollars to make good, and fifty dollars better," said he of the long beard. The red-faced man laid down sixty dollars, and called him. This was to mislead the victim, as the "cross fire" would otherwise be too palpable, and they knew none but a fool, unless suspicious, would call. "I see the fifty dollars, and raise you one hundred dollars," said the "flat," coolly, who, not having money, placed his diamond stud, a perfect gem, commanding five hundred dollars anywhere, on the table. The conspirators were not surprised; they expected this, and were willing that the precious stone should stand as collateral for half a thousand. The owner of two farms thrust his hand iuside the pocket of his vest, and a crisp five hundred-dollar bill was placed in the pot, and, cold as stone, came the words: "Four hundred dollars better!" The dealer gave a long whistle, and quietly placed his cards in the centre of the pack. His services were no longer needed; the battery was in position, and had launched a sufficiently heavy shell. "Will you take my note for a thousand?" inquired the dupe. A look of feigued surprise mantled the brow of the little man, who said "Yes"—long drawn out. Pen and paper were obtained with alacrity by him of the wooden leg, and the note, properly drawn up and signed, was soon the apex of the pile, now beginning to assume huge proportions. "One thousand dollars bet-

ter," said Talbot. The little man had but one thousand dollars in his pocket. He placed it in the pot, and called the victim. Sixteen hundred dollars was enough to win on one hand; he did not wish to scare the "sucker." If the notes called for too much, Talbot might "kick," and seek the protection of the law, sometimes the resort of those badly scorched. So, puffing his cigar, he leaned back, awaiting developments. The dupe slowly and deliberately laid down his cards, face upwards on the table, and four aces, with the queen of spades, met the astonished gaze of the two now thunderstruck men. Their eyes rolled in the sockets, and glared upon him with a fiendish look, and their fingers clutched the handles of revolvers, concealed in the hip and vest pockets. But what could they do? They were not on the Mississippi, where a landing has frequently saved the gambler when pistols were trumps. *They were in New Orleans*, on Canal street. The opening of a window would summon the police, to whom one of them, at least, was known as a monte sharp and a Mississippi gambler, and, worst of all, behind the youth, sat a man considered dangerous by all who knew him, and Talbot's particular friend. They took in the situation at a glance—the pot could be purchased only at the price of blood, and by sure arrest. No opposition was made when the young man gathered up the stakes, restored the diamond to his bosom, and, with friend, departed. This game was the talk among sports for some time, and how Talbot secured the fourth ace, and disposed of the queen, remains a mystery to this day.

"The Eros has packed cards with Cæsar, and false played my glory unto an enemy's triumph."

Talbot was always passionately fond of cards. His first game of euchre was played in Providence, 1864, with the daughter of a good Baptist deacon. The game was soon mastered. His youthful face burned; his eye sparkled. All noticed the pleasure afforded, and it was with a sad heart, at the hour of ten, he retired to rest. How different are the temperaments of mankind—as dissimilar as stones, none alike—some cold as the Arctic snow, others warm as torrid sand! The Roman doctors declared the liver the seat of the passions, and the most important organ of the body, by reason of its powerful influence over the brain. They asserted that the brain, if this organ was in healthy action, would be buoyant; if torpid, despondent. When a patient, therefore, suffered mentally, and was otherwise physically healthy, these physicians generally considered the liver as the seat of disease, and prescribed medicine which would act upon it. Talbot, when despondent, with brain overtaxed, instead of consulting a doctor, would sit down to a quiet game of cards, and always arose refreshed and invigorated.

Although accustomed to hazard money on the turning of a card, he cannot recommend betting of any kind. True, as John Brougham once said, "All business is but a species of gambling, and, if the letter of the law, '*meum* and *tuum*,' was strictly carried out, all the marts of trade would be closed;" but yet hazard or gambling is so dangerous to both young and old, that those once under its control lose all sense of honor, and their estates and patrimony disappear as does the icicle beneath the rays of the sun. Money is borrowed from friends and relatives; they become utterly worthless for any pursuit in life, and, at last, pass out of existence, "unhonored and unsung." The aristocracy of England, during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, possessed a universal mania for betting on cards, which tainted all circles of society. You cannot read of the court or domestic life of those days without finding allusions to this dangerous recreation. The sad death and useless life of Beatrix Bernstein preaches a sermon against gambling. Thackeray, in "Esmond" and "The Virginians," reaches down to the foundation of English society during the last century, and, in the character

of Lord Mohun, the degeneracy among the aristocracy of Queen Anne's reign is set forth. Fielding discountenanced gambling, and, with wonderful courage, exposed the sinners. Hogarth, with pencil ever at hand to caricature its votaries, has left immortal pictures, to his undying fame, of the beginning and the end. We can hardly imagine that, a century ago, almost all statesmen, divines, soldiers, men of science and gentlemen played cards for money. Charles Sumner, during his visit to Europe, was almost compelled to gamble while the guest of a great lord.

But cards should not be shunned because they are impressed into service by gamblers and fortune tellers. The clouds of the air, the shells of old Ocean, horses, tulips, banks, ten pins, are similarly used. There is nothing moves or rests on this terrestrial globe but has been perverted to base uses by impostors and sharpers. Those zealots, therefore, who look upon all cards as agents of the devil, and all games as gambling, should not be listened to for a single moment. We all, save these bigots, owe, from childhood to old age, many a delightful hour to games with cards. When babes, we built the frail house with the polished pasteboards, and now, in old or middle life, battle with our schoolmates that survive, without loss of purity or integrity. It is the professionals undoubtedly who have explored all the hidden recesses, dived to the very bottom, and brought to light what is worth knowing in skillful play with cards. Their living depends upon it. The most expert player makes the easiest and best livelihood, and the credit of placing whist where it stands to-day, the "game of games," belongs to them. Amateurs cannot sit from morning till night at this pastime; business engrosses their attention. It is only the searchers after gold, such as made in a few years California, formerly a howling wilderness, a grand theatre of civilization, that can explore its mysterious caverns. Thackeray, when he speaks of Colonel Pain and Mr. Trumpington, who ruled with rods of iron the club card-rooms of London, gives a true and unsurpassed picture of professional players for money. Their countenances never changed from noon-day till the struggle was over; no signs of joy, no expressions of dissatisfaction were perceptible when tricks were lost or won. They were the very embodiment of what attention, study, practice and genius—I say genius, for, without this gift of God, no man can excel at cards—might accomplish. Every play was based upon sound theory, supported by analysis of Hoyle and the great masters, *and this theory was governed by genius*, which at times set all rules at defiance, and made these individuals most brilliant players. These men were gamblers *par excellence.* The most brilliant player the world ever saw was Des Chapelles. A resident of France, by thorough analysis, great application and genius combined, his name became a byword on the two continents. There are some very fine whist players in this country, and the game is becoming more popular yearly. Business calls the author to New York by the Shore line every three months, and he finds no difficulty in meeting on the smoking car thorough masters of the game, anxious to make an otherwise tedious journey pleasant as possible. But the professional *par excellence* will not appear in America until club-houses are as common as in Europe. The people are not educated up to the higher games of cards. They are too much addicted to frivolous euchre and rattling seven-up, which compels the sporting man to assume a lower status than his inclination, ability or ambition would desire.

Talbot has set for hours, in a prominent house in New York, looking over the hand of *Loge*, probably the most expert short card player in that city. Every play had a meaning; every motion was a study. This prominent sport has had a history, eventful and

checkered. Worth at one time hundreds of thousands, he suffered reverses. His losses against faro in six months were frightful, and he is now probably "comfortable." Considered an oracle at cards, he is seen every evening at ——, New York, a living monument of a sport of the old school. Whist is his passion, and the set with whom he plays is as keen as himself, and probably unequalled by any on this continent.

Poker is the American game, and, to study the play of such men as Judge Colton, John Dailey, "Dutch" Hank, Dalton, Randall, is worth a long journey. Pots of fifteen hundred dollars are a common occurrence. In the great game during the spring of 1877, all these men, it is said, participated, and "Dutch" Hank, it is claimed, lost ten thousand dollars. Judge Colton and Dalton are probably the best players to-day in New York, displaying a nerve and *sang-froid* which enables them to place thousands on the table, as if so much paper.

While warning the reader against hazard of any kind, and decrying it, we will quote, as a conclusion to this chapter, the words of Samuel Warren in his common-sense work on "Law Studies," a volume which every young barrister can read with profit: "Chess, whist and cribbage are all excellently calculated to chain a wandering mind to its task, to induce those habits of patient and vigilant attention, cautious circumspection, accurate calculation and forecasting of consequences, which are essential to the study and practice of law."

Chapter Seven.

THE STAGE.

——Ego nec studium sine divite vena,
Nec rude quid prosit video ingenium; alterius sic
Altera poscit opem res et conjurat amice.
—HORACE.

Without a genius, learning soars in vain;
And without learning genius sinks again:
Their force united crowns the sprightly reign.
—ELPHINSTON.

DURING the winter months of Talbot's stay in New Orleans, many excellent performances were given at the theatres. Lawrence Barrett was at the Varieties on Canal street, Lydia Thompson played to immense audiences at Bidwell's, and Lotta, followed by Emmet, acted at the St. Charles. The author proposes to embody in this chapter Talbot's impressions of the stage from youth upwards —a profession he would have adopted but for fortuitous circumstances.

It is not our purpose to enter into a defense of the theatre; it is not necessary, although this popular divertisement is frequently decried by the pulpit. Next to the schools and the press, it is the greatest educator in existence. There the lower circles gain an insight into the polish of the higher grades of society, which naught else can supply, as object teaching—which is but a copy of the theatre—is used at school to awaken the sluggish intellect. There noble impulses are awakened, grand resolves formed, which bear fruit, both on earth and eternity. History is presented on the stage in brighter colors than pen can paint it. John McCullough, Forrest, Macready, Salvini, have pictured past ages, and painted morals in characters time can never efface.

Talbot believes his life in New Orleans to have been foolish and sinful; but, so far from considering a moment of the time passed at the theatre or opera misspeut, he believes this recreation has borne fruit, and will continue to do so.

The history of the drama is lofty. It is the history of the sincerity of power, the purity of life, the skill of the grandest of men. Its foundation-stone was religion, used to explain acknowledged facts in schools of theology. It was in the time of Solon, one of the seven wise men of Greece, author of the famous precept, "He who has learned to obey, will know how to command," that the drama is first alluded to in history. It was connected with the religious ceremonies, and, through object teaching, clothed these rites with greater solemnity. So lofty was its position and reputation that the State, at its own expense, paid and educated actors in their art. The drama steadily rose in moral standing until the time of the Cæsars, when, cut off from religious rites, it lost character, and for five hundred years, during the dark ages, disappeared and was lost. The Catholic priesthood *then* renewed it, knowing their influence would thus be increased. In England also, as in Greece and Rome, theatric performances taught the people, by the power of illustration, the mysteries of God. *True it is* that English prelates in the Council of Constance, during one of the lapses between sessions, delighted their brethren by a religious play in Latin. If the theatre has been degraded or brought low, who is to blame—the playwrights, the managers, the actors, or the people? It has now the same power to purify the sentiments, instruct the mind, animate the exact comprehension, and increase faith in all things sublime and good, as when, in ancient Greece and Rome, multitudes bowed the knee in homage and adulation.

Talbot saw John McCullough in "Virginius," one of the sublimest tragedies ever written, and interpreted by that great actor with a dramatic force and a tender pathos which the spectator cannot witness with feelings unaffected or heart unmoved. When, as father, he blessed the young, beautiful, artless Virginia and her affianced lover, with a naturalness which was realistic in the extreme, the tears welled into Talbot's eyes, and loud sobs awoke the dead silence of the theatre. It recalled a scene in his life's history which memory can never efface. John McCullough has lifted up in that one play more poor, broken-down, debased men from a low strata in life, by lightiug again and kindling into a flame the dead embers of hope, than a thousand sermons; and thousands can now bear witness that I write the truth.

Have you ever seen Clara Morris in "Camille"? She is the only woman now on the American stage who can act that emotional play immortalized by Matilda Heron. Talbot occupied in February, 1881, the second seat from the orchestra, at the Union Square Theatre, New York City. An elegant gentleman, just from Florida, sat on his left. He had seen "Camille" several times, as performed by others, but never noticed anything extraordinary in the play. The acting was magnificent. The actors displayed an ingenuity, energy and activity truly amazing. As the play approached its climax, the excitement of the audience became tremendous. She inspired them with a power of passion they had never felt before, and their united life-soul appeared to hang upon her burning tongue. It was a sight, both sublime and terrible, to behold the actress. Her motions became as violent as an oak in a storm; her voice became a trumpet filled with gulfs, stunning the ears with concussions of force, and all the time intermingled with a soft, delicious chorus of melodious sound. The changes in her face were striking in the extreme. The curl of her lip would grow sharper, her smooth face kindle up, and her eyes—*Great God!* language is not ade-

quate. They were vivid as lightning and blazing as twin meteors, with a soul—a lost, ruiued,despairing soul—looking out from them. It became visible to the audience, and a low wail, like a moaning wind, ran through the assemblage. Talbot and the gentleman ou his left wept like children. How many despairing women there present just entering a life of shame; how many tempted wives, all but seduced from loving husbands; how many tender maidens, just budding into womanhood, with allurements on every side, think you, were benefited? All! Resolves were there made, which will last forever and forever, and before the Father in Heaven. Prate not to me of a degenerate drama. *So long* as such powerful exponents devote their lives and their talents to the advancement of mankind, *as long* will mankind be ennobled, until, in one grand unison, all shall bow the knee, adoring the Father.

That there are many things to be deplored in the drama at the present day cannot be denied; but so there are in the churches. We see different creeds jealous of each other, and some are not even recognized by their established rivals, and are considered clogs in the way of advancement. There is nothing perfect under the sun, and, wheu one reflects over the tremendous obstacles in the way of pure drama, it is amazing that the stage occupies so high a plane as at the present time. Like every other business pursuit, money—the making of money—is the incentive. *It must be.* In the selection of a play, the managers are controlled by this *desideratum.* Picture dealers, booksellers, music venders and managers cannot, more than other business men, hold themselves as voluntary victims, to be sacrificed on the altar, in attempts to elevate fine art and good taste. It is the desire of most managers—the author has a high opinion of the profession—to make their money by the artistic aud the good; but they are controlled by the demand. If the people desire ennobling deeds of the great personated, they can have their wishes gratified by pecuniarily encouraging such performances. Managers, however, can wield a wonderful power behind the scenes, where they are in no way controlled by the public, and they can thus greatly elevate the drama. They can make the actor's field of labor a pleasure or a torment—a place where virtue can reign supreme, with self-respect growiug day by day, or a scene of intrigue, dishonesty, waste of time, where no woman can enter without being contaminated by the foul atmosphere around her. Managers, a tremendous responsibility rests with *you* in this particular; *you* have the power to elevate or destroy; *you*, as the public, make the actor; to *you* the young aspirant first comes, when desirous of pursuing the theatrical professiou, and it is *you* that sift the chaff from the wheat; *you* have the moulding of the youthful mind, and that mind should be constantly improving under *your* fostering care.

Talbot will never forget his call, in the month of September, 1877, on McVicker, manager of McVicker's Theatre, Chicago, Ill. Having mastered to a considerable extent, as a lecturer, the arts of oratory, Talbot thought it was an easy step from the platform to the stage. His eyes were opened. He found no difficulty in gaining entrance to this able, ambitious and active man. McVicker was small in stature aud inclined to be corpulent—possessed that same rotundity which distinguished Webster, and always proclaims "Nature's nobleman." He had then reached his high position of the ablest manager in the West, having under his control an almost faultless stock company, which, at short notice, with no additions, could take the most difficult dramas, and present them on the stage in an acceptable manner. He especially prided himself on this fact. It had long been his ardent wish, and, as a result, the uame of McVicker and managerial art occupied the highest niche outside of

New York. This able man greeted Talbot most courteously, and gave him a careful hearing. No one was better fitted than he to advise the young aspirant after fame. He had started at the lowest round of the ladder; he knew the difference between a discriminating audience and a group of friends, determined to be pleased. He had seen amateurs, in whom loving relatives saw great histrionic talents, and on whom they had showered encomiums, retire again and again, discomfited, before an exacting public. "The truth is, Mr. Talbot," said he, "you must commence at the foot of the ladder, and, if you take my advice, you will do so. Ease upon the stage, and ability to climb the mountain top, can only thus be acquired. The history of actors and actresses should teach you this. They all took minor parts, appearing at first, maybe, among the supernumeries, then as call boy or waiter, gaining confidence and ease all the time, until at last, like McCullough or Forrest, holding great audiences breathless by the sublimity of their art. If you desire to adopt the stage as a profession, and will take a low position at first, I will assist you." But Talbot, like Oakey Hall, wished to commence at the upper round, and could not humiliate himself by accepting a humble part. With all the glare and tinsel completely removed from his eyes, he shook the kind friend cordially by the hand, and took his departure, a wiser man. He saw the stage was not a path of roses, but one which called into full play the greatest gifts of man, both mentally and physically, and, however the natural ability to excel, must require days of labor, months of toil, years of denial and sacrifice.

The stage, as the church, educates by gradation. A child, to understand theology and appreciate a good sermon, must serve apprenticeship at the Sunday-school; to elevate the bootblack, the newsboy, the street arab, whom the Sabbath-school rarely reaches, so that he can appreciate the ennobling tragedies of Shakespeare, as made realistic by a Booth, a Kean or a Forrest, the inartistic variety show must be countenanced. This is the primary school to uncultivated minds, both young and old. It is a truism that the human mind, as pertains to art, always ascends. By contrast the eye can appreciate a beautiful picture; the ear, angelic music; the brain, culture. The variety show does not keep its pupils long; they ascend higher and higher, until, at last, even the newsboy in the loftiest gallery becomes a connoisseur, and his approval or disapproval—he rarely errs—is dreaded by the great actor as that of the critic directly before him. There are exceptions, of course. Some pupils never rise beyond the benches; but these are few in number. Most enter a higher school, graduate, and the classical then becomes their only joy.

Niblo's Garden was the first theatre Talbot ever attended. The "Black Crook" then held the boards. It was fascinating in the extreme to his untutored mind; it was his primary school. The "Black Crook" was a theatrical spectacle, and at that time, January, 1870, was having a tremendous run. The people seemed bewitched. That same love of the marvelous which captivates the minds of youth with fairy tales and wondrous stories of genii and necromancers, as found in the "Arabian Nights' Entertainments," was not lost on the people of New York, who, leaving scarce standing room, thronged the spacious theatre. There every taste could be gratified save the classical, and, as Talbot had not yet drank of this hyperian spring, he was completely carried away. It seemed as if a new world was unfolded to him. Every nerve thrilled with pleasure, and when Mlle. Marietta Bonfanti, the *premiere danseuse assoluta*, skillful, graceful, beautiful, charming, tripped across the stage, every motion precision itself, awakening thunders of applause from the delighted audience, it seemed as if earth had become a heaven.

Many ministers have decried the ballet from the pulpit. Is it their duty to do so? It is but pantomime. While the splendid performer flitted across the stage, skimming, as if in air, like a sea-gull o'er the wave, no feeling but that of admiration and pure delight electrified Talbot. There was nothing sensual in the performance, and none but a perverted mind could see anything in those nimble limbs to calumuiate. There is no doubt that pantomime has been perverted to please the vulgar. Like the church, it has had its disciples, who seemed born for no other purpose but to degenerate and destroy.

History first alludes particularly to *pantomime* in delineating Grecian character. It asserts there were entertainments, in which the action was entirely represented by gesticulation, without the use of words. The Romans had brought this divertisement to wonderful perfection about the time of Augustus Cæsar. The performer wore a mask, that the face might convey no meaniug, aud, using nearly every part of the body, regulated it to the accompaniment of the flute or other musical instruments. There was nothing sensual in this; but when women, entirely naked, appeared upon the stage, pantomime degenerated into intolerable licentiousness. No wonder it was repressed by law in the reign of Tiberius! The prohibition was soon removed, however, and it flourished during the subsequent reigns of the emperors. It is now brought to the greatest perfection in Italy. Men, whom no words could influence, when melodrama has been presented in the form of a pantomime have shed bitter tears, moved by the realistic scene.

Whether the ballet is sensual depends on the performer. If the spectator sees in petticoats, shortened or dispensed with, a desire for freedom of limb in dancing, the performance is a work of art; if a wish to display a shapely limb, a performance highly reprehensible. Whether the spectator shall adopt either the one or the other of these two impressions depends upon the performer. She can make her performance a most delectable form of art, and move the best feelings to which human nature is susceptible, or make the whole a counterfeit exhibition of nudity, immodesty and sensualness. The ballet, with the concomitant of long-flowing robes, would cease to be an art, and that it, after enduring the test of ages, should be discontinued simply because a few would-be critics would annul it, who see in everything, even in the church of God, something to traduce, is simply ridiculous.

Talbot, after attending several performances of the "Black Crook" and others of a similar nature, felt there was something lacking—there was an aching void still panting to be filled. Surely man has advanced beyond the mere panorama, as represented by the "Golden Terrace," the "Lake of Golden Sheen," and the "Grand Transformation Scene!" There must be a higher sphere, appealing to the intellect through noble thoughts, delivered by men who have given a whole life to self-culture.

Edwin Forrest, in "King Lear," was the "open sesame" to a realm which imagination had never before pictured. "King Lear" may be judged to be the most perfect specimen of the dramatic art existing in the world, and Forrest was so realistic, so perfect, that to Talbot he was in actual presence the "old Lear" who, out of a foolish tenderness, has given away everything, aud is driven out on the world, a wandering beggar. The actor "exhausted the science of compassion;" he was the great-hearted old man, "every inch a king," in spite of all. The one adjective, *great*, sufficiently exemplifies the performance of the tragedian. Forrest, in the curse scene, was terribly in earnest, aud the impression was so strong that emotions and thoughts were awakened which must bear fruit in eternity.

Edwin Forrest was a natural actor. He had much to contend with, and many obstacles to surmount. When a young man, learning the profession, he was connected with a dramatic company, which broke up in Lexington, Ky. Want and a long tramp stared him in the face. He was fortunately an athlete, and, joining Pipin and Bishard's company, leaped and tumbled until an opportunity presented itself to again connect himself with the stage. He formed his style after Thomas Cooper and Edmund Kean. He considered the latter the greatest living actor, and loved him as a brother. He described Kean as "a little pale-faced man, with a fine head of curly hair, and an eye—he had a perfect mirror of an eye." His connection as support with that eminent tragedian was the most fortunate event of his life. *There* was a model of transporting beauty before him.

Forrest always copied Nature. When playing "Iago" to Kean's "Othello" at Albany—they had been acquainted but a few hours—the tragedian came to him, after the third act, and said: "Young man, from whence came that idea of looking me so intently in the eyes, and pushing forward your face into mine when uttering the words—

"'Look to your wife, watch her with Cassio;
Wear your eyes thus, not jealous or secure.'"

Forrest made Kean his staunch friend forever with the following answer: "I got it, sir, where you secured a splendid style of acting—from Nature." Kean afterwards made a speech in Philadelphia, declaring Forrest the coming man of the American stage. Forrest has many times exclaimed: "I would give ten thousand dollars for a report of that speech."

History asserts that Napoleon Bonaparte premeditated suicide. He knew himself a man of power, but no opportunity presented itself. He was about to plunge into the water, when a former friend, who, banished, had returned stealthily, supplied money, which relieved want and gave him time to work out a brilliant future.

Forrest once tired of life. He found himself in New York, one spring, without even a change of linen. Want and destitution broke down, for the first time, that iron will, and life became a burden. He procured arsenic at an apothecary's "to kill rats;" it was to destroy his life. The poison mixed, there seemed but a few minutes between him and eternity, when some one knocked upon the door. *Forrest was reserved for greater things.* He acted Othello to an immense audience—being employed by Mr. Woodhull, of the Park Theatre—and was most favorably criticised by the morning newspapers. Engaged by Mr. Gilfert for one year at the Bowery, five hundred dollars in hand bound the bargain—more money than Forrest had ever possessed at one time in his life. With foot firmly planted on the lower round, the ascent and road to fame was comparatively easy, and Forrest was, as prophesied by Kean, the classic star of the American stage, with no superiors. He always remembered the words of Michael Angelo to a brother painter, "He that follows a master never gets before him," and, although forming his style by other actors, copied Nature alone. This famous man never passed a single day without reading Shakespeare, which constantly unfolded new beauties to him. He practiced with dumb bells up to the last year of his life, and was invigorated thereby. A portion of his immense fortune was willed to establish a home for worn-out actors. The building is now erected; but is the report true that its management shirk the trust? Money was never left for a nobler purpose.

It would not be just to speak of Forrest without alluding to Salvini. Did you ever see him? Salvini and McCullough are the two unequalled exponents of robust acting which now grace our boards. Salvini has paid several visits to America. Talbot saw him during the opening months of 1881 at Booth's

Theatre, New York City. He undoubtedly enjoyed the performance in a greater degree than that of Forrest, which so enraptured him more than ten years before. Better acquainted with the stage and classical acting, he had become something of a critic, and, as the ear by practice can detect the slightest flaw in music, so the least want of grace or defect in intonation must have met his observations. The play was "Othello," in which Salvini excelled. He was the artless Moor, boundless in confidence, inflexible in resolution and obdurate in his revenge. Offset by such a scheming villain as Iago—so subtle in his designs, so silent in his resentment—with such minor parts as those of Cassio and Roderigo, either one of which must be conspicuous in another play both for strength and justness, Salvini had in this superb tragedy an opportunity to immortalize himself. This play alone is worth a life's study. Salvini was grandly terrible in the fifth and last act. His controversy with Desdemona—she wildly pleading before he smothered her—was never surpassed by any living actor, perhaps never equalled. She is in the bedchamber asleep; a light is burning. Salvini enters. His wife's infidelity, through the machinations of Iago, has at last become a reality to his suffering mind. His duty is plain, his purpose inexorable, and he walks with slow and majestic step. Talbot never saw anything more thrilling, more terrible, than that entry. The whole house shuddered with terror before Salvini uttered a single word. The dark glance of unfathomable suffering and revolt burned in each turgid-red cavity; the cheeks seemed suffused with a deadly pallor; the lips, anxious to noise the trumpet of execration, were depressed, grasping, in their magnificent arch, a tornado of invocation; the eye-brows were contorted into snaky twists; the distended, expressive nostrils stood out as if—he having formed his terrible resolve—filled with the fresh air of an invigorating atmosphere. The whole combined produced a preternatural consequence; it was the awful, undulating beauty of the tiger, a horrible, sinuous, sinister grace, exciting terror, coupled with approbation, wonder and surprise. He suddenly stopped, struck his forehead with clenched fist, as if an idea impressed him, then drew himself up to full height, and stood poised like a statue, as if Nemesis, fashioned by an unseen power in Grecian marble, had suddenly confronted the audience. Then, with accent of dull uniformity, long drawn out, exasperating, he began:

"It is the cause, it is the cause, my soul."

He surpassed all other actors in this soliloquy, and, in the controversy with his wife, by the vindictive, sullen discontent, the cutting, deep distress of mind, and the ringing, reverberating, metallic click of his diction. The meaning of each sentence was conveyed as readily by motions of the arms, position, carriage, as by language. When kissing Desdemona, a look of angelic love passed like a fleeting shadow across his face; but, as her eyes opened, and she inquired, in surprised accents,

"Who's there? Othello!"

love turns into hate, and the audience are made to shudder by the store-house of malignity, the heartless appetite of revenge, as manifested in the clenched, contracted fingers, and the muscles of the whole body trembling with his implacable resolution. When the curtain went down on this, the last act, a thunder-roll pealed from the audience, who rose as one man, with "Bravos," stamping and clapping of hands. Such a night, such an audience, such magnetism, was never known before or since in Booth's Theatre, or any other on this continent. The genius of Shakespeare floated over the assembly as a sacred spirit, and, when the grand man stood before the curtain, a sound like volleys of artillery, with shouts as if madmen had broke

loose, shook the magnificent edifice from pit to dome. Again he was recalled, and again. Was ever such honor—a true reward of genius —given to man?

Salvini, while of splendid physique, is fair-haired and blue-eyed—the very picture of a northern Italian. His great power consists in his ability to lose self, and embody the individual he personates. He can never remember off the stage a single passage from any one of his many plays; but, standing before the footlights, he is no longer Salvini, but the character portrayed, remembering not only his own part, but those of all in the piece. He has so far lost his individuality, while playing Orosmane in Voltaire's "Zaire," as to twice stab himself—once within an inch of the heart. He bears the scars upon him to this day, and was unconscious of the wounds, until finding his robes flowing with blood. "Timon of Athens" is his special favorite. He was splendidly advertised during his last visit to this country, and the whole tour may be regarded as one triumphal ovation, during which he did more to raise the classic above the sensational absurdities which mar our stage, than any actor, save perhaps Booth.

As this chapter is written to present in a concise manner Talbot's opinion of the stage, its opportunities to advance mankind, and its marked influence over such when witnessing its workings, a few words in reference to Booth must be in order. Talbot never derived that satisfaction from hearing this actor implanted by the performances of Salvini, Forrest, McCullough, Davenport or Barrett. There was always something lacking; there was not a feeling of conviction. The reason is obvious. His personation was not Nature itself, as that of the above-mentioned actors, but the art of counterfeiting Nature. You were impressed with the idea while listening that Mr. Booth had studied all this beforehand, and laughs here, makes a gesture there, speaks one sentence gently, another harshly, because it was the proper thing to do at that time and in that place. Talbot was never raised to a high pitch of excitement by Booth but once, although he has heard this actor many times, and considers him overrated. It was in the winter of 1871. "Richelieu" held the boards at Booth's Theatre. Edwin took the part of the crafty Cardinal, with a feigned consumptive cough and a drawing in occasionally of the breath, to which he was so much the victim in Macbeth, Hamlet and Claude Melnotte. He launched, on this occasion, the curse of Rome with tremendous power, thus protecting his ward from her pursuers, and the auditors applauded because they could not help it, fired by the glow of the actor. This famous man has but lately returned from England, covered with honors, having played with Irving, a great English actor, losing nothing, but gaining by the contrast. He must have overcome the defects named, and can now, in all probability, so lose individuality that the auditors think not of Booth, but of the character personated.

The reader must have observed by this time the great love of Talbot for the stage, both by reason of this lengthy chapter and the pleasure taken in descanting on the merits of the actors. If tedious, an apology is offered; but he must assert that the calling up of these old memories, as embodied here, has given more pleasure than other parts of this volume. Advised, again and again, to adopt the stage, he frequently regrets having neglected grand opportunities.

Davenport, Barrett and Bangs performed at the Providence Opera House in "Julius Cæsar" in the spring of 1876. Davenport took the part of Brutus, Barrett that of Cassius, and Bangs personated that of Mark Antony. Talbot was powerfully impressed with and considered the improvement in Barrett amazing, whom he had seen frequently four years ago in New Orleans. Barrett was then a manager of the Varieties

Theatre on Canal street, which, with a fine stock company, was run at great expense during the close of 1871 and the early months of the following year, Stuart Robson, who, with Crane, has made so many hits, and George Clarke—if memory serves us right—being members. In that beautiful theatre, gained by the most elegant approaches, Talbot saw young Barrett struggling with fate. It was undoubtedly a trying season, but he came off conqueror. Most of the great Shakespearian tragedies were grappled with and vanquished. He excelled notably in Richelieu, Hamlet and Shylock, some even then preferring his personation of the Dane to that of Booth. In the words of Forrest, "He is a talented fellow, copies no one, has struck out a path of his own, had no friends to help him; I know what it is."

Talbot noticed that his great defect—the use of the inflections employed by him at times as to suggest the "sing-song"—had nearly disappeared. His reading was faultless, and the character truly felt. Being an intellectual actor, and very ambitious, it was clearly his aim to convey all the sense the words would transmit, and he thus occasionally, by overcharging them with meaning, overshot the mark; but this was made prominent only by reason of the genuine excellence of his performance. His Cassius, as seen in Providence, was never surpassed on the American stage by any actor, living or dead. Davenport, as Brutus, was Nature itself. He was the living Brutus that walked the garden nineteen hundred years ago.

Davenport was the least criticised actor America ever produced. He was almost above criticism. He was always the individual personated throughout his *repertoire*. You never thought of a defect, because you could find none. The power to lift an audience, like Salvini or Forrest, although melting the auditors to tears and exciting frenzy never forgotten, was not countenanced by Davenport. He considered it ranting, contrary to Nature, and never seen in realistic life, ancient or modern. Davenport is now dead; but, in the author's opinion, his memory will grow, and, like Milton, Shakespeare and many great writers not appreciated during life, will be kept in mind long after others, now surrounded by a halo of glory, are forgotten.

Mr. F. C. Bangs, in Antony's oration over the dead body of Cæsar, although evidently suffering greatly from the heat and a severe cold, grasped all the speciousness, all the spirit, all the craftiness of that able general.

This was the first time Talbot had ever seen three great actors together in one play, and he sat through the performance with eye riveted on the stage, lost to everything but the realistic scenes before him. He remembers all as yesterday; not a word, not a movement escaped him, and he determined to do ever after all within his feeble power to support and advance the stage, believing such a medium for elevating to the highest standard the poor, weak minds of men, to be worthy of the support of every one whose eyes were not blinded by resentment, by self-interest, or fear. He is confident to-day no one but a coward—he cares not what his position, emperor or king, minister or teacher, bootblack or horse jockey—will dare assert there is anything injurious in such a play as "Julius Cæsar."

The front row, next to the orchestra, is the best seat at the theatre. In olden times, ladies did not occupy orchestra chairs, which are now in demand and command the highest price, but listened in boxes, or stalls, situated at a distance. Most people attend the theatre in this enlightened age to enjoy the performance; but there were many stalls, in the days gone by, where the aristocracy, wrapped up in themselves, taking little or no interest, unwilling to ruffle their apparel, loosen their cravats or discompose their mustaches, coming in late because it was the fashion, and retiring before the performance was ended—to denote indiffer-

ence—were only aroused when "some gesticulation of Mr. Kean, or some expression of an author two hundred years old, violated the decorum of fashionable indifference." But all this is past. People now go to the theatre to hear.

The author, after a careful trial, can assert that those who have seen a great actor from a distance have not seen him at all. Only the rough and irritating tones of his voice leave their whole perfection on the ear, and these same sounds, recurring again and again, by repetition impress or fasten themselves on the attention, and the sweeter modulations are not perceptible in their way over the pit. You simply observe his defects of accent, method and form, and your criticism, to the amazement of the friend who had a front seat in the orchestra chairs, and was delighted with the great actor's powers, will be, "I was not favorably impressed—he rants," or "A tempest in a teapot." The critics have secured these chairs for more than a hundred years. Lamb, Hazlett and the terrible Churchill, so much dreaded by poor Tom Davis and Garrick, greatly preferred the pit to any other location in the theatre, simply because they could hear and see so very much better.

Chapter Eight.

OPERA—THE MARDI GRAS BALL.

——*O munera nondum*
Intellecta Deum!
—LUCAN.

——Thou chiefest good!
Bestowed by Heaven, but seldom understood.
—ROWE.

WHETHER opera should be preferred to the theatre has long been a dispute among critics. The power of both to fire the hearts of men is undeniable. Money is undoubtedly the best standard of judgment, and, if we accept it, opera must occupy the highest niche in popular estimation. Nature's favorites, as represented by a Lind, a Nilsson, a Kellogg, a Rosa, have amassed immense fortunes, and receive thousands nightly as a homage to their talents.

The New Orleans Opera House was situated in the French quarter of the city, and Talbot was a constant attendant. His first visit within its song-hallowed walls will never be forgotten. It was the first time the young man saw tragedy performed on the stage in song. "L'Africaine" was the opera, Madame de Vallieés—if memory serves him right—taking the part of Selika. The building was filled to its utmost capacity, and extraordinary efforts were used by many present to obtain entrance to the lobbies, even after the ticket office was closed, and "standing room only" had been occupied. The opera and cast were not the only attractions. Duke Alexis, then making a tour of the United States, and who had passed a few days at the St. Charles preparatory to a hunting excursion in Texas after buffalo, was advertised to be present in a

box on the left of the stage. The prince and bronzed admiral took their seats in the front of the box, a feast for all eyes as the curtain rose. Governor Warmouth was present, but the moment—prompted by egotism—he sat down beside the illustrious stranger, a storm of hisses arose from the audience, so great his unpopularity, and he was compelled to retire from the gaze of the spectators. The duke, a fine, robust-looking youth—all that he appeared to be—condescended to smile on the flattered multitude, and the opera began. It was so much Greek to Talbot. Unfamiliar with the language—French—the music appeared to his untutored ear tedious in the extreme, and he saw the curtain go down on the last act with pleasure. The feeling was different when he again witnessed this famous opera. The music, although uncomprehended by his uncultivated brain, had found lodgement, and, unknown to him, was vibrating. Familiarity with one performance was as a first day at school, and, when the opera swelled forth in glorious harmony, beauties before unknown gladdened his ear, finding melody where before was chaos. Lawyer ——, afterwards a judge, sat at Talbot's right, and pointed out distinguished personages to him, and several beautiful young ladies, who had just made their *debut* in society. Judge ——, on the left, appeared bored by the conduct of the lawyer, and Talbot saw in him a perfect woman hater. This man, judging by conversation, had no faith in marriage. He believed women thought of naught else but dress and fashion; that they could not advise their husbands, but were encumbrances, tolerated because necessary. Talbot shuddered at his talk. He remembered his mother, and wondered if the Judge had been brought up in a foundling asylum.

Woman is the noblest work of God, and man's position to-day is owing to her. The loving mother, who nurtures the tender babe from childhood to manhood, with anxious care watching the moulding of the infantile brain, is a more important factor in the political economy of our country than the Constitution which governs this Republic. The women of to-day are far more pure, both in the higher and lower classes, than the men, and, but for them, our churches would crumble into dust. It is their faith, their hope, in an everlasting life which enables us to walk the streets without the pistol at our hearts, or the assassin's knife at our backs. May God will it that the women of America take the front rank to which they are justly entitled!

Woman has an opportunity in the opera to reach a most exalted position. This seems the one great opportunity afforded her to appear before the world and show the heights to which she can soar. The leading creeds rarely countenance her in the pulpit; education gives her, compared with men, but a meagre salary; the professions turn a cold shoulder; but the lovers of music bend the knee in adoration, and acknowledge her sway. There can be little or no doubt that the prima donna before an audience, with notes as that of the nightingale welling from her throat—liquid, pure and sweet—affords more pleasure to the majority of mankind than any other recreation, only there must be cultivation in order to appreciate the enchanting sound. Such operas as "Pinafore," "Olivette," "The Mascot," although much inferior to the works of the great masters, have developed, in every little country village throughout the land, amateur performers of both sexes, and, while greatly elevating the tastes, have, by calling into play latent talents, exalted the standard of women.

Every town should have its company, and present yearly a new opera. With tastes refined thereby, entertainments of a low order, which now visit our towns, playing to crowded houses, would soon find naught but empty benches.

An opera company, pregnant with promise,

was formed in Bristol, R. I., in 1879; but it made the fatal error of relying too much on foreign talent for leading parts. It gave, however, two very satisfactory operas in 1879 and 1880, much to the credit of Mr. Hoffman, who had the company in charge. Of the home talent, Miss Weeden, Mr. Morrill, Miss Diamond and Mr. L. Chadwick made favorable impressions, and both, with little practice and experience, could have graced, if so inclined, the professional stage.

Walter Hepp was deeply interested in the French Opera House, of which his father was a proprietor of stock, and always had a seat at his option among the shareholders. This young man believed in culture, and once made an earnest speech in favor of a stock company, when there was a strong desire to close the doors of the opera house. Madame Durond, a great favorite, and a most beautiful and accomplished lady, was one of the prima donnas. An intense lover of art, no exertion was too great, no means too arduous, for advancement in a chosen profession, and her life, unhappy in some respects through untoward circumstances, became a joy when she saw her talents recognized by admiring thousands. Talbot saw her faint in an opening act, and she narrowly escaped a dangerous fall, being caught just in time by the tardy bass. But the French Opera House did not always resound with plaudits occasioned by the excellent music of the singers. The performance of the orchestra, whose leader could not be too much admired, frequently provoked applause. This magnificent performer played one evening Paganini's "Carnival of Venice," and was recalled three times with such vigor and determination as had previously been conceded only to the principal singers. Talbot saw Ole Bull at Booth's Theatre in the early months of 1877, where he played one Sunday evening to an immense audience; but, great as this artist undoubtedly was—there are people in Bristol, Mr. John Crump among the number, who remember his sitting beneath the trees adjoining the De Wolf House, (now the magnificent residence of Col. Pomeroy Colt, attorney general of Rhode Island, and most popular with all classes, from the highest to the lowest, by reason of his strong common-sense views,) and his perfect mimicry with the violin of the birds in the branches as they sang heavenward — wonderful as was the performance of this great genius, with a reputation almost equal to that of Paganini, possessing great breadth and freedom of style, unapproachable "staccato" playing, distinctness and precision of the highest notes which his instrument could utter, never changing purity and an almost impossible use of combinations and effects, perfect as he was in every detail, he never attained that "acme" on the Sunday evening referred to which poured forth in melodious, human tones from the instrument of the French artist.

"Alcæus strikes the golden strings,
And seas, and war, and exile sings.
Thus, while they strike the various lyre,
The ghosts the sacred sounds admire;
But when Alcæus lifts the strain,
In thicker crowds the shadowy throng
Drink deeper down the martial song."

Some further unpublished adventures of Hostetter are here printed with the consent of his gentlemanly biographer:

"The French Opera House was generally hired by speculators for Mardi Gras night. Late in the evening, Hostetter and a young friend, on the presentation of two five-dollar tickets, gained admission to the spacious building. A huge bar, with tempting front, was near the entrance, and a wooden floor, smooth as glass, not a seam visible, and on a level with the stage, offered inducements to the dancers. Nothing was wanting, boxes and rooms presenting enviable attractions for the fast men and *demi monde* of the city. The ball was at its height. Costumes of every clime flitted to and fro before the eye, masks concealing more or less of the face, false noses

and famous women, clad in men's attire, were very prominent.

"Cora Wilbur, the very picture of a Wall street broker, with patent-leather boots fitting perfectly the faultless, tiny foot, and her magnificent form set off to advantage with velvet coat and vest, also light pants of an exquisite shade, conversed with Hostetter. Minnehaha, clad in a somewhat similar costume, soon joined the animated group, and both vied with each other to interest the giddy youth.

"But who is this, attired in satin tights, and displaying her shapely form as she flits by in the dizzy mazes of the dance? Russian Alice, already alluded to. Hostetter happened to glance over the right shoulder, and there, clad in a magnificent suit of velvet, with two gems of wondrous lustre shining like stars in his bosom, stood the gambler who played faro so desperately but a short time ago! Hostetter invited the fascinating Russian to wine, and the sharper, with a smile, joined the party. Alice had imbibed too much already, and, as she quaffed with unsteady hand the sparkling effervescence, a portion fell on the satin tights, ruining their appearance forever. She seemed perfectly indifferent, and in a few minutes, was driven away in a cab, with her escort.

"A large crowd gathered in the centre of the room next attracted the young man's attention, and, elbowing his way, he soon stood on the inside of the circle. A beautiful woman, tall and elegant in figure, dressed in a magnificent silk dress, with long trail, her splendid head stretched back, and the sides of her apparel grabbed up with both hands, kept skipping forward and back to some peculiar jig step. She would stop now and then, bend forward, shake and jerk the rustling silk, only to again renew the dance. All were delighted —the time being well up in the morning hours, when the company was in the fullest, if not in the highest spirits. The beautiful creature occasionally opened her lips—twin-like cherries—and, displaying rows of pearls, gave vent to a silvery song, and in a pure contralto voice. Who could it be? A contralto voice is the rarest in the world. An old master had once informed Talbot that among the five hundred voices under his charge, there was but one contralto, and she a Swede. Such music and dancing combined no mortal ever saw before, and the audience, although highly amused and warmed with wine, preserved a proper decorum, simply keeping time to the music. But the period which all were so anxiously awaiting was close at hand. She began to approach by slow stages an elderly-looking gent, who, with eyes as large as saucers, appearing like full moons beneath his gold-mounted spectacles, sedate, with black, broad-cloth suit and wide-brimmed hat, looked as if he had just been imported from the verdant hills of Vermont, and was where he ought not to be. With sinuous grace and agile step, her black eyes sparkling with fiendish lustre and fun, she slowly, but surely, neared him, not the slightest suspicion crossing the old man's mind that he was the theatre at which all eyes were turned, and the object of fell intent. But now she is within striking distance, and, ye gods!—Jupiter, Mars, Venus, Apollo—what a display, sufficient to shake the soul of a Baptist deacon! A beauteous limb, with the speed of lightning, shoots out from beneath the folds of her dress, and a kick is launched at the hat of the "aged," which sends it high in air, and must have carried his scalp with it.

"At this stage of the proceedings, Hostetter was introduced by Minnehaha to Jennie Mitchell. Jennie was *then* a brunette, rather slender, and very fascinating. She had come to New Orleans in search of a friend, the only man she ever loved, and on whom she had lavished, it is said, large sums of money, faro being his god, in spite of her. Jennie, it is asserted, was born of good and pious parents on the borders of the Hudson, not two hundred miles from New York. Very precocious, and an apt scholar, she was grounded to an enviable

degree in grammar, literature and all rudimentary knowledge. Betrayed, it is said, by a young banker, a man of wealth started her in New York, and being witty, attractive and a splendid entertainer, she was successful from the first, many of the wealthiest, most aristocratic and prominent officials in the city being numbered among her guests. Admirers could be counted by the dozen, who spent their money liberally, and she was soon reputed wealthy. Having become very fleshy, dressed in evening costume, with hair dyed as that of a blonde, she made a very striking appearance. The most brilliant *billet doux* were written in an elegant hand, and the latest music dashed off at sight with faultless taste. The choicest books composed her library, read understandingly with avidity, pencil notations marking the most praiseworthy passages. She was the best advertised woman in New York, experiences with lovers, some tragic, others amusing, being a constant theme in the sporting world. One adorer, whose picture, displayed in her room, was beauty and nobility itself, and whose eyes never closed in sleep until the messenger boy carried to Jennie a good night and kiss, thought at Newport his charmer had more than a sufficiency of diamonds, and, taking all he could secure, decamped. The tears, the amazement, the hue and cry, of this fair woman, while entertaining, was calamitous, and the purloiner, having been arrested, was compelled to disgorge. This little episode was worth thousands in a business point of view, causing many to visit her house on Thirty-first street. A famous Senator thus made her acquaintance, expended large sums for wine and presents, and was ever, while in New York, a constant visitor.

"Two young men, professing love, played an amusing joke on Jennie. An imaginary duel was fought in the parlor. Her love, at times intense, but never lasting, fired into a flame by such devotedness, prompted her to give the most blood-thirsty a large sum of money. This was afterwards divided between the conspirators.

"But her soul rose above a bagnio. She aspired to be an actress, and, contrary to all common sense, was made to believe the stage was the ladder by which all would be forgotten, and a brilliant future attained. Naturally shrewd, how was she duped? Appearance was against her. Possessed of a bewitching face, her short and plump body was entirely unsuited, save in elderly parts, and was sure to excite ridicule when made up for principal characters. Deceived by designing advisers, interested in her purse more than her success, she persevered, lost money, and failed. She died shortly after from an overdose of morphine, leaving thousands of dollars. Disgust of life could not have prompted suicide, and, as she possessed too much common sense to submit in this way to disappointment, Jennie Mitchell departed this world assuredly, without premeditation. Undoubtedly the most talented woman of her class that ever lived in New York City, she now lies, like Minnehaha, beneath the green sod. Both had many redeeming qualities, and perhaps the Creator of all things may be merciful when the last trump shall sound.

"But now the great event of the evening, which so many had come to see, is close at hand. 'They are going to do it—they are going to do it!' runs from mouth to mouth. Suddenly a woman, clad in dark velvet, and without a mask, so that she was recognized by all about her, and for a year after, as the favored one, was elevated in the air, pushed by many hands. No genuine French ball is complete unless a woman, generally selected for style and beauty, is put up into a proscenium box. The splendid creature extended her arms, which were grasped by several gentlemen in the box, who pulled energetically. A waterfall of snow-white linen, and a pair of exquisitely colored stockings, pointing towards

the roof of the Academy, passed hefore the eye like a fleeting vision, and then the woman disappeared, head foremost, and the ball was at an end.

"Hostetter and friend, after witnessing several squahhles at the har, instantly suppressed by the police, took their departure."

Chapter Nine.

THE TURF.

Mella jubes Hyblæa tibi vel Hymettia nasci,
Et thyma Cecropiæ Corsica ponis api.
—MART.

Alas! dear Sir, you try in vain,
Impossibilities to gain,
No bee from Corsica's rank juice,
Hyblæan honey can produce.
—F. LEWIS.

OSCAR WILDE, the poet, preacher and man of the world, has lately visited America to lecture on the science of the heautiful, the principles of *belles lettres*, and fine arts. His tastes—do not shake your head, reader, incredulously—have heen refined by the sports of "Old England," among which the turf is most prominent.

The pursuit of sports, instead of degrading intellectual taste, has had from earliest history a marked influence upon literature and art. Take from the works of Shakespeare, Dickens, Scott, Collins, Reade—all the great authors—the descriptions and allusions to hunting and the chase, and the gap would show the loss immediately. Whole schools of novelists can more easily dispense with hero or heroine than with horse and hound. The greatest intellects have devoted wondrous talents to hreathless records of famous runs and historical jumps, and have delineated, in prose and song, such life-like pictures of the "Derby" and the "Oaks" as to immortalize themselves and the scenes portrayed. How frequently a horse is the conspicuous figure in a novel, and the racing stable the pivot around which the interest of the reader revolves! The horn of the huntsman has kindled into fire the dull monotony of many a verse, of which the "Lady of the Lake" is a shining example. Weher, in "Der Freischutz," imitates the tenors and countertenors of hound music, when in full cry after the fox, and opera is positively indebted largely to the chase for its sparkling choruses and hrilliant orchestration. Where to-day would be the magnificent description of Arctic ice, the jungle, and tropical forest, but for the sporting travelers, who, like Wordsworth, are sensitive to the beauties of Nature, and keenly vihrate when the picturesque and suhlime in scenery are exposed to view? They are not made cruel and stupid by the pastime, but, like Cooper's "Deerslayer," see a creator in God's handiwork, made the more sensihle hy solitariness and the force of experience.

Sports of this nature truly have an art, a literature, far loftier than that which prompted the ancient Greeks and Romans to make gods and goddesses with the faces and forms of men and women, copies of which may now he seen in every parlor, and are cousidered the suhlimity of art.

Have you ever studied a Landseer painting? Its effect would he valueless hut for its association with shooting. You can name prohably a dozen gentlemen whose works would receive little or no attention unless delineating the killing of birds or the stalking of deer. Some of the greatest artists have devoted all their lives to the perfect imitation on canvas of fish, thus ennobling the angler, and making his vocation an art.

All the portrayals just alluded to, whether music, painting, poetry or anecdote, enlarge an æsthetic sense, wherever that sense exists. Oscar Wilde, and all lovers and teachers of art, are thus benefited. We assert that an educated person, whose blood is made to course through the veins by sports of any nature, so long as the pastimes are not exhausting and the physical is benefited, will have an irresistible impulse for descriptive writing.

What exuberance of thought, what fertility of invention, what flow of soul, Talbot has listened to in New Orleans, Memphis, Lexington, Long Branch, and at the Union Hotel, Saratoga, when the races of the day were finished, coming from the lips of such men as Valentine, to whom all—Morrissey among the number—gave homage as an entertainer. He was indispensable at the Club House table, where statesmen, governors and generals dined, and the culture, the high art, the æsthetic taste, he there displayed came wholly from field sports.

The history of the American turf is replete with interest. With it are associated some of the greatest names this country ever produced. Its origin was mainly in the South and Southwest, where the wealthy planters bred blooded stock for the pleasure afforded by racing as they raised dogs for hunting. Competition and emulation soon led to the importation of famous stallions from England, the most famous of which are Priam, Glencoe, Leviathan, Yorkshire, Albion, Ambassador, Sovereign, Eclipse, Bonnie Scotland, Knight of St. George, Leamington. With choice blood flowing in the veins of fleet coursers, trials of speed, with immense sums at stake, were soon arranged between the North and South.

There are men now living that can recollect the great match in 1823 between Henry and Eclipse, four-mile heats, where twenty thousand a side was jeopardized—won by the latter; the exciting match, four-mile heats, between the North and South, represented by Post Boy and John Bascombe, where ten thousand dollars a side hung in the balance, and Bascombe was the victor; the famous match between Boston and Fashion, four-mile heats, ten thousand dollars up—won by Boston; the match between Paytona and Fashion, four-mile heats—won by Paytona; the Paytona stake, the richest racing event known in this country, valued at forty-one thousand dollars net, being worth more to the owner of Paytona than any Derby or St. Leger ever run; the Pony and Melsar match for ten thousand dollars in 1839—won by the former, one of Leviathan's noblest sons; the Boston and Gano match for twenty thousand dollars—won by Boston; the match, in 1836, between Angora and Rodolph for five thousand dollars a side—won by Rodolph; the great Rodolph and Susan Tandall match for one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars, which was not run on account of the former's sickness, his owner paying forfeit.

These contests gave a tremendous impetus to horse-racing throughout the whole country, and the flourishing condition of the turf to-day is mainly owing to the seed thus broadly sown. Andrew Jackson, President of the United States, owner of Truxton, and at one time head of the turf in his State; Henry Clay, a great lover of the race horse, who kept up a breeding establishment, which, falling to his youngest son, John M. Clay, has been fortunate almost beyond belief—this gentleman, considering the number bred, has probably produced more first-class race horses than any man in this country—Col. W. R. Johnston of Virginia, Col. Richard Singleton and Col. Wade Hampton of South Carolina, Gen. Deshea and Col. G. Elliot of Tennessee, Col. John Crowell and Gen. W. B. Scott of Alabama, Adam L. Bingaman of Mississippi, Fergus du Planter and Duncan F. Kenner of Louisiana, Col. Bowie, Col. Bond and Gen. Ridgeley of Maryland, Leonard Jerome, August

Belmont and the Lorillards of New York, many of whom have passed away years and years ago, and a host of others, deserve the lasting thanks of all true lovers of the turf.

The races in prospective at the Louisiana and Metairie tracks had been the subject of conversation for some time. Ignorant of horses and their records, Talbot had carefully studied the files of *Wilkes' Spirit of the Times*, the leading sporting paper in America, and was confident he had invented a system which, like that of base ball and the cock pit, would yield a handsome income. The system was similar to that of Tim Robbins, one of the ablest trainers this country ever produced, but, as Babcock once said, with a fault. Exercising his horses until fit to run for a man's life, time stop watch in hand, he would give them a trial, which, taking off the keen edge, lost many a race. He followed good horses all over the country, and backed them heavily with money. He thus made, in 1872, a great stake, and, in the spring of the ensuing year, was looked upon as a man of wealth. But 1873 was an unlucky year. As the captain of a Baltimore clipper loves his craft, seeing lines of beauty from stem to stern where there are none, so Robbins in Belmont's Count D'Orsay recognized the coming horse, and it cost this able man many thousands before he acknowledged the supremacy of McGrath's Tom Bowling.

Talbot's system differed from Robbins' in this respect, he backed a stable instead of a horse, and believes to-day this the only system, save fraud, that will beat the turf. Moderate betting with poor luck, and heavy betting with good luck, on a first-class stable, must win a man of capital very handsome profits in the course of a year.

Some of the best thoroughbreds in America were in training at the Metairie track, New Orleans. M. H. Sanford, of large wealth and a judge of horses, had brought from the East a remarkable string of racers, among which notably were Monarchist, Salina and Madame Dudley, and Talbot selected his stable as best suited to test the system. This gentleman, like Belmont, Jerome and the nobility of England, raced from pure love of the sport, and was called the Von Moltke of the American turf. Entering a horse, proved first-class by private trials, but entirely unknown to the betting public, he backed it, taking odds of ten or twenty to one for a large amount, and, assisted by Hayward, the ablest rider in America, would carry off the pool-box almost bodily, amidst "weeping and gnashing of teeth." Justly called the "Silent," Sanford was feared more than any turfman in this country by the knowing ones, on account of his secretiveness. Aristocratic in appearance, and of pleasing address, he numbered among his acquaintances many valuable friends. He made his name a household word throughout the land by taking several race horses to Europe, but did not meet with the desired success. A warm patron of the turf, it is hoped prosperity is now his portion. Monarchist was undoubtedly the finest horse he ever owned, although Preakness ran in 1875 a dead heat with Springbok, for the Saratoga cup, in unequalled time.

Monarchist came of that famous cross of Lexington and the daughters of imported Glencoe, his dam, Mildred, possessing a great concentration of the stoutest blood. Talbot always speaks of this noble animal with pleasure, mingled with respect, as he never saw him defeated, and won large sums by his frequent victories in New Orleans, as Dr. Underwood's pool-book might show. His victory in the Post stake—run in blinkers—after a hard battle with Frank Hampton, was worth eight hundred dollars to the subject of this sketch. Monarchist was defeated but once that year, being beaten in the handicap—a mile and a quarter—on the first day of the fall meeting at Jerome Park by Fanchon. Three horses—the winner, Tubman and Monarchist—finished in a bunch; a blanket would have

covered them. The distance was short, and the colt failed to get a good start. His record up to this dash was once unplaced, thrice second, seven times first and winner. He afterwards defeated one of the greatest horses this country ever produced—Harry Bassett—in two races, forcing the pace from end to end, and breaking the heart of his antagonist, the handsomest thoroughbred Talbot ever saw, and used too much by his owner, Col. McDaniels, until the animal must have thought the races would stretch to the "crack of doom," and was determined to cry "*enough.*"

Mr. Sanford's Salina was Talbot's "Black Friday." This filly, historical by reason of her great speed and many races, was bought for a large amount by her owner when a three-year-old. Her first race under his colors—dark blue—was a dash of a mile and a quarter, where she readily defeated Belmont's By the Sea. This was run on the memorable 17th of October, 1871, when Talbot, through John Morrissey, won the eight hundred dollars which exerted so powerful an influence over his after-life. There falling in love with the filly, he could never "lay" against her. She won the Bingaman stake, on the first day of the New Orleans Metairie meeting, March 30th, 1872, rejoicing her backers; but was defeated on the second by Naunie Douglas in two mile heats, not on her merits, however, as a stirrup broke, and the jockey failed to hold her. Talbot saw during this race, for the first time, McCormick, owner of Annie B., and afterwards the renowned Wanderer. Betting the latter one hundred dollars that Salina would win the second heat and race, Dr. Underwood held the stakes. None but a "greenie" would have made such a foolish venture. It was a "horse to a hen;" the mare could not come again after the accident, which was enough to discourage any animal, however powerful. Talbot lost six hundred dollars on the race. Salina was again defeated on the fourth day by a neck, when, to the delight of admiring thousands, particularly the ladies, she appeared to be winning in a canter, and her backer forfeited eight hundred dollars. Entered in a mile dash, on the third day of the meeting at the Louisiana track, she showed well at the half-mile pole, but was beaten by Hampton and Ross in very fast time, and the sanguine youth suffered a depletion of eight hundred and fifty dollars. Salina gave Talbot another facer the fifth day of the meeting, April 19th, when was run one of the most exciting events ever witnessed on the American turf—mile heats, best three in five. The first was dead between Salina and Frank Hampton; the latter won the second, and Cottrill's Saucebox the three following and the race. After the second heat, McCormick believed Hampton would win, and wished to hedge. Talbot gratified him, and John Coffee declared both good. This is the only time the subject of our sketch ever made a race-track bet—money not shown—save, when at New Orleans in 1873, he wagered with John Smith, of Cincinnati, against Dr. Weldon's entries, and lost. McCormick was good for thousands, and settled in the evening. This race—betting-book correct—cost the luckless young man seven hundred and fifty dollars, Such was Salina—an uncertain mare, made favorite in all these races, and nearly ruining her backers. This thoroughbred was one of the bitterest pills Talbot ever swallowed: and she lost him over three thousand dollars in a fortnight's time.

"What Fates impose, that man must needs abide;
It boots not to resist both wind and tide."

Talbot, when speaking of his turf career, most frequently alludes to Dr. Weldon, John Coffee, John Smith, Joe Elliot, Bobby Swim, "Old" John Harper, Sir Price McGrath and John Morrissey.

Dr. Weldon was, perhaps, the most interesting man the youth had ever met, and possessed genius of the highest order. A fellow traveler on the boat to Memphis, Talbot had an opportunity to study this singular individual. He

was of average height, and compactly built. His face, always beaming with a pleasant smile, was large and round, and, with a florid complexion, reddish hair, short, stubby whiskers, the Doctor was a marked man anywhere. His voice was thick, but could convey knowledge by the hour to crowds of admirers. No theory or hypothesis, however difficult its solution, was impregnable against his subtle logic. He constantly aimed at improvements, and undoubtedly did much to advance the standard of the turf. The pedigree of every blooded horse in America, that had won on a recognized track, was *A B C* to him. He owned a farm, we understand, in Virginia, where, with his son, a very promising youth, he passed the winter months. The society of such a walking cyclopædia was most valuable, and Talbot extended the old man a lasting invitation to visit him in Bristol. When the Doctor declared his intention to run Mary Louise without shoes at the spring meeting in 1873, all laughed, and called it one of the Doctor's whims; but, in spite of adverse criticism, and with but two horses we can recall, he came within an ace of landing several big events, and made Talbot tremble when betting twenty to one against the mare. Everything was tape and measure with the Doctor, and, when he won a race, chance played no part; it was all studied out beforehand. A man of brains, and recognized as such by those who knew him, he was undoubtedly eccentric. Every mishap was a matter of course; it was fate, and there was no use "crying for spilt milk." When the pride of his old age, Mary Louise, broke a leg at Lexington, while exercising with the boy, and the filly was put out of misery, a tear-drop glistened for a moment in his eye, and then the misfortune, to all appearance, was forgotten. "It was decreed," he said. Talbot loved Dr. Weldon, and, with many turfmen, would have shared a last dollar with him. Death cut the old man down with his scythe several years ago; but he leaves a memory behind him which can never dim, but must brighten in the history of the turf, with which his name is so closely connected.

John Coffee was a celebrated character. With black beaver and suit, and without any of the characteristics which proclaim the sport—diamond pin, showy chain and rings—this famous individual would be judged by the most skillful student of human nature a Congregational minister. In a choice of five seats on a crowded train, Henry Ward Beecher would surely give this man the preference, and hail him a brother preacher. A pleasant smile always played about the lips, and temper was rarely, if ever, manifested. John Coffee was a rare sport, and to find his equal as a Western sport would be difficult. His information was most valuable—purchased by experience. He knew every race track, its defects, its advantages, where to ease the horse, whether to hug the rails or take the outside. The course at Jerome Park was disliked because in the form of a *B*. He believed the horses were strained and exhausted in long races on this track, because obliged to change the leg when going at full speed around the turns, although some asserted the reverse. When he had thousands in pocket, no one knew it; there was no elation, no change in apparel. He was always John Coffee—affable and agreeable. Obtaining the Western sobriquet, "shrewdest of the shrewd," he visited New York, and a little episode in his life's history may be interesting, showing the best occasionally are "bested." The New York gamblers are the most industrious, the most deceptive, the most skillful, in the world, assuming frequently business disguises to further their purposes, being at one time real estate agents, another brokers, maybe merchants, and perhaps tourists. We refer to the "highest toned," who have property, and, in many cases, connections of the bluest blood. They play for high stakes, and many are unknown to the lower strata of gamblers, who

flock together and are recognized by all detectives on the street. Woe be to the unsophisticated man that falls into their clutches. There is no sham; the victim is surrounded with the best society of the city. Suppers are tendered, and business discussed. His weaknesses are discovered by probing questions, and traps, ingenious and crafty, are devised through information thus acquired. A clique of this character, so the story goes, knowing Coffee to be a great Western sport, with abundance of money, located him, and requested a member to introduce him to the club. This was effected the more readily, as John saw, in the company of so many gentlemen, an opportunity for aggrandizement. So, after a pleasant supper, he took the central figure, all being interested in the noble equine, and asking innumerable questions. A pack of cards was found—accidentally, of course—beneath the daily newspaper, and draw poker proposed. John accordingly sat down, sociably, with bankers (?) brokers, etc. Coffee entered the game with satisfaction. Assuredly these men could not play as he of life-long experience on the Mississippi, and in every State where horses ran east of the "Father of Waters!" Suspicion was disarmed, and the cards not followed by those wonderful eyes, which, seeing everything, saw nothing. John, on the second deal, received two pair, and, prudently "raising" his gentlemanly antagonist, to drag him into the net, drew one card and filled. The broker—he claimed to be such—called for three cards. Coffee, knowing the best of the start was his, and with a *finesse* long experience on the Mississippi made second nature, played the supposed victim as fishermen play trout. The pot was over three thousand dollars when he called, and, sure as death and taxes, his adversary held four trays! *John had been cold decked*—a deception performed a thousand times on the packets of the great river, and against which, like a Gibraltar, he considered himself impregnable. This adventure, leaking out, set old sports thinking, and, while exciting much laughter at John's expense, incontestably proved that "diamond can cut diamond."

The life of this remarkable man, if written, would be valuable not only to the turf, but must instruct and benefit the young. Possessed generally of abundant means, but occasionally without the money his tastes required, traveling from city to city, in contact with men of all classes, seeing fortunes vanish into a thin mist and as suddenly acquired, his old sporting friends dying about him and new ones springing up in their places, his ambition gratified when Judge Durell won a fast-run race, and immediately dampened by the defeat of another favorite, the life of this man was venturesome in the extreme, and would instruct the reader, as well as adorn a tale. John Coffee is dead, and, with Dr. Weldon, is happier in another world, free from cares and vexations.

"In the first page of holy writ, we scan
The varying traits which mark the life of man;
In vain we look for bliss complete and sure;
Not Eden's blissful bow'rs could that secure."

John Smith was a most prominent man on the turf for many years. It was as natural for him to pack his trunk and hie to New Orleans to witness the spring races as for him to eat bread and butter. Talbot made his acquaintance in the Crescent City, and was most favorably impressed. Mr. Smith was tall and thin, the mental predominating over the physical. Having accumulated a large fortune trading in horses and mules—report says principally the latter—and owning considerable property in Cincinnati and vicinity, he selected a life in his declining years just suited to his temperament. Fond of bustle, Mr. Smith was always found near the pool-box. When fancying a horse, he wagered thousands, and, once resolved on a pool, bought it, spite of all opposition. Talk with him was cheap; money made the mare go.

The slightest tinge of unfair dealing was never associated with this man's name, and John Smith was an ornament to the turf.

Talbot can never forget old Joe Elliot, the correspondent of the New York *Herald.* Stoutly built, with head large as a bushel basket, and more common sense in it than falls to the average lot of man, beard and hair snowy white, spectacles always resting on the nose, and a splendid pair of field glasses, encased with leather, hanging by his side, Joe Elliot had the appearance of a philosopher. No living man could give a more correct account of races and horses than old Joe Elliot. His connection with the New York *Herald*, so exacting and particular in its employés, is a sufficient guarantee of his ability. But, with all his shrewdness, Joe was sometimes worsted.

This gentleman, Talbot, and a famous sport whom the author thinks was "Larkin," the writer, ten years ago, of many valuable letters to *Wilkes' Spirit of the Times*, but now, to the regret of all, dead, were sitting, with chairs balanced on two legs and feet against the railing of the fine steamer "Thompson Deane," in the spring of 1872, on the way up the Mississippi to Memphis after the New Orleans races, when a stern-wheeler, half a mile ahead, attracted their attention. "I propose we wager as to the time the vessel's prow will be on a line with that of the steamer in front—poorest guesser to pay the drinks," said Elliot's friend. "Old Joe" and Talbot acquiesced. Taking out pencil and book, and turning to the latter, the proposer inquiringly said, "When?" The answer came: "Two-thirty P. M." This was noted down. He glanced at Joe, who replied: "Three P. M." The pencil again moved over the paper. "I think, said the crafty man, "the prow of this boat will be on a line with the stern-wheeler ahead at exactly a quarter to three." This also was marked on the page with the other numbers, and Joe's watch was decided the timepiece. The "Thompson Deane" slowly, but surely, neared her unwieldy half-sister, which, like a mill, with huge water-wheel, appeared floating, by some disaster, on the broad bosom of the great river. Ten lengths were yet to be gained, when "Old Joe" cried out, "Half-past two," and, with eyes large as saucers, clapping his friend on the shoulder, shouted: "Why, you have got a sure thing"—and sure enough 'twas true. The gentleman waited until his unsuspecting companions had decided as to time; then, taking an intermediate position, made "his calling and election sure." Elliot was not often caught napping, and it was truly amazing that he fell a victim to this old trick of the Mississippi.

Bobby Swim was probably the most gifted jockey this country ever produced. Talbot was introduced to him by Metcalf at the New Orleans spring races in 1873. Saucebox, favorite that day in a mile heat race, was backed even against the field, and looked a sure winner; but Swim, on a much inferior horse, by saving the animal and using great tact and judgment, defeated Cottrill's entry, and landed a splendid stake for the fielders. Being a heavy winner, Talbot opened a bottle of wine, and made Bobby his lasting friend. This remarkable young man was born of poor parents, he displayed a noble trait by supporting a mother in luxury on the death of his father. Manifesting splendid horsemanship when quite young, and winning a celebrated sport of Cincinnati much money and many races, Swim really took his position in the front rank when placed by "Old John Harper" on the immortal Longfellow at the Long Branch race meeting, July 5th, 1871. But it was at the Saratoga races, July 14th of the same year, Bobby came most prominently before the public. Harper's orders to run "from eend to eend" in the Saratoga cup, two and a quarter miles, were obeyed to the very letter. The first mile was a cracker, made in one minute and forty seconds or less—the

fastest ever run up to that time on this continent in a public race, but not official, the distance being over a mile. This tremendous burst of speed broke the heart of Kingfisher in his efforts to keep up, and Longfellow won in a canter. Swim always rejoiced that he was not on the great horse when beaten by Helmbold, August 23d, and because another jockey—Colston—had, together with owner, to suffer the stigma of defeat. A picture of Swim, mounted on Longfellow, could be seen at the Phœnix Hotel, Lexington, Ky., in 1873. We hope Gen. Robinson has not removed it. Bobby considered Longfellow the best in America, and shed tears, it is said, when that noble horse, ridden by Sample, was defeated by Harry Bassett in the Saratoga Cup, July 16th, 1872; a plate was found imbedded in the heel of the gallant steed, who, hopelessly broken down, nearly won on three legs. Harry Bassett, in that race, started like a bullet, and came out like lightning; but Sanford's Preakness and McDaniels' Springbok ran a dead heat in 1875, and lowered the record, which at present stands at the head of the list. This race created more excitement, newspaper talk and controversy, than any run in America, the great question being, "Where did Longfellow break down?" T. S., J. A. V., G. T. G. and Zeb Ward rushed into print, and delivered volleys for months after.

Talbot became thoroughly acquainted with Swim in Memphis, who depleted his pocket by several hundred dollars at billiards. Bobby was quite an expert at this pastime, and frequently got a game, and a "sure thing," while traveling with the horses throughout the country, as a leading New York tailor, who was at Long Branch in 1873, can testify. He rarely showed a true game, which was almost professional when pushed. W. M. Conner, the secretary of the Louisiana Jockey Club, and prominent afterwards as owner of Stampede, and later business manager for the great actor, John McCullough, saved Swim, after the Memphis meeting, from a gross error, and exerted a great influence over his after-life. Having decided to go with Cadwallader and others to Nashville, the intelligent secretary showed him, with rare good sense and in a forcible manner, where his "future lay," and thus made Bobby, for three years, the most prominent jockey on the turf.

Sir Price McGrath was the coming man. Yearlings, two-year-olds, and maturer horses, were in his stables, destined to carry honor and wealth to "Old Kentuck." The Goddess Fortune, as exemplified again and again in Europe, occasionally settles on a stable for years, and then disappears forever. McGrath was thus to be visited. Tom Bowling, believed by many to be the greatest horse America ever produced, bred on McGrath's farm, fed by his hands, and loved almost to idolatry, was destined to connect both owner and rider, in characters of living fire, with the history of the turf.

Having been very successful at the spring races farther South, Swim reached Lexington with a magnificent wardrobe. His light pants, costly velvet coat and diamond stud, a perfect gem, were very conspicuous. Clad in a linen duster, Swim was the very picture of a young Harvard medical student; but, in other apparel, by reason of short stature and form of legs, looked just what he was—a horse jockey. The Comanche Indian, on foot, is said to be clumsy, indeed; but astride a gallant steed, scouring the plains, he is the finest horseman in the world. Swim was diminutive, indeed, both in form and stature; but when, with legs across Tom Bowling, he came down the home stretch, the gallant animal fully extended, Bobby was the very personification of a Spanish cavalier, whom the ladies loved to admire. He always bore his honors gracefully, and never bragged before strangers, although inclined, perhaps, so to do in the company of *confreres*.

Swim was the most desperate gambler Talbot

ever saw. With thousands in pocket of an evening, he was frequently the next morning "broke." Bobby has made the "tiger" cry "enough" repeatedly—he played checks like so much paper—but the money won, and much more, was undoubtedly lost contending with this terrible adversary. Talbot saw him make a play against Cris.'s game at Saratoga, which was truly remarkable. He placed two dollars in the "pot," and winning six consecutive bets, and playing the last three cases, he had four hundred and twenty-eight dollars at the end of the deal.

Fear was unknown to Swim. If he ever weakened, it was policy, not timidity. One evening in May, 1873, while Dr. Underwood, able to fill a pool-box with greenbacks quicker than any man living, was selling pools at the Phœnix Hotel, Lexington, Ky., Bobby, reduced by "blue water" to a perfect shadow, and so nervous as not to speak without intense excitement, had an altercation with Woodford Stringfield.

Stringfield, of acknowledged ability, had ridden many races in younger years, and his experience on the turf was equalled by few. All was practical with him; nothing theoretical. He could number, as a first-class light-weight rider, several hundred mounts, and participated, as the jockey of Pat Galway, in the most remarkable four-mile heat race on the Metairie track, New Orleans, ever known in this country. The first two efforts, ran in 7.39½, were dead heats between Galway and Jerry. Rover, ridden by Jack Minor, although distanced, was overlooked in the excitement, and, the leaders having shot their bolts by reason of the two extraordinary efforts, fought for at every jump, the despised Rover won the third heat in a canter. The fourth was run in the dark. Minor, who was near-sighted, took the lead at the tap of the drum, kept it to the end, and was off and weighed, not seeing a competitor the four miles of the race. Such a concurrence of events was probably never known before, or since, in the history of the turf.

Woodford, during the fall of 1870, came before the reading public in a series of able articles, written for *Wilkes' Spirit of the Times*, manifesting singular ability, most retentive memory, and a deep, profound knowledge of his subject. Talbot, although never honored with an acquaintance, has seen this turfman at Lexington and Saratoga, where he always appeared a gentleman.

Swim was nettled with Stringfield's claim of half interest in a pool, and, striking straight out from the shoulder, landed a tremendous blow on Woodford's facial organ. Such scattering, leaping and jumping was never known at the Phœnix Hotel by the oldest inhabitant. The room, crowded to suffocation, was in a moment empty. All expected an exchange of shots, and, in such fracases, the spectators are perhaps more frequently killed than the participants. But Stringfield, with blood streaming over his face, making a short explanatory speech, sat down, and the money changers, together with the lungs of Dr. Underwood, were soon at work again. Bobby, arrested for disturbing the peace, was bailed out, we understand, by Tim. Robbins. Swim was one of a very lively crowd in Lexington.

"Key" Morgan, brother to the celebrated John Morgan, of cavalry fame, and Pompey Payne, from whom a first-class race horse was named that would have left a lasting record if properly handled, were among the number. This set was wild indeed, and, when "lively," money was no object, and the "nips" taken were innumerable. Each man, in a crowd of ten or more, was accustomed to treat several times, and Payne's nose blossomed like a rose. The latter believed it best "to let well enough alone." Twice visiting New York, the citizens of the Empire City were too industrious, and he found it difficult to depart with a coat to his back—they were so enterprising; "for one he was content to remain in Lexington."

Payne afterwards, we understand, returned to his farm, broken down in health; and now flowers grow over his grave.

Swim had a system of iron. He was frequently obliged to reduce by drinking "blue water," which acted on the bowels in a wonderful manner. This constant strain, with other excesses, gradually undermined a magnificent constitution, and Bobby died in the prime of life, leaving a loving mother behind him. Swim had many friends and many enemies. A youth of such ability could not reach a commanding position in the profession without unseating others, and he was envied by the "jocks," both by reason of his wonderful success and the society courting his acquaintance. The amount of money which passed through his hands during a short career, particularly when the "red horse" was most successful, would buy and furnish a brown-stone front in New York City. Talbot once saw him safe home in a hack, having thousands in pocket, which he was throwing broadcast away. Two hundred and fifty dollars a night for wine was a bagatelle to Bobby, and he was the pet of the "fancy" while money lasted. Sir Price McGrath formed the highest opinion of his abilities, and knew he would make way to the front, even at the risk of life if necessary. His record proves—and many individuals now living will testify—that this daring youth has snatched many a race from the jaws of defeat by bold, intrepid riding. When, in the most exciting of contests, Springbok collared Tom Bowling at Saratoga, and the "orange and green" appeared defeated, Swim, at the risk of being cut down, brought Bowling over against his antagonist. Springbok, thrown out of his stride, stumbled and fell; Roe was cast beneath the railing, and the race was saved. Brains and skill combined frequently secured him a handsome victory. When Morgan Scout was readily defeated in the first effort by Silent Friend in the great race of four-mile heats at New Orleans, 1873, and odds of four to one were offered on Jennings' entry, Swim was placed in the saddle, so great was considered his judgment, and when Silent Friend's jockey, believing the home stretch of the last mile was reached, although but two miles and three-quarters had been traversed, made his run, Swim raced the Friend for all the old Scout was worth, tired him, and just gained a victory where defeat appeared certain. This race "differed" Talbot eighteen hundred dollars. Bobby was an eyesore in that memorable second heat, and the loss was borne with difficulty.

Swim looked his best in 1873 at McGrath's barbecue, when Tom Bowling, Susan Ann, Artist, Jury and others were reviewed before the guests. There was more dignity in Bobby's countenance than would seem possible, as he sat astride the noble animal which defeated, in mile heats a few days after, Sallie Watson, the most promising filly of her year, who, dying shortly after, brought dismay to her owner, Mr. Cottrill, the fairest-minded of turfmen, and an ornament to the race course.

Sir Price McGrath is now dead. His early life was mostly in the shadow. A tailor by trade, he manifested no special sportive proclivities until ripe in years, when, matured in body and brain, and possessing—John Morrissey excepted—more good, solid common sense than any man in his vocation that has come under our observation, his rise was rapid. All the sporting men in America knew McGrath, and hailed him "a brother well met." *They liked him.* With the face of an Irishman, open, frank, jovial, he was generous, but never foolishly extravagant, and has relieved hundreds when in pressing want, many of whom, we fear, forgot to settle. His wide acquaintance and popularity, East, West, North, South, priced him a man of value to thinking men. Chamberlain and Morrissey made overtures, and, for a large percentage, McGrath consented to become a partner.

The profits being enormous, it was soon a question where to invest the suddenly acquired wealth. Past the prime of life, and a passionate lover of the turf, he decided to place the surplus capital in a farm and breeding establishment, where, entertaining the first men of the land, surrounded by fleet coursers and loving relatives, with yearly visits to New York, Long Branch and Saratoga, he could pass a life of sweet contentment, intermingled with sufficient excitement, sandwiched between, to satisfy the cravings of his nature. He knew by experience a legitimate business, self-supporting, never jeopardized, was the only safeguard of a sporting man. If, through ventures repeatedly made in his hazardous career, misfortunes dire should come, there would still be left—a sweet, unmortgaged bower, where, midst the neighing of horses, the bleating of sheep, the crowing of cocks, safe from want and care, he could pass declining years away. Having thus, with rare common sense, which exercised in like manner by his partner—Chamberlain—would have placed the latter far beyond the reach of want, made a future sure, McGrath continued his lucrative business.

The establishment kept by these parties at Long Branch was a marvel. The senses of sight, taste and smell were fully gratified. A beautiful cottage, a short distance from the West End Hotel, was purchased, and there roulette, faro, and all the paraphernalia of a sporting house, were in full operation. English noblemen, tourists, generals, governors, bankers, brokers, wealthy business men, passing a few days, maybe months, at the Branch, could be seen at supper, or lost to all about them, wrapped up in the turning cards and moving wheel. The expenses of this establishment were enormous. The supper each night was never served at less cost than two hundred dollars. Champagnes of the choicest brands, claret, sherry, the greatest variety of fish and game, with all vegetables the market could afford, made a meal in their entirety no epicure would refuse.

A lively, nervous, vivacious man sat beside Talbot on his way to Long Branch in 1873. It was Weston, the celebrated walkist, known over two continents. Being very talkative, an acquaintance was soon formed. This singular individual took Talbot to the cottage in the evening, and introduced him to several prominent men. He next visited this famous house with a cotton broker from New Orleans. Billy Williamson, from Mobile, Ala., one of the greatest sports in all the country, was the first recognized. After a talk with this famous man, Talbot was accosted by McGrath, who exchanged a few words of recognition, and, lo! back of him, was the same aged negro servant, a relic of the old-time aristocracy of the South, a slave up to the war, and last seen by Talbot at his master's barbecue that spring. So indispensable was this man, Sir Price could not travel without him. No blue-blooded darkey could command such respect from all. The cotton broker, who had sooner play roulette than eat, was soon standing in front of the table, a magnificent double affair, exactly similar in appearance to that at Morrissey's house in Saratoga. Talbot likewise became infatuated, and the track winnings of the day, with sundry other bank notes, soon found their way into the hands of the *croupier*. This was the only time Talbot saw McGrath turn the wheel. An English nobleman winning heavily, the "Squire" took Johnny's place at the table, and the bets won by him of distinguished titles were few and far between. Mr. R——, of Cincinnati, and the son of a wealthy Fall River mill-owner, friends of Talbot, were heavy losers at this pastime during the July races.

George Wilkes, editor of the *Spirit of the Times*, was opposed to John Chamberlain's management, and the editorials of that leading paper, read by the first gentlemen on which

the turf chiefly relies for support, blazed weekly with criticisms and startling assertions as to the Long Branch race course and club-house. A more determined man than George Wilkes never lived. Always striking at the bottom line, leaving nothing for the gleaner, manifesting the highest culture, his work is thorough in the extreme, and Chamberlain soon found old friends dropping one by one. If addressed on the track by a distinguished gentleman, the *Times* noticed it, and the aristocrats, afraid of publicity, accordingly gave him the cold shoulder. Business went to the dogs, and having fashioned no cosy nest like McGrath, to which to hie when the sharp-cutting winds of adversity might blow, John Chamberlain—Mr. Apple, a Bristol barber of no mean skill, well remembers this generous man—has been compelled for years to play a minor part on the world's stage. Such falls are common in this fast age. Shakespeare makes Cardinal Wolsey refer to the changes in fortune in most lugubrious strains, but daily newspapers, by frequent allusions, deaden all interest, because of the multitudes of unfortunates.

After Chamberlain's downfall, McGrath gave the farm and string of racers full attention, and did not, we understand, engage in other business. Prior to each meeting at the Lexington track, a barbecue, attended by distinguished gentlemen from all parts of the country, was furnished at his residence. Capt. O. P. Beard, remembered as the dispenser of valuable information relative to a farm within a mile of Lexington, on rising ground, overlooking the country round, and which Talbot purposed purchasing, was, next to McGrath, the great man of the occasion. While history does not mention the cook who turned flapjacks for Alexander the Great, nor allude to the gentleman who made aromatic gravies for Italy's harasser—Hannibal—nor refer to the Roman caterer who fried veal cutlets for Scipio Africanus, it will give Capt. O. P. Beard "*clarum et venerabile nomen.*" The magnificent repasts at the Hepp mansion, New Orleans, had made Talbot quite an epicure, and when the youth—"*captus nidore culinæ*"—saw this wonderful man superintending the riving and preparing of a large hog, a sheep, a rib of beef and many squirrels, afterwards roasted over a fire in a trench some eleven feet long, he felt confident that the wildest dreams of his imagination relative to *cuisine*, would soon be gratified. In the South, as in the West Indies, the meeting where a hog is roasted whole is called a "barbecue," and such assemblages in the neighborhood of Lexington were considered fortunate when the Captain electrified them with his presence. Talbot has seen this truly original man at Saratoga with pin-feathers closely clipped, and not able to catch a winner, but never heard of his discomfiture at a barbecue. With white jacket and apron of large proportions, and huge ladle, dipped occasionally into a kettle to test the flavor, he made an impression remembered to this day. The guests, never personally invited, and heartily welcomed by the genial host, sat down beneath the trees, at three or thereabouts, to tables groaning with meats cooked to a flavor never attained in the wildest realms of fancy by Frenchman, Turk or Italian. Distinguished gentlemen could be seen on all sides. There sat Judge Grinstead of Lexington, R. Ten Broeck of Louisville, Major Thomas, Gen. A. Buford, ex-Gov. Robinson, Capt. John Smith, Gen. John C. Breckinridge, Col. Robert Wooley, Zeb Ward, A. Keene Richards, Col. Chambers, Garret Marshall, John McKinney, Gen. William Preston, Col. Morgan, Vic. Newcomb, and many other celebrities, only called together on such occasions. The number of champagne bottles cracked was appalling, and the Squire felt insulted if two, at least, were not smothered for each guest. What sentiment, what a fund of generous thought, what sparkling fancies, what delicious remembrances, foamed and whirled in every glass, judging by the effect of the divine juice. "The

conscious water saw its God and blushed." It had stored within the rarest qualities of physical and intellectual nature; the wit and soul of that assemblage was sharpened and opened by its power.

> "Wine cheers the sad, revives the old, inspires
> The young, makes weariness forget his toil
> And fear her danger; opens a new world
> When this, the present, fails."

The drowsiest spirits were stimulated, silent tongues were made eloquent, and bashful men became bold. Such combined experience was perhaps never before found together. The fund of anecdote appeared inexhaustible, the toasts most appropriate, the jokes elevating, never vulgar, and the songs strikingly original. Generals, governors, colonels, captains, bankers and turfmen vied in doing honor to the generous host.

A tear glistens in the eye as we write these lines. The clock is striking twelve. Strange coincidence! At this hour precisely, one year ago, Sir Price McGrath breathed his last. Those grounds never again will echo his cheery laugh—never again will loving friends do him honor! Like others present on that memorable day, he lies in the cold, cold grave, waiting for the last trump, when all receive their due. This is truly an evening to make one think of eternity, of a God! As we gaze out on the night, "huge and uncouth the Eastern hill swells up the sky, and seems a monstrous ark, launched in a sea of gloom. A wailing shrills through the vast void, peopling the hollow dark with spirit voices, while at times, afar, perfecting God's great law, drops down a star."

McGrath, like others, had his faults; but they were far outweighed by noble attributes such as seldom fall to the lot of man. If we felt as sanguine relative to our future as concerning his, dark clouds, now lowering, would at once dissipate before a glorious sun of hope.

John Morrissey is a household word, and while his life, public and private, is familiar probably to most readers of our work, in a volume of this character it would be unjust not to mention so famous a man. John was born of very poor parents, and, we learn from good authority, could not read or write till after his fight with Yankee Sullivan. His early life was one series of hard knocks, and, manifesting a fondness for pugilistic encounters, he acquired the reputation, although not specially scienced, of a hard hitter. His will to endeavor was really greater than his ability to perform. Like John Paul Jones, he did not know defeat, and, when standing in the prize ring with Yankee Sullivan, a pitiable object, battered beyond recognition, he determined to do or die. His more agile antagonist having killed one man in the arena, and not wishing to take like chances, dared not renew the conflict, and the stakes were awarded him of dauntless soul. A gamer man never lived, and he never shirked what the time and hour demanded. The most skillful student of human nature, if asked to forecast the future of John Morrissey when keeping at Troy a low drinking saloon, a resort of the lowest of the low, and so disreputable that it was closed by the authorities, must have emphatically asserted "a violent death" or "the penitentiary."

Morrissey came prominently before the people of New York as a politician, although in a humble sphere, when employed by Mr. Kennedy, superintendent of police, to intimidate Bill Poole and his gang, who then made the rulers of New York. John appeared at the polls with thirty roughs, desperate as himself, and the experiment was a success. John ever after ascribed his good fortune in politics to control of the primaries. in which probably he was not surpassed by any living politician, not excepting John Kelly, defeated by him on his own grounds, after a stubborn contest.

Cris. Schaffer, a celebrated sport of the old body guard, seen at Saratoga every summer, loser of half a million against faro, with whom Talbot has drank many a bottle of wiue and listeued for hours to anecdotes of famous men

that have died with harness on, *made* John Morrissey. How true the old assertion: "Sometimes a trifle, a nothing, by itself turns the scale of fortune, and brings about the most important results." A faro game in New York, with customers most desperate, terrible "kickers," who, the goddess frowning, thought naught of breaking cue-box, scattering the chips, and intimidating the dealer, decided to secure, if possible, the services of some dauntless man, on whom the revolver and the knife could have no influence. Schaffer recommended Morrissey, and this was the turning point in his career. He came from Troy with clothes tattered, and with a battered appearance, evidently from a debauch of the lowest kind, and, a fair percentage having been offered, accepted the position. His strong right arm and acknowledged bravery soon brought "order out of chaos," and the game became the most orderly in the city. John was furnished with a new suit of clothes, and determined never to gamble or drink, which resolve was kept until a fortune was secured. But, although a giant in physical attainments, his mental powers had never been tested, save in the low cunning always noticeable in such a life as was his. The boys laughed when Morrissey sat for hours at the desk, trying to spell the simplest words, and vainly endeavoring to hold a pen in brawny fist. They looked at the surface; they saw not the hidden volcanic fires of ambition burning below, not able to burst forth until these obstacles of ignorance were removed. When able to write his name —he wrote in no mean hand—and reckon his percentage, an almost insurmountable obstacle to John's untutored brain, Morrissey considered himself on the high road to fortune. With these accomplishments, and a thorough knowledge of faro, which can never be obtained from books, and only by experience as dealer and the constant society of the profession—with these attainments, united with a political influence, which was soon considerable where force and muscle exerted great power in electing the rulers, Morrissey found no difficulty in securing backers, and was soon proprietor of the most elegant house in New York City, conducted in an honorable manner, relying upon the acknowledged percentage, and taking no unfair advantages. His attendants, waiters, culinary department, were not surpassed by any establishment of its kind in America. The most elegant gentlemen thronged the apartments. His acquaintance with Vanderbilt; the Harlem corner, where he played a conspicuous part, and sold and bought in a manner that astounded the oldest operators; his election in the fall of 1866, accomplished entirely through his control of the primaries, being the only time a professional occupied a seat in the American Congress, are known to every school-boy in the land. The call on Fisk after "Black Friday," the demand for a settlement, the effort of that dignitary to pull the bell, the lifting of a brawny fist, are matters of history.

Talbot, with Hunt Reynolds, of well-balanced brain, a young aspirant to turf honors, owner of a stable, who never bet on horses, visited one evening Morrissey's club-house at Saratoga. There he formed the acquaintance of the "Governor of the Springs"—for such was John to all intents and purposes, his influence being so great that a word was law, and he virtually owned the town. Having seen Morrissey nearly two years before at Jerome Park, Talbot alluded to the Abd el Koree race, and John smiled—for the first time. There was most sprightly conversation in reference to the day's sport between Reynolds—this gentleman, a Southerner of the bluest blood, was educated in Europe, and, just before his death, sold a most wonderful racer to one of the Lorillards —and Morrissey, in which the latter manifested good common sense, and appeared every way the equal of his cultivated visitor. The rooms were next examined, and an amusing incident, perhaps worthy of comment, attracted their

attention. An elegantly dressed young man had been playing—we forget the name; it was a game lately introduced into this country, and said to have the least percentage of any known—and, losing his last dollar by reason of "*auri sacra fames*," with face like a boiled lobster, began inquiring for his cane. "Dang it, my cane! Where is my cane? Who has taken my cane? I cannot find my cane!" he kept exclaiming, each time with increased nervousness. The *croupier* and attendants made a thorough search, when Morrissey said: "Young man, what have you in your hand?" It was the lost cane, and the verdant gambler stood before all, an object of pitiable ridicule. The loss of the money had completely paralyzed his five senses, making him for the time virtually an idiot—"*ubi lapsus.*"

Shortly before his death, John entered into a contest with Tammany, and defeated Augustus Schell for the State Senate. Believing him honest in convictions, and beyond corruption, the first men of the city gave their suffrages. The poet Longfellow is said to have electioneered for him, thus conferring the greatest compliment bestowed on this remarkable man during life. Tammany was routed, foot, horse and artillery; but John, who had taken life in hand, came out of the conflict completely exhausted. Afflicted with a throat trouble, he coughed incessantly, and, back of all, high living brought on the old complaint, Bright's disease of the kidneys, and, after a visit to Florida, he died. John Kelly then gathered together the scattered forces of Tammany, and once again, as now, was "boss."'

Thought to be wealthy, Morrissey departed this life comparatively poor, and left no male heir, a promising son having died before him. His elevation to such high positions is the outgrowth of American institutions, and could only occur in a republican government, where all men are equal. An indomitable will, that knew no obstacle and took pleasure in overcoming rather than avoiding opposition, made John Morrissey what he was. In no sense the creature of fortune, his example, while perhaps pernicious to the young when his calling is considered, must be regarded as praiseworthy when it is remembered that he rose from almost absolutely nothing to familiarity and equality with the highest in the land. His life teaches a moral, as well as a lesson, and can never be effaced from history. Many fears were entertained that after his death the Saratoga race track would degenerate, but no perceptible difference has been noticeable. The attractions are as strong as formerly, and rare good sense governs the management.

Talbot visited "Old John Harper" just before the spring races in 1873. He lived on a magnificent farm, some twelve or thirteen miles west of Lexington. The country around is called the "blue grass region," and Woodford and Fayette counties produce more fat hogs, short-horned cattle, fine sheep, first-class race horses, than any other counties in America. John Harper is now dead, as, indeed, are all Talbot's intimate turf acquaintances of nine and ten years ago; but, without exception, this gentleman was the *beau ideal* of an old man. The face beamed with sweetness and gentleness, and one felt lifted almost out of a natural sphere while gazing upon him. Harper loved race horses, and particularly Longfellow. The simplicity of tastes in one so wealthy was astonishing. He lived in a two-story building, while his horses were housed in a stable much more costly, and evidently better adapted for comfort. Talbot had never seen Longfellow before, and, when the magnificent horse stood before him, he could hardly believe his eyes were resting on that animal whose name, only ten months before, was a household word. He would go far again to see that great body, that intelligent eye, those limbs, promising the immense stride which devoured the ground. Longfellow, game and plucky, was a true representative of the rich blood that flowed in his

veins, possessing all the honesty of the celebrities to which so nigh related—The Baron, Stockwell, Bird Catcher, Faugh à Ballagh, Pocahontas, Glencoe, and others as well known.

"Happy the man who has the town escaped.
To him the whispering trees, the murmuring brooks,
The shining pebbles, preach Virtue's and Wisdom's lore.

Chapter Ten.

THE MISSISSIPPI.

Quid sit pulchrum quid turpe, quid utile, quid non,
Plenius ac melius Chrysippo et Crantore dicit.
—HORACE.

Whose works the beautiful and base contain,
Of vice and virtue more instructive rules,
Than all the sober sages of the schools.
—FRANCIS.

THE previous chapter has given, through turf acquaintances, the main incidents marking Talbot's career on the race course during 1871, '72, '73 and '74. This mode has been employed by the author, not only because a man's history is more interesting presented through the lives of others, but because the true inwardness of the turf as it is, without praise or detraction, is thus much better delineated.

The object of this book has been to present forcibly as possible Talbot's observations and experiences in all the fascinations, such as base ball, cards, theatre, cock pit, race track, which interest not only youth just entering on man's estate, but those of mature years sportively inclined. All his observations, therefore, in reference to these pastimes, from youth up to this writing, are portrayed under each of the above headings, and the succeeding pages, this chapter excepted, will dwell on events but little connected with a sporting existence.

Talbot decided, on the conclusion of the spring races, at New Orleans in 1872, to return first by boat to Memphis, and after the meeting in that city by the Pan Handle route to New York. He had seen the great boats as they lay on the bosom of the mighty river, and, through the kindness of a pilot, had inspected one, but had never felt the pulsation of its powerful engines, like the heart of a human being, when in motion. The "Thompson Deane," although not particularly fast, had a reputation, not only because of neat state rooms and its culinary department, but by reason of the captain, who, genial and a perfect gentleman, knew every turn and winding of the Mississippi. Talbot, after cordially shaking hands with the head clerk of the St. Charles, seated himself in the hotel stage, and in company with a substantial, dark, fine looking man, was rapidly driven to the levee. All was bustle and confusion. When a steamboat is about to depart on its long journey in Southern or Western waters, the excitement is fully equal to that attendant on the departure of a Liverpool packet. Beautiful and interesting women, with tearful eyes, were bidding relatives a sad farewell. Little, sweet, darling, innocent children played in the cabin, and, occasionally running to the guards, would in prattling language allude to the strangeness of the scene, so new to their young eyes. Trunks were arranged, sundry articles secured necessary for a two weeks' trip, and all was hope and certainty. Walter Hepp brought from his father's cellar a bottle of choice brandy, sufficient to water the mouth of the most fastidious epicure. Talbot warmly grasped the hand of his dear friend, bade Rivers adieu in like manner, and, amid the shouts and wild songs of the negro deck

hands, the magnificent craft moved out as a swan upon the bosom of that majestic stream which, for thousands of miles, forces its way with resistless power, until its waters are lost in the Gulf of Mexico.

A New England man by birth, residing in an Eastern State—speak not to me of Northern boats; a first-class Mississippi steamer, with appropriate machinery, is one of the sublimities of poetry—Talbot could never tire of the navigation of the "Father of Waters." The young traveler was astonished to find, on entering his state-room, a splendid cake, frosted with great skill and attention to detail, proclaiming an artist. Whence came it? Col. Duff, of Memphis, the gentleman in the stage already alluded to, with whom Talbot had formed acquaintance, a lawyer, and owner of two fine cotton plantations in Tennessee, thought it had been left by Hepp as a surprise, thus recalling his sister's marriage. Both without more ado, loud in praises of the generous and thoughtful Walter, cut huge slices of the rich food, which disappeared in a trice, and were about to repeat the operation, when a loud shriek from a turbaned negro cook, who, looking in at the window, saw the terrible devastation going on, attracted their attention. The poor fellow rushed in at the partly open door, and, with tears coursing down his cheeks, cried out: "O, de cake—de cake! Massa, what for you touch de cake! No exhibit on the ladies' table! What shall I do, I do, I do?" A five-dollar bill quieted him. This talented artist, one of the greatest dressers in the profession, made a magnificent cake at the beginning of each trip to adorn the ladies' table, and, placing one on this occasion in the berth of a state-room for safe keeping, had for the time forgotten his treasure, not dreaming it would fall into hands so rapacious.

Satisfying himself as to accommodations, and eating a most wholesome supper, which complimented the culinary department of the boat, Talbot sauntered through the large cabin, anxious to know the number and character of his fellow voyagers. The "Thompson Deane" being conducted on a moral basis, hazard was discountenanced. Gambling, in the most bare-faced manner, is encouraged frequently on packet steamers, which make the run to Memphis in three days. A boat, one of the fastest on the Mississippi, with horns in front, covered with insignias of victory over many a rival, giving name of vanquished and date of race, was hardly under way, in the spring of 1873, when Talbot, sitting near his state-room with feet braced against the railing, observed a large crowd, two or three deep, and constantly increasing, standing in the barber shop. Elbowing way to the front, the young man, for the first time, witnessed "*three-card monte*" on the Mississippi. He once saw a fellow-townsman lose a watch at Rocky Point, and had also noted professionals within a stone's throw of Prospect and Jerome Parks, watching for the unwary, but never had, as now, an opportunity to study at leisure its workings. A dark-faced, black-haired man, with an immense pair of blue goggles, suggesting weak eyes, but in reality used as a mask, sat at a common deal table. Talbot recognized him. He was a sharper, keener than the edge of a bowie knife, seen frequently in New Orleans, beneath the grand stand of the race track, with his particular game, "eight-dice cloth." His accomplice, a large, red-faced individual, was the most expert "capper" in the business, and the way he timidly approached and then receded from the table was ludicrous in the extreme to the initiated, many of whom, well-known sporting men, could hardly repress a chuckle. "Goggles" showed a roll of bills, enormous in proportions, with hundreds and fifties jumbled together. The bait was certainly tempting in the extreme to the unsophisticated, and the man appeared and acted the very personifica-

tion of a fool. "I have learned," he said, "a little game in New Orleans. It has cost me money; but I know all about it now, and I intend ever after to make a livelihood with these three small cards, and have money to prove I mean business. And, gentlemen," he continued, "all you have to do is to pick up the ace of hearts from among these cards, and you can have my pile. I am no quitter, and will venture all on a single bet." The sharper then showed the ace of hearts, the ace of diamonds and the ace of clubs, face upwards, so all could see he spoke the truth, and, again displaying the huge pile of greenbacks, bunglingly tossed the cards to and fro, face downwards, on the table. His work, in gambling *parlance*, was "rough," and a child with little or no difficulty, could have told the ace of hearts with certainty. Several of the unshorn, with eyes glistening, large as saucers, stood like "sheep ready for the shearer." The red-faced man took in these individuals at a glance, saw they were green, and his conversation, though not seemingly, was ever after directed to them. Feigning to perfection the foolish fly, suspicious of the web so carefully spun, all the blandishments and cajolery of "Green Goggles" seemed to be ineffectual; but at last he laid down one dollar, which was immediately covered. The cards were tossed; the "capper" won. Always doubling the stake, he won again and again and again, until, after seven bets, one hundred and twenty-eight dollars were risked at one venture, and lost. The professional, with insane delight absolutely ludicrous to the initiated, raked in the money, and, carelessly dropping a hundred-dollar note behind the table, stooped to pick it up, when, quick as a terrier seizing a rat, the accomplice reached forward and bent the edge of the ace of hearts, so all could distinguish it. To appearance unsuspicious of the deceit practiced, "Goggles" asked the sham "hoosier" to make another venture. "I will," was the reply, "and for your whole pile. How much have you?" The gambler counted out with savage glee one thousand dollars on the deal table, but the "capper" could show but seven hundred and fifty dollars. Would some of the bystanders loan him two hundred and fifty dollars?—or would they (with knowing wink, and the whisper, "Sure thing; this man is a fool! The card is bent!") take chances with him? The money was raised without much trouble, the cards manipulated several times, and one of the unshorn requested to turn the ace of hearts, so conspicuous with its ruffled edge. He did so, when, shade of Priam, Glencoe, Leviathan, Yorkshire, Albion, Lexington! the ace of spades met his startled gaze. The dealer, by some juggling unknown to the author, while the cards were passing through his hands, had smoothed the ruffled edge and bent the corner of the ace of spades with the same motion, completely hoodwinking the uninitiated. The sharper, in black broad-cloth suit and shirt front glistening with gems, was, ten minutes after, promenading the deck, waiting for a landing to return to New Orleans. His mission was accomplished, and, on the next steamer up, would play with sagacious friend the same little game.

But sports working the Mississippi do not always come off unscathed. Talbot recalls to-day a famous gambler who won a large amount at poker on a Mississippi steamer. Losers and friends, frantic by the loss, crazy with whiskey, shrieking for blood like maniacs, hunted with drawn knives and pistols over the boat.

> "A noise was there,
> As if men fought upon the earth,
> And fiends in upper air."

The sharper concealed himself behind a bale of cotton. The pilot, fortunately a friend, ran the boat close to the shore. The professional gave one wild, desperate leap when the slayers were upon him, and, amidst a shower of bullets

and execrations, landed, waist high, in the Mississippi. After wading to the shore, and a night in the woods, he was picked up by a passing steamer, and returned unscathed to New Orleans.

Cards were operated on the packet alluded to with a boldness amazing to Talbot. Three individuals—a famous trainer and owner of horses, a celebrated sport (who never took a step into the outer world without revolver in hip pocket, so many had suffered at his hands), and a notorious short-card player—sat in the forward part of the boat, busily engaged, to all appearances, in a quiet game of draw poker. But it was evident to the close observer that these men were accomplices, with no real interest, and anxious for some lover of this pastime to take a hand and be fleeced. The game had been started but a short time, when a tall, raw-boned Kentuckian, evidently a cattle raiser or tiller of the soil, and whom the finest suit of clothes fashioned by a Bell could not adorn, so awkward his build, after watching the play of the trio for some time, and rolling a huge quid of tobacco from side to side in lantern jaws, expressed a wish to join the party, which, after a little demurring—feigned—was granted. The stranger proved a rare player, and having won several hundred dollars in a half-hour's time, bid fair to break the party, when the short-card manipulator on his left, the very personification, in rakey build, slouched hat and sporting garb, of a Mississippi gambler, and over whom a tragic novelist would go wild, coolly, as a matter of course, in the presence of at least a dozen spectators, took from a pocket made on the inside front of his long coat, and, low down, a handkerchief, which he proceeded to spread in his lap, when, lo! a pack of cards, similar to those on the table, were exposed to view, resting on the folds of the snow-white linen. This was done while the Kentuckian was dealing, as at that time he would be least likely to discover the deceit. Even an old sport, with a nerve of iron, thus waiting his turn to deal, must be somewhat moved, knowing that discovery might lead to an ounce of cold lead in a vulnerable part of the body. The spectators, many of whom, while on this planet, in wildest dreams had never imagined such a proceeding possible, breathlessly awaited the *denouement.* Their curiosity was soon gratified. It is now the professional's turn to deal. Giving the cards a regular gambler's shuffle, and passing the pack with right hand to the tall Kentuckian to cut, he grasped with left the deck lying in his lap, and, placing his thumb—it alone appearing in sight—so as to clutch the edge of the table, calmly waited for the cutting of the cards. Now came a piece of legerdemain doing honor to a Houdin. The pack just cut was grasped in the right hand, and, moved with easy grace, appeared to blend, as it were, with the concealed cards, but, in reality passing over them, fell noiselessly into the handkerchief below, and the false pack, called by many "cold deck," because not the original cards, was lifted so naturally to view by the expert that the deceit defied detection. The greatest professionals living cannot protect themselves against this sleight of hand when performed by a first-class manipulator, save by observing whether the left hand, just before the cutting of the cards, disappears beneath the table. The expert having, with a *sang-froid* truly astonishing, dealt each player five cards, coolly rolled up the handkerchief with the right hand, wiped his nose with the spotless linen, and placed it, with contents, in his pocket. This was done with the same equanimity and unruffled countenance exhibited by counter-jumpers in selling calico to customers. It was second nature to him; it was *his* business—*his* profession. If discovered, which seldom occurs where the performer is adroit, the deserts are evaded if possible—otherwise death is met with harness on.

Talbot saw the gambler work in three "cold

decks" that evening. The last one, a royal flush to himself, four kings and an ace to the dupe, broke the Kentuckian, who, with flushed face, eyes staring out of sockets, repented too late of his folly. He probably recounted years after, in his country home, to relatives and neighbors, the one time in life's history he was beaten by a royal flush when holding the next best hand, and warned them against the Mississippi gamblers.

Talbot, that very evening, met with an incident which was sufficient to arouse suspicions of foul play, although, perhaps, not well grounded. The young traveler had locked the state-room door, hung his clothes on the hooks in the partition, placed five hundred dollars in the pillow-case, with revolver beneath, and, listening to the sharp tick of a fine gold watch his father had worn before him, was startled by a knock upon the glass panel of the door. The youth, with nothing on but a shirt—he slept not, like the Persians, in drawers—opened the door, when, like a flash, a small, lithe man brushed by him, and, with the explanatory sentence, "Captain says the upper berth is reserved for me," had his clothes off, and was ensconced beneath the linen before you could say "Jack Robinson." Struck dumb at such impudence, the subject of our sketch laid down in his berth, and was nearly asleep, when memory coming to the rescue, awoke him as if touched with a galvanic battery.

He remembered, while returning from the cattle-pens in New Orleans—where he saw for the first time steers brained with sharp knives, tied to poles, the killer standing on a beam above the victim—conversing with a car driver, a plain, young Vermont farmer, who, selling the old homestead and converting it into ready cash, started for Texas, proposing to carve out a fortune in its hospitable borders. Nothing of moment occurred to the verdant youth till half-way down the Mississippi, when, retiring to rest one night somewhat under the influence of liquor, a stranger presented himself at the door, who, asserting the upper berth was his, allotted by the captain, was confidingly admitted. The unfortunate wretch awoke the next morning to find himself penniless and a beggar. The thief, for such he was, had even stolen his shoes, together with a fine gold watch, heavy chain, and fifteen hundred dollars in money. The rascal readily effected his escape, as the boats frequently stop at plantations along the banks of the river to wood up. This miserable, unhappy man considered himself most fortunate, on arriving in New Orleans, to secure the inferior position of car driver to a gigantic mule, which, displaying strength and speed, brought Talbot back to the city.

This old trick of the Mississippi was *not* to victimize the subject of our sketch if he could help it, and, jumping to his feet, the youth rapidly began dressing. "Where are you going?" came from the upper berth. "You are a perfect stranger; you have not been introduced by the captain or mate of this boat. I wish to see them in reference to the matter," said Talbot, hurriedly. The stranger sprang out of the berth, muttered something to himself, hastily dressed, left the state-room, and was not seen again.

Such was our traveler's experience on a Mississippi packet in 1873; but his week's trip on the "Thompson Deane," a cotton boat, built for "carriage" more than speed, was much more enjoyable, and will never be forgotten. It was a beautiful oasis in his desert of unhappiness. The hands gave a concert after supper, which, as a delineation of negro character, Talbot never saw surpassed, save by Callender's Georgia Minstrels, one of the best troupes now traveling, every member to the manor born, and not dependent upon burnt cork for nationality. Square dances, participated in by the steamer's guests, followed, and Talbot was introduced by Col. Duff to

Miss Ella Dement, an aristocratic, finely educated, splendidly proportioned young lady of Dixon, Ill. The Colonel had seen her at a party while passing the winter in New Orleans, and the mutual recognition was agreeable. Mrs. Dement, an elderly lady, exceedingly "toney," yet courteous and affable, was with her. Col. Styles, president of a bank, and owner of two fine Illinois farms, was in Memphis during the spring of 1873, and a strong feeling of friendship sprang up between him and Talbot. The latter, through this genial gentleman, learned more fully of the Dement family. "Why," said the old man, "I used to dandle Ella on my knee when a baby girl, and I sold her father the very house she lives in." Whitmarsh and Oldershaw, brokers on 'Change in Chicago, informed the subject of our sketch, at the Tremont House in 1878, that the Colonel was at times a heavy speculator in grain, and of undoubted worth and veracity.

Miss Dement was certainly very attractive, and so entertaining and fascinating that Talbot was not happy during the trip save in her presence. He wonders how that charming woman looks now—ten years after! Certainly not less engaging; perhaps more sedate. Her blue eyes full of fun, her *repartee* and brilliant sallies of wit, can never be forgotten, and the *occasion* was such as rarely falls to the lot of man.

Col. Duff, a widower, declared, for a wedding trip and the enjoyment of a honeymoon, nothing in his opinion surpassed the Mississippi. What sublime thoughts this noble river can awaken! The poetic temperament of Talbot was never so fully aroused as when he sat one evening with this lovely girl on the deck of the steamer. Amid the swamps, the forests, the islets on either side, the grand vessel wound its upward way, naught heard but the ceaseless stroke of her paddle-wheels, the continuous, pent-up, everlasting burst of exertion from her escapement pipe, the clang, now and then, of the fire doors, the hoarse coughing of the engine, and the surging of the gurgling waters as the boat sped on. The stars shone resplendent in the heavens. The moon, now and then piercing the fleecy clouds, silvered the spray occasioned by the rushing vessel, and tipped the waters with a quivering, undulating light. All Nature without was still as the cold form when the spirit has departed. This was truly a night for lofty thought—a night when the past, with its misdeeds, its misspent hours, is forgotten, and the aspirations of an ennobling future rise up in a splendor, too sublime, too magnificent, to be true! Hope, Hope! what a friend thou art! Life without thee would be a dreary dungeon, indeed—no sunshine, no flowers—but with thee, beauteous castles, honor, respect, a future, beckon one on. That night imagination yielded with Talbot to the vastness of the ideas excited, and he sat with soul fully alive to the sublimity of Nature. Was it on a night like this Moses saw the vision proclaiming his power? Was it on a night like this Napoleon saw the star of Austerlitz, like a comet, shoot athwart the sky? Was it on a night like this Newton obtained from God the sublime idea that has moved the world, and will go rolling on and on and on down the centuries?

A human being—a lovely maiden, pure as the driven snow—sat by Talbot's side, her artless eyes viewing the beauteous scene, and glistening with perfect ecstasy as her admirer repeated from memory page after page of Byron's "Childe Harold." The year, the night, the hour, are imprinted indelibly on Talbot's memory. Feelings were awakened which may bear fruit in eternity. Does the man of the world, the rake, the debauchee, know what true happiness is, in the company of the abandoned? Can his soul, in such society, to Pisgah's heights mount upward? No! It is with innocence, with purity, and such surroundings as mentioned here, that

new resolves are formed, lofty thoughts awakened. Happy the man who, in this world of sin, can keep such resolutions, and fortunate he having a true, faithful, loving companion to give succor in time of need!

The acquaintance of Talbot and Miss Dement ripened into friendship, and, when the former bade the fair maiden adieu at Memphis, she appeared an old acquaintance, and there was a drawing never afterwards awakened but by one other.

Mrs. Ball, whose husband, under the soubriquet of A. B. Lewis & Co., had inaugurated a turf career, was on board. Decidedly an original woman, understanding the world perfectly, determined to make the most of it, possessing in an eminent degree that rare gift, common sense, there is no woman on this mundane sphere Talbot would sooner see at this moment, and have a good old-fashioned talk with, than Mrs. Ball. Meeting her on the Mississippi, in Memphis and at Saratoga, her society was always enjoyable. Her husband, *then* "green" on the turf, whom the trainers and boys played for a "flat," was very promising, and the industry manifested about his stable by this man of wealth was truly amazing. Mr. Ball was born under a lucky star. The immortal filly Vandalite, during the third year of his turf career, placed, it is said, through purses and pool money, over fifty thousand dollars in his pocket.

A stranger traveling on the Mississippi should at once ingratiate himself with the *pilot*, the *colored barber* and the *bartender*. This can readily be effected by treating the former off duty, fecing the cutter of hair, and indulging in frequent inward applications with the dispenser of liquors. More information can be obtained from these worthies in a few days' time relative to steamboat navigation during the war, celebrated contests of speed between far-famed packets, fearful accidents from snags or flames, where all on board perished, gambling at cards, where thousands were in the pot and life frequently sacrificed than from any other source, and the anecdotes are related in such an interesting manner that the *ennui* of a long trip is thus greatly lessened. Talbot would give a month of life to recall the pilot's name of the "Great Republic." This man was a perfect example of the once famous flatboatsmen of the Mississippi, and our traveler made his acquaintance while journeying from St. Louis to Memphis in the spring of 1873. He possessed as characteristics the tender heart of a child, the exterior of a bear, the language of a pirate.

The loading of a first-class steamer at the St. Louis levee is interesting in the extreme to a student of human nature. The "Great Republic" was at that time the largest boat afloat on the "Father of Waters." Built at a cost of many thousand dollars, and bought at auction for thirty thousand dollars, or thereabouts, by her captain, when good as new, she was the greatest bargain ever known on the Mississippi, and nearly paid for herself the trip Talbot took passage. The mighty river, swollen by melting snows and protracted rains, carried this splendid craft, loaded to the gunwale with corn and cotton, with tremendous speed and almost irresistible momentum to her destination. A double sled, with eight or ten boys astride the plank, when set in motion on a long, sloping, icy hill, will increase or decrease in momentum according to its weight. The slope of the Mississippi between St. Louis and Cairo exceeds six inches per mile, and between the latter city and Memphis five inches. The flood level of the river at St. Louis is four hundred and twelve feet above the level of the Gulf of Mexico. No wonder the "Great Republic," with its enormous weight and the tremendous incline, shot forward as a bullet from a gun! The pilot just referred to superintended the lading of this steamer. He could get more work out of the negro help than any man living. He had a word for every "nigger"

who, with corn on his back, passed lazily before him. "Ha, Pompey! here you are again. I guess you remembered those soft, pleasant words I just spoke to you? Why, how active you are! You are getting supple in old age. You know I always liked you, Pomp—was always ready to give you a job, and to share my last dollar with your old master when, years ago, every spring he visited New Orleans. I always respected him, Pomp, and that's the reason why I stand by you in your green old age, and never speak harshly. Why, Pomp, you G—d d——d son of a sea cook—you whelp, half horse, half alligator—you d——d essence of a quintessence—you thief, you plunderer, you murderer, you liar, you knave, you idot, you carrion crow, you jackal, you loafer, you bummer, you scrub, you footpad, you dog, you jail bird, you clod, you blunderer! Murder, fire, thieves, police, rape! Where in h——, you miserable, d——d dunghill, are you laying that bag of corn? Did I not, Pompey, in sweetest accents which would make an angel weep from sheer envy, and with a gesture that would immortalize a Macready, a Kean, a Forrest, a Booth, command you, Pompey, to place it *there*, sir—*there*, sir? Ha! don't I wish you were my property. Ha! would not I make you squirm! H——! d——! —hail, fire, brimstone! Tophet, what are you standing there for, grinning at me—wasting valuable time, for which, God knows, you are too well paid? If I had my say, Pompey, you should live on bread and water *every day, sir—every day, sir!* There, you have laid it down at last, and in the right place, haven't you? Next time you won't make the same mistake. If I speak to you, Pomp, in a clear, logical, forcible, argumentative, vigorous, incisive, splendid, brilliant manner, cutting like a knife, you must not get mad, Pomp—mad, Pomp. Here, now," putting both hands in his pockets, "take this to drink my health with, and dou't swallow too much while I am down the river." Such was old ——, known to every "nigger" on the levee from "Big Jake" to "Little John," and liked by all. His remarks never created enmity, only curiosity, and whole rows of "niggers" would stand for hours, with mouths agape, absolutely lost in wondermeut at his eloquence.

Every levee and boat has its "boss" fighter among the negro help. The "Great Republic" was putting off from St. Louis, when a deck hand made some remark, which the gigantic "bully" of the levee considered an affront. Jumping at one bound on the moving vessel, and in no way iutimidated by a desperate lunge with an iron hook, all but ripping out his bowels, the huge black got in a tremendous "down cut," *a la* Sayers, Heenan, Mace, Coburn, disfigured his antagonist for life, gave the poor wretch a fall of fifteen feet over the pyramid of corn bags, and, amidst the cries of his delighted companions, with a loud yell and long jump, reached *terra firma* in safety.

Talbot learned from the jockeys, who, traveling aud frequently sleeping with the horses in the straw on the lower deck, come in constant contact with the negro help, that these men are inveterate gamblers, and never so happy as when, with crossed legs and greasy pack, they engage in a game of "old sledge."

The colored barber, so indispensable on these boats, frequently well educated and good company, is quite a character. Alluding to President So-and-So, Senator So-and-So, Governor So-and-So, whom he has shaved, will give characteristics of each; will draw a most thrilling picture of the war, when, from tree and rock, the bloodthirsty guerilla waited for the coming boat, picked off the pilot with bullets, and sent cannon balls crashing through the cabins; will inform you, confidingly, of his acquaintance with the colored Senator ——, of ——, who was once a waiter on board the ——, displaying no remarkable talent, but, in a whisper: "You know, sir, those who talk the least and don't bluster, are the smartest

men—they keep up a big thinking;" will refer to his fondness for music and the violin, which he loves as a baby child. He will run on in this manner, constantly adding to your information, but, at the same time, with a shrewd insight of human nature, sounding the weak spot of his victim, which he will hurl as you leave the chair, and then stand posing with such aristocratic elegance, that escape without a heavy donation is impossible.

The bartender, occupying an easy berth and an artist in more senses than one, can enlighten you in reference to the great sports traversing the Mississippi. Painting in glowing colors the thrilling race from New Orleans to St. Louis between the ——— and the ———, contended for honor and a "rep.," he will assert that these vessels carried the hardest, toughest, smartest crowd known since the Mississippi was navigated by white men; that the cabins were full of sports, playing faro and draw poker; that the crews, pick of the river and fired with liquor, worked like fiends when the landings were made; that Col. S——, in a game of cards, pinned his opponent's hand to the table with a bowie knife, and apologized if the ace of diamonds was not found beneath; that wicked (?) people on the river banks, where they gathered in immense multitudes, actually prayed the two vessels would blow up, thus destroying at one fell blow more crime, "cussedness" and wickedness than were ever gathered together on planks before; that the dispenser of liquors sold out his "stuff," left a boy at the second landing to telegraph ahead for supplies, and cleared enough by the trip to start business in Kansas City. The bartender will always make one of a party where drinks are stakes, and, if played off, his partner had better keep the weather-eye open—for he knows a thing or two, can deal second, slip the cut, get in a "cold deck" with the best, and does not propose to lose if he can help it. But, with these failings, he is a splendid, tip-top fellow, a universal favorite, never small or mean, and travelers always favor much as possible the Mississippi bartender.

The most thrilling event in steamboating came under Talbot's notice but a short time ago, proving that in these modern times, when civilization is so far advanced, most exciting, thrilling adventures constantly occur before our eyes, and are passed by unnoticed because "distance lends enchantment to the view." Two steamers, at full speed, are seen rushing along the Ohio. Immense crowds throng the banks to witness a race, compared with which all others sink into insignificance. The "Mountain Boy" is in front, and on the deck stand two men, Craft and Neil, charged with the murder of the Gibbons family at Ashland, Ky. Their bloodshot eyes and cowering glances prove a terror that makes each manacled limb shake as with the palsy. The sheriff and posse, with eyes distended, anxiously gazing behind, stand gloomily by. It is a race of life and death! The steamer astern is the "Mountain Girl," and on board is a grim-visaged mob, with pistols and knives, ready to pour their overwhelming numbers upon the devoted decks of the pursued, and, with a hangman's rope, bent on lynching the assassins. The two steamers tear along the river like infuriated giants of the deep. The prows pierce the aqueous fluid like sharp knives, leaving a yeast of waters behind. The rapid, quick stroke of the paddle-wheels—the rough, grating, harsh, guttural cough of the engines—the silvery mists from the safety-valves, the dense, dark smoke from the chimneys, the clang of iron doors as the firemen, like fiends incarnate in the ruddy glow, with grim countenances horrible to behold, eyes starting from sockets, and the agility of acrobats, toss the coals—form, without any exaggeration, a sight at once terrific and sublime. People gather in multitudes, and stand amazed, gazing at pursuer and pursued. It is mob law opposed to justice, as given and meted out by the courts; it is lawlessness in juxtaposition to legal process;

it is anarchy opposed to common sense and order!

All known means are employed to increase the speed of the respective vessels. But the "Mountain Girl," overloaded with living freight, and not supplied with coal as its more fortunate rival, gradually falls behind. Still, however, she continues the pursuit like a tireless pack, which, once on the track, runs down the game. A more singular incident in the history of steamboat racing and lynch law never came before the observation of man. In former trials upon these waters, reputation and money was the stake, and the only real risk an explosion; but now a striking concurrence of circumstances is brought to bear. Wretches, in their despair and guilt, cower in terror; an expectant mob, vindictive, relentless, ready to teach any lesson but that of mercy, pursues; two vessels race, the one rushing like a wild leviathan, leaving broad streaks of foam behind, the other—a giant spirit of death—urging an ignobler being to the shades of darkness; the overtaxed boilers threaten an explosion; immense audiences, informed by telegraph, await the *denouement*, and life, not money, is the stake. The leading boat safely lands its living freight at Maysville jail, the law triumphs, and night goes down on the most exciting race ever witnessed on the Ohio.

Chapter Eleven.

FINANCIALLY RUINED—ORATORY.

Turba Remi sequitur fortunam, ut semper, et odit Damnatos.

—JUV.

The fickle crowd with fortune comes and goes!
Wealth still finds followers, and misfortune foes.

—JOHNSON.

MEMPHIS is the most important and populous town between St. Louis and New Orleans. Situated on a bluff sixty feet above high-water mark, whose base is washed by the river for more than three miles, the city presents a splendid appearance from the landing, which is excellent—a bed of sandstone projecting into the river. A void space of great width, bordered by pretentious warehouses, extends along the bluff a considerable distance.

Talbot's spirits were not buoyant on leaving the "Deane," and Col. Duff advised him to continue the trip to St. Louis, hinting matrimony. But the misguided youth, although desperately in love, determined to give the turf a thorough trial, and Memphis, which was in the circuit, could not be passed without disarranging many cherished plans; so bidding the new found friends adieu, he became a guest at the magnificent brick mansion of the Colonel. The short space remaining in this volume, for which incidents crowd thick and fast, will not permit us to dwell at length on Talbot's stay in Memphis. The week's races of the Chickasaw Jockey Club in no way equalled his expectations, being of an inferior order, and, compared with those in New Orleans, hardly worthy of mention.

Bidding his host "Good-bye," Talbot, in company with several distinguished sports,

took with a feeling of relief the morning train for New York. He registered on arrival at the Sturtevant Hotel, ordered the best meal money could purchase, bought an Havana cigar, sat down in the parlor with feet braced against the railing, looked at the Coleman House nearly opposite, whence, only six months ago, he had expectantly taken his departure, and, with feelings too bitter for pen too paint, reflected. *There was food for reflection.* Jim Fisk reflected as he sat a pauper on the cold, gray stone steps of the Stock Exchange, having but a short time ago left, with buoyant hopes and seventy-five thousand dollars, the first-class firm of Jordan & Marsh, Boston, Mass.

Few intellects, it is said, can fairly grasp and digest as a whole the real significance of that little word "BILLION." Henry Bessemer asserts that a billion of seconds is equal to 31,768 years, 17 days, 22 hours, 45 minutes and 5 seconds; that a chain of a billion sovereigns, if laid in a straight line, would reach a fraction over 18,328,445 miles, would weigh (estimating one-fourth ounce to each sovereign) 6,975,447 tons, and would require to transport it 2,325 ships, each with a cargo of 3,000 tons, leaving a residue of 447 tons, representing 64,081,920 sovereigns; that a thin sheet of paper, similar to that on which these words are printed, represents a measure of one three hundred and thirty-third of an inch in thickness, and that a billion of these placed one above the other would top the Alps, the Andes, the highest peaks of the Himalayas, pass beyond the confines of our attenuated atmosphere, leap up into the blue ether, until, closely packed like the neat planed edges of a book, it reaches an altitude of 47,348 miles.

Reader, the *billion* is a fearful thing; few can appreciate it. Quadrillions and trillions are simply words incapable of adequately impressing themselves on the human intellect. But difficult as it is to fathom the significance of the word *billion*, it is a greater task to stamp upon the reasoning faculties of young men, just coming into possession of property, *the value of money.* Precept on precept, living examples of men ruined by heedlessness and extravagance, the prayers of loving friends, are without avail. Property accumulated by fathers, who perhaps beat and banged the seas at the peril of their lives, is cast to the four winds of heaven. Out of a hundred who, fresh from college or a pampered minority, enter into an uncontrolled possession of wealth, *one* perhaps, to the blank amazement of his elders, keeps the principal. When wrecked, an inferior position must be taken by the youth, and then true manhood, for the first time, asserts itself. Discovering the adoration of others was not for *him*, but his *pocket-book*, he rates himself at a true valne.

Advice, as given, falls heedlessly on the ear, and the writer thinks an All-seeing Providence intended it should do so. If the youth of to-day kept their all, the whole world would be peopled by slaves, and the middle ages would again appear. From the age of Augustus Cæsar to that of Charlemagne was like going down from the mouth to the bottom of the ancient gold mines —above, happiness, lightness and life; below, darkness, misery and death. These were the dark ages. The poverty of the people was inconceivable; pestilence and famine, terror and outrage reigned supreme. Living money was used instead of the precious metals; men and women were passed from hand to hand as a legal tender; the rich—God forbid it should occur again, and in this country—sold the right to bruise a measure of barley between two stones to the miserable poor. The price of a hawk was the same as that of a man, and to rob the nest of one was to forfeit life. Yes; God, through his beneficence, restores to the down-trodden and the poor that, which kept from them by the the same thrift marking the life of the parent, would make the world one great

landed estate, inhabited by serfs. *The law of compensation is the safeguard of the poor.*

Talbot reflected. He, an ignorant boy, had come to the city some eleven months ago, and, like the possessor of Aladdin's lamp, every wish was gratified. All ventures were successful, and he concluded, as did many friends, that "long head on young shoulders" was very apropos. *How astounding the change!* Two-thirds of his fortune, and all the suddenly acquired wealth, had vanished into thin air. THE RACE COURSE WAS NIGH HIS RUIN!

He took the Fall River Line for home, and one beautiful June day, when all Nature smiled, and the joyous birds from every tree sang the morning matin, Talbot entered the door of his ancestral home. We admire that characteristic courage which lifts from despondency the unfortunate on whom stern Fate has turned the cold shoulder, and gives mettle again to combat the world and commence life anew; but Fortune, if the truth be told, had dealt too harshly with one so young as Talbot, and, when a returned *prodigal*, he kissed those dear lips and saw that kind face which, through "weal and woe," has always been the same to him—the countenance of a loving mother—the young man burst into tears. A pair of loving, twining arms clasped him in warm embrace, and then came the words, "My last crust of bread will always be yours, Richmond!"—a sentence never forgotten. For one long and weary month, the victim tossed feverishly on a bed of pain. Through it all, beaming eyes looked into his, watching every motion, and at night willing hands brought cold water to the parched lips, and changed the sheets, dripping with profuse perspiration. Life hung in the balance, and the once robust form became a skeleton.

Dr. Briggs, the old family physician, conscientious in profession as in religion, brought the sufferer safely through. A change of climate was recommended during convalescence, and the young man repaired to North Dennis, Mass., a small village on Cape Cod. A better site was never selected for an invalid, and, at the house of Mr. Sylvan, situated between a large, fresh water pond and the sea, the unfortunate found delightful accommodations. A constant, cooling breeze, occasioned by the waters on either side, was always blowing, and the regular beat of the great waves upon the sandy beach, like a muffled drum, could be heard at night in the distance. Talbot's mother was born in this village. In a house, still standing, his father wooed and won her, and every dwelling contained a relative or a friend. The summer was one round of pleasure; health improved rapidly, wonted spirits returned, and Hope, the great healer of earthly woes, gave encouragement. New York papers informed the invalid of outside events; the Flax pond gave opportunities to stretch and strengthen muscles with the oar; the sea, with finny inhabitants, convenient times to test piscatorial skill, and the pine forests, in paths known only to the woodchopper, were the occasion of many a pleasant ride. Fresh water ponds, covered with fragrant lilies, plucked by children to carry home in joyous triumph, surrounded with a rim of green, with lofty trees in the background, and fowl skimming with lightning speed the level mirror, were occasionally found in these almost pathless forests, and would excite a morbid intellect to poetic frenzy.

> "Vale of bliss! What joy to wander
> Where the glittering waters flow!
> Here, e'en guilt in peace may ponder—
> Here despair forget his woe."

The cold and heartless city, with miles of shops and stores, offices of gold and law, horse cars and omnibuses, palatial dwellings, granite warehouses, opera, theatre, stone-flagged pavements, purity and crime, riches and poverty, has no charms for *me*. The flowing streams, the lowing herds, the surf, the cooling breezes, the bowery woods, the freedom from care, may these be *ours* always!

Mrs. Sylvan sat a splendid table, and, thanks to unlimited fish, meats, cakes, syrups, the richest of milk, Talbot's life was made a paradise, and a seventh heaven on the arrival of Miss J—— H—— from New York. This lady, with an elder sister, visited relatives opposite. Croquet in the morning, a drive in the afternoon, rendered beautiful by the poetic mystery of Indian tales, a row after supper, until shadows began to lengthen and creep slowly up the hill, and gathering dampness warned the careless within doors, and, finally, a rattling game of euchre at Capt. Laban's in the evening—these diversions bringing the youth and fair maiden constantly together, kindled indifference into friendship, and blazed friendship into love. On the hill, rising in lofty grandeur above Flax pond, nearly covering it with a dark shadow, was held a picnic. Richmond and Josephine were the only guests, and there, without words, the two discovered their love.

"He gave them but one tongue to say us nay,
And two eyes to grant."

Talbot proposed a few days after, and was accepted. The family, both in wealth and social standing, was all that could be desired. The father, a man of large business experience, living in a magnificent brown-stone mansion on Thirty-first street, New York City, opposite the Grand Hotel, was rated at half a million. Miss H—— was well brought up, finely educated, an excellent German scholar, and possessed rare good sense. The mother, by a course of training equal to military drill, had made her daughters perfect housekeepers. They superintended, in turn, the culinary department, the parlor floor, the second story, etc., etc., the whole house being apportioned off. Everything moved like clock-work, and, should there be a hitch anywhere, the fair offender, with blushing face, confessed the fault and bore the blame. Each daughter was a prize, competent to take entire charge, and to receive and entertain in the most approved manner. Parents should pursue a like course, and there would be few old maids in the matrimonial market!

Young men have more sense than is commonly supposed. Living dolls, dressed in silks and satins, sell their bodies for money in this fast age to the highest bidder. How, then, with only outside adornments, can a woman hope to secure a partner for life? If young ladies, while dressing in the height of fashion, would secure a good husband, let them show proficiency in household duties.

A novelist thus describes his lover's passion: "He would have taken the sunshine out of his own life to save the clouds from darkening down on hers; he would have left his day without a noon to prevent night from closing over hers."

Miss Chapman of Alabama, Miss Hepp, Miss Dement, with whom, during the former twelve months, Talbot supposed himself madly in love, were all forgotten, and he gave up his whole being to the electric thrill of love, which pulsated in every fibre of his body. Other passions degrade, but love always refines and ennobles; from Adam to the present day, it has polished the roughness of nature, and softened the severity of manners. The change, therefore, in Talbot was noticeable to all. Josephine was his constant concern; but the surroundings undoubtedly had much to do with this affection. In a crowded city, or a town of a few thousand inhabitants, Talbot would never have thought of Miss H——, or Miss H—— of Talbot. Their tastes, in reality, were entirely dissimilar.

Time and circumstance make many a match. The world in North Dennis was different from where the population was more dense. A different train of thought is always brought out and developed in country life than in city existence. The young lovers looked at each other "through a glass, darkly," and saw in the dense forests, the high hills, and the blue sea, fancied attributes, which elsewhere would

appear dross, and which the world would call superficial. Many, through the medium of a summer tour, have too late found themselves united to individuals so opposite in temperament that loathing and disgust, ended only by divorce or death, made life ever after a torment. When Talbot returned to his native town, and mingled with the lovely girls of Bristol—famous since the Revolution for their beauty—and Miss H——, in the great metropolis, met gentlemen whose tastes, appearance and manner were more in accordance with her own, the scales fell from the eyes of both, and an engagement, which could only have resulted in misery, was broken.

Talbot, recuperated in mind and body, and still believing the *race track* was where his future lay, visited New Orleans, Memphis, Lexington, Long Branch and Saratoga in 1873. He was also on the turf during 1874, and in January, 1875, sat in the back parlor of his mother's house — a beggar — *ruined, utterly ruined*, by a passion which only princes can gratify! His short season was over. The foolish youth had been nearly torn to pieces by jockeys, tailors, attorneys and liquor dealers. Flatterers smiled in his presence, and, when his back was turned, ridiculed his weaknesses, and planned new schemes to victimize him. His wealth had been shared among the ministers of folly. Lucky for him, the gripe of poverty was not placed too strongly upon his wretched body. His mother, having ample means, kept him above want; but his position was no longer an independent one—*he was a vassal.* The very crumbs ate, though generously bestowed by a loving parent, *were another's*, and he drank the cup of bitterness to the very dregs.

Talbot had formerly been a spectator; now, for the first time, *he* stood behind the scenes. He saw his utter impotence, meanness and wickedness. Instead of a foremost seat with the flattered, he must be content with an inferior position among the fawners. Then, indeed, he vainly prayed to see hypocrisy unmasked, vanity without her robes, and power deprived of her sceptre. He stood, unconsciously, on the edge of a precipice, and nothing but a mother's love saved the despairing youth from being plunged into the horrible vortex below. Many similarly situated take to drink, and try to drown their sorrows in the flowing bowl; some commit suicide; others, without ambition or hope, and with no higher aim than the gratification of those passions Nature has given them, live like fatted oxen in the stalls, and depart this world "unhonored and unsung."

Pythagoras once uttered the immortal words: "Power is never far from necessity." Born to labor, Talbot could not remain idle. Ambition pointed towards the summit, and, to attain it, there was a necessity of action. The sluggard is always a sluggard; the sow, a sow. A kind benefactor, as if by magic, appeared upon the scene. The gentleman was *William D. Hilton*, superintendent of the Providence and Worcester Railroad. Hilton was a self-made man, and, when a boy, sold candy in the depot of the railroad where he afterwards played so prominent a part. While in this lowly calling, his active brain was ever at work. Books were devoured with untiring avidity. Ambition, "the germ from which all growth of nobleness proceeds," urged him on. Laying the foundation of a thorough common-school education, he became grounded particularly in grammar—the basis of all knowledge, and without which vaulting ambition is a ship without a rudder. He possessed energy and patience in a wonderful degree, and, rising step by step, the superintendency was proffered and accepted. While filling the position with rare tact and ability, no man was more loved by those beneath him. Louis XIV. once said: "When I give away a place, I make a hundred discontented, and one ungrateful." This assertion was false, in respect to Talbot. The youth could never do too much for his benefactor,

and respected the dear friend through the sunshine and the shadow.

Talbot entered upon his duties with trepidation and mistrust. Boasting that no man had been his master, manhood was weakened by a feeling of dependence and humility. Ignorant of business, as conducted on a railroad, all was at first Latin and Greek; but, instructed by Frank Spencer, able, patient, industrious, and who held a most responsible position in the office, duties, at first arduous, became a pleasure. He remained with this road for one year, and will never forget Mr. Slater, president of the road, eminent as a financier, and a practical business man; Mr. Durfee, passenger agent, always affable and agreeable; Mr. Balch, treasurer, esteemed and trustworthy; William Leete, Al. Sweeting, and Adams, of the freight department. Mr. Hilton was a powerful speaker, an accomplished writer, and prominent among the Free Masons, and, following his advice, Talbot gave much study to composition and oratory. A debating society was formed at the Young Men's Christian Association, Bristol, R. I., in which the now promising young man, who returned home every night in the last train, took great interest. He can never forget the happy hours spent or the members of that society, of which Dr. Barnes, Dr. Pike, Attorney French, C. Coggeshall, John P. Reynolds, F. Pierce, F. Paul, F. Orme, M. Andrews, A. P. Nerone, Pitman, Bennett, Peck, Kimball, and many others who afterwards distinguished themselves, were shining lights. Ed. W. Brunsen, on the opening night in 1875, gave the organization a good send off by an able address, and it flourished for several years, conferring annually a public entertainment, with declamations, essays and music the principal features.

But it was in 1876 that Talbot, who after leaving the railroad had devoted all his time and attention to literature, first came before the public. Samuel J. Tilden, the Democratic nominee, was opposed to Rutherford B. Hayes, the successful candidate. The subject of our sketch was fired with enthusiasm; but politics was a new field to him. The Constitution of the United States, studied understandingly at the High School, had given him an insight into the machinery of government; but the primaries, where the wires were pulled and the real work done, were as Egyptian darkness, and when, one night in August, 1876, Talbot found himself seated at a political meeting in the Court House, the young man felt like a cat in a strange garret. It was in 1876 that the Democracy of Bristol showed real animation since the war. Such life-long Democrats, dyed in the wool, as Ed. W. Brunsen, Nathan Warren, John P. Reynolds, W. Manchester, C. Esterbrooks, F. Paul, W. H. Pitman—one of the old land-marks of Bristol, a Democrat of Jackson mould, who can interest auditors by the hour with tales of privateering and past events, told with a force and minuteness, manifesting great dramatic power and a retentive memory, and for whom Talbot always had the most profound respect, as for a man fixed in his opinions and not afraid to proclaim them —would get up an excitement, but owing to timid voters, who dared not show their colors, could scarce raise it above a shaving fire. But in this memorable campaign, business interests were forgotten, and there was a great upheaval in the town of Bristol. John Turner and Isaac Williams, seconded by their efficient "aid-de-camp," John Pierce—invaluable to the party, and none better acquainted than he with the machinery of politics and the shades of public opinion in his native town—and a few others, were the brains, head, centre, everything, of the Republican party in Bristol, while Ed. W. Brunsen, Wm. T. C. Wardwell, Nat. Warren, C. Baker and several others held the same relations to the "Unterrified."

As we glance back at the names of noble men who have represented the town in the Legislature, none can be found that compare—save, perhaps, Lawyer Blake—with the Hon.

John Turner. His ambition was great; his executive ability wonderful. Clients always felt safe in his hands, and, when a case was once taken, no stone was left unturned to secure a favorable verdict. Like all rising men, John Turner had enemies; but they were far outnumbered by loving friends, ready to stand by him in the darkness as in the sunlight. But for his untiring exertions, Gen. Burnside would undoubtedly have been defeated for the United States Senate. It was a misfortune that this man was cut off in the prime of life; he would have represented the Eastern District with honor in the halls of Congress.

Isaac Williams was not "to the manor born," but he came from New York, where, for "ways that are dark, and tricks that are vain, the heathen Chinee is peculiar." Educated in so thorough a school, he had worn the threads of politics threadbare. He found the people of Bristol—as Napoleon the European powers—novices; but, like that great general, so, in the course of time, educated his opponents by defeat, that they now meet him with equal front, and frequently score a victory. A man of unquestioned ability, a most fluent speaker, a friend of all classes—of whatever nationality, the rich and poor alike—and, governed by the two words, *common sense*, the foundation of all true greatness, Isaac Williams soon became a very popular man. He was elected as Senator to the State Legislature in 1870 and 1871, and could have held the position indefinitely if so inclined; but the cares of business as superintendent of the National Rubber Company forced him to decline a re-nomination, and it was only by reason of sincere friendship and regard for his esteemed friend, Hon. John Turner, that he consented to run in 1875, when, together with that gentleman and the Hon. Wm. T. C. Wardwell, he was again elected to office. A born politician, this man, with a lawyer's education and time to devote, could place his name upon the page of history.

Ed. W. Brunsen was then, as now, the leader of the Democracy. A man of large property, living in an elegant dwelling on Hope street, his social standing was second to none, and this, coupled with a natural love of fairness—no man could hate or detest a mean action more than he—prompted him to take a position his natural retiring disposition did not crave. Fluent in speech, able in argument, his position never untenable, he was always a dangerous antagonist in debate, and was so regarded by his opponents. Rhode Island, unfortunately, was Republican—hopelessly Republican—and while in such States as Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, naught else but Congressional honors would have been his portion, in "Little Rhody" a seat in the House of Representatives, which he apparently never desired, was not attainable. The nominations for Governor and all the first positions in the State, were again and again proffered, and repeatedly declined. At last, in 1876, the nomination for the Eastern District was thrust upon him, and, for the sake of party, he consented to run for Congress. Of course, defeat was certain; but in that memorable campaign, he gave the Democracy of Bristol a blaze of excitement through his magnetism, his executive ability, his ingenuity in organizing parades, torch-light processions and political gatherings, never before known in the old town. Scenting, like a hound, the least odor of a job, Brunsen was repeatedly on his feet in town meeting, and justly gained the sobriquet, "Watch-dog of the Treasury," so zealously did he guard the public purse. The love of fellow-townsmen was most strikingly manifested when, in a steamboat disaster, he was said to be missing. His loss to the town would have been irreparable.

Wm. T. C. Wardwell, the "Little Giant," so called by reason of unquestioned popularity and ability to poll an unequalled vote in Bristol, recognized among the Democracy as an acknowledged leader, yet undoubtedly, by inclination, preferring the counting-room to

legislative halls, had held every position in the gift of his townsmen. His counsel during the coalition of 1870 was considered by Lawyer Turner and Williams preferable to all. A man of large wealth, constantly increasing in spite of prodigal generosity, a prominent member of the church, living on a magnificent estate and in a princely mansion, from whose tower the view on all sides is unsurpassed, his future seems bright as the most flattered by Fortune's smiles.

Talbot always respected Ed. W. Brunsen and the Hon. Wm. T. C. Wardwell, and is obligated to them for many favors.

Nathan Warren was probably one of the most conspicuous Democrats that ever lived in Bristol, and he never swerved from the faith during the war, although it took rare courage to show his colors. In the Greeley campaign, like many of the "Unterrified," Mr. Warren could not brook the candidate, and when the *World*, after the nomination, changed its base, he—almost with tears in his eyes—expressed his sorrow that the old Democratic sheet, which had nailed its ensign to the mast, should at last support its bitterest foe. Never afraid to express his opinions, and possessing great originality and creative power, sentences from his lips have gone through Bristol like wildfire, and we have heard a celebrated lawyer — Gorman — quote him as he would Blackstone. Nathan Warren, descended from one of the oldest families in the State, is a landmark of his native town.

C. Baker was also a power in this party, and had been for years. Newspapers speak of the undercurrents of Wall street. If Cris. should open his lips in reference to certain political undercurrents of Bristol, iu which he played a conspicuous part, people would stare and hold their breath in blank amazement. He has been in the political ring, and, with a close election at hand, no one could canvass like Cris., or figure to a fraction the vote his party would poll. If C. Baker could talk on the stage with that same volubility manifested on the curbstone in presenting facts to a timid voter, he would be invaluable as a campaign orator.

Such were the acknowledged leaders and their assistants during the campaign of 1876. The Tilden and Hendricks Club being formed, a primary assembly was called to appoint delegates to choose electors in Providence on the ensuing day. After the meeting was formally opened, President Brunsen, yielding the chair, made a speech apropos to the occasion. He expressed the opinion that young men should not be kept in the background, and nominated James Coggeshall, Frederick Pierce and J. R. Talbot as delegates. The ticket was elected without opposition, so popular was this man. Mr. Coggeshall, as chairman, was then called out, as also Mr. Pierce, both acquitting themselves in a very creditable manner, and then the name of J. R. Talbot was shouted with stentorian lungs. Talbot has since declared a cannon ball passing through the building, leaving death and destruction, could not have alarmed him more. His face turned to ashy whiteness, his limbs trembled as he staggered forward, and, grasping the stand with the right hand, for five minutes did not know what passed about him. The eyes of the large audience seemed to unite and form an immense ball, which glared like a blazing sun. A whisper sounded like muttered thunder, a movement of the feet like an earthquake, and, wishing the ground to open, the miserable youth could have hid himself in a knot hole. All was confusion, when Brunsen—God bless the noble man—nodded encouragingly, and "order came out of chaos." The inspiration seized him, the thoughts flowed, and Talbot was making a speech. We do not profess to say that the silence of death rested on the crowded room; that faces became fixed and rigid, hands were clasped and eyes suffused with tears, as when spake John the Baptist, Paul and Peter, whose utter-

ances were the very flame breath of the Omnipresent, when it seemed as if the heavens were opened and heavenly joys were about to descend on trembling souls; that he spake as did Webster in his Plymouth address, of whom Prof. Ticknor writes: "Three or four times I thought my temples would burst with the gush of blood. When I came out I was afraid to come near to him. It seemed to me that he was like the burning mount, that might not be touched, and that burned with fire." We do not claim that his speech drove on in a fiery sleet of words and images—that he lashed himself into a foam—but we assert that he spoke well, and pleased his auditors.

The speech was undoubtedley, in the assembly, the leaping from heart to heart; the fiery life of the moment; the contagion of the audience; a wave of thought responsive to his own. This public effort, which was praised by those present, who declared "the power was there, only needing cultivation," prompted Talbot to study literature the more assiduously, and to train himself in the arts by which a public speaker can interest and hold an audience.

Making several other speeches during the campaign, Talbot visited New York in 1877, and, while stopping at the Grand Hotel, formed acquaintances, through whom he secured the lucrative position of writer for a weekly paper. But his eyes could not endure the strain; his brain became exhausted by mental effort, and, declining an invitation—attended with great risk—to visit Europe and write up the Russian campaign, he decided upon a Western trip as a relief from arduous labors.

After a three months' journey through New Jersey, Maryland, District of Columbia, Ohio, Indiana, stopping two weeks respectively in Philadelphia, Washington, Pittsburg, Columbus and Indianapolis, and four weeks in Cincinnati, meeting with adventures which would fill a volume—and will be published at no distant day—he arrived in Chicago during the month of September, 1877, where he visited his cousins, Otis Howes and Arthur Rice. This city was fast recovering from the terrible fire which, for the time being, had involved it in financial ruin. Magnificent blocks of stone had taken the place of flimsy wooden buildings, and, what appeared a curse, was in many respects a blessing. Here Talbot studied Blackstone and Plutarch most assiduously. Lectures were delivered daily to his fair cousin, Mrs. Arthur Rice, on the subject matter of these two books, and a fluency of speech and command of language acquired which, compared with previous efforts, was amazing. The ambitious young man felt a new-born power within him—a reaching forward to the unknown—a desire to be seen and heard of men.

Chapter Twelve.

TEMPERANCE.

——Si tempore longo,
Leniri poterit luctus, tu sperne morari,
Qui sapiet sibi tempus erit.
—GROTIUS.

'Tis long ere Time can mitigate your grief;
To Wisdom fly—she quickly brings relief.
—F. LEWIS.

ILLINOIS, during January, February and March of 1878, was fired by the great question of *temperance.* Dr. Reynolds, of red-ribbon fame, having been employed by the Woman's Christian Temperance Union of Chicago as an alarmist, organized clubs in all the districts of the great city. This noble man—who was thoroughly in earnest, and felt, in the inmost recesses of his heart, the workings of God—when one considers the tremendous obstacles

encountered, accomplished a wonderful work, and undoubtedly, to-day, many a poor inebriate rejoices that God sent this ministering servant to his succor. Talbot, after listening several times to the Doctor, became fired with a desire to advance the *temperance* cause, and, preparing three carefully written lectures, which he committed to memory, delivered them to Whitmarsh and Oldershaw, brokers on 'Change, and Johnson, a leading lawyer, in the parlors of the Tremont House. He received flattering letters, and one in particular, addressed to an aged and respected minister of Danville, Ill., from Whitmarsh—a grand-looking man, a type of what the West can do for the Caucasian race.

Talbot had decided to make his *debut* far away from Chicago as possible, knowing that before an impartial audience, without a friend present, the criticism would be on the merit of the effort, and he would find his level. A hearing was readily obtained in Danville. Rowell and Houstetlor, the greatest reformers ever known in Illinois, and never failing to "take a town," had just held a series of temperance lectures, and friends of the cause, properly recommended, had but to present themselves to be received with open arms. Wherever these talented men appeared, the town would shortly be in a blaze of excitement, and thousands induced to sign the pledge. Success was owing to the effectual manner in which the cause was presented. Rowell was argumentative, pleased the ministers, the lawyers, the thinking portion of the population, by an array of figures and facts overwhelming and startling, and was appropriately called "Stone on Stone." Houstetlor was a natural actor, and, like John B. Gough, there was no great depth in his efforts; but, by thrilling and heartrending stories of rum, could bring tears to the eyes of his auditors, and, by some side-splitting story, cause them to shake with laughter. Combined, these men were irresistible, as all classes were pleased; singly, their efforts were only marked by ordinary success. Murphy was said to be, for the first time, jealous, at the great meeting held in the Tabernacle, Decatur, Ill., during the fall of 1878, when Houstetlor, relating the saddest of experiences, caused the dryest eye to dampen.

Danville was in a fever heat, and thousands had become Murphyites—determined to wage fierce war on King Alcohol. The largest opera house was hired for Tuesday night, a choir of lady singers, having kindly volunteered their services, discoursed the sweetest of temperance hymns on the stage, and at eight, prompt, Talbot stood before an audience packing the building from pit to dome. The young man had studied Wendell Phillips and Beecher, and while following the style of both, had tried to form in his delivery a happy medium between the ceaseless gesture of the one and the statue-like appearance of the other, who frequently stands, like Webster, for minutes at a time, holding, as he did in the Tabernacle in Chicago, 1878, thousands on thousands by the intonation of his voice and the grandeur of his thoughts. It is said that Marshal Ney, "bravest of the brave," was always more or less nervous at the first cannon shot, and on that solemn moment was compelled to dismount from his horse, after which, he moved forward with impetuosity, like a lion, into the conflict. It is a promising sign when a public speaker feels some anxiety on rising to address an audience. How frequently have we seen a parrot of a fellow, with a thimbleful of brains, and little or no culture, talk with a ceaseless flow of words, as if his audience were so many cabbage plants. An assembly soon tires of such a specimen. To stand before an audience, with its thousand eyes, without table, chair or scrap of paper, fully aware that you must satisfy and please for an hour or more, requires more self-possession and courage than to face a battery. Talbot had determined to launch forth, trusting en-

tirely to self, without help of any kind, and, should he fail, to return to Chicago, and give his attention to other pursuits. *This speech will never be forgotten by the debutant.* He had prepared himself for its delivery like an athlete for the fray, eating nothing for supper save toast and a cup of tea, and even requesting the barber to quicken his ideas by a hard rubbing of the head. Stoughton, the most profound temperance advocate in the West, who digs at the root, and never lops off the branches, always drank coffee before speaking. "Tea," he told Talbot, "was exhilarating; but the effect was soon over, while coffee was active for several hours."

The debutant had carefully prepared the speech—the main parts had been repeated at least fifty times without missing a word—but when the young aspirant looked upon the "sea of upturned faces"—petrified in mind, paralyzed in powers, stage-struck with fright, and alarmed by the consciousness of human presence—he forgot the opening words of his address. Nothing, therefore, was left but to fall back on the old line of defense always adopted by public speakers who have lost the thread of their discourse—that of praising, in an indirect way, the audience. He claimed to be pleased with Danville, and the people in it; had conversed with many citizens on the street and in their respective stores, and on every side saw evidences of intelligence, culture and refinement. Then the first words were recalled, as if summoned by a magician's wand, and for three-quarters of an hour he held the audience. But, while making a comparison to elucidate more powerfully the horrors of rum, his eye fastened for a second on a little urchin in front, who, with open mouth and astonished expression, was drinking in the sense as a horse would water—pop! the thread of discourse was gone, and Talbot stood before his audience like the New Hampshire legislator, who, lost in his maiden speech, explained: "Mr. Speaker, it is pretty generally considered, I believe, to be pretty impossible for a man to communicate those ideas whereof he is not possessed of!"—and sat down, having made a proposition which Cicero could not dispute.

And here we must relate a well-worn anecdote of Tristam Burgess, born in the same State as Talbot, and of whom the subject of our sketch is truly proud. This great speaker was known as the "Bald-headed Eagle." On a certain occasion, while making a speech in Congress, he directed his terrible eye and pointed his long, bony finger towards his antagonist, and, in this menacing posture, made a long and impressive pause. "That stop was frightful," said a member to Mr. Burgess after the debate. "To no one so frightful as to me," exclaimed the orator, "for I could not think of anything to say."

The little boy had paralyzed Talbot. He had jumped into the midst of a story with both feet together, and did not know the way out. One resource was left. Grasping a tumbler in the left hand, a pitcher of water in the right, the bewildered youth slowly began pouring out the aqueous fluid, and then, as slowly, without the least inclination, began gulping it down. Two seats back from the stage sat an old lady, rich in experience and in years, who, by the merry twinkle of her eyes, clearly saw the dilemma of the speaker, and was inwardly chuckling at the "grand finale" which threatened the Chicago upstart, that "had dared to come clear way down here to enlighten us country people." Quick as a flash, Talbot remembered Talmage's story, in the Brooklyn Tabernacle, of the old lady, who, hearing three or four young men assert in prayer-meeting that they were on the Ship of Zion, sailing up the heavenly stream—soon they'd reach the heavenly gates; 'twas a two-hundred horse-power, steamed along faster than any other ship, and was bound for Paradise—arose with difficulty in her seat, and, with tremulous voice, said: "I'm seventy

years old, and for fifty years I've been on the road to Zion; but I've been traveling afoot, and I expect to be traveling afoot till I get there, and, it's my opinion, that if you people that are on board that steamship don't look out, you'll bust your boilers." Copying to the life the old lady in the second seat, Talbot related this story, "brought down the house," and his lecture, as well as his future, was saved. Speaking, without a break, three-quarters of an hour longer, he closed his speech amid applause, and several came forward and signed the pledge. The lecture, though not by any means powerful, as a first effort was a success. The audience departed, impressed with the belief that a young college student or lawyer was employing the temperance field to acquire facility of speech in the forum. The papers were favorable. One article, however, was sarcastically headed, "A Young Soul Struggling Toward the Light;" but, in the half column beneath, in no way abused the debutant. We insert it as a curiosity:

BLUE RUIN.

A Young Soul Struggling Toward the Light.

There was another vast audience at the Opera House last evening to hear Mr. J. R. Talbot, a rising young lawyer, whose interest in the temperance reform prompts him to go forth in its support.

Mr. Talbot said Dr. Collyer saw once a colonel in the trenches working as a private soldier, and it was a pleasure to see the best people of our city now working in the trenches. He held that it is time now to bring this subject into the municipal election; public sentiment must be steadily educated. It is the cry over the land: "Oh! that we had a temperance mayor or chief-of-police!" "I understand," said the speaker, "you intend to elect an anti-license ticket. I am satisfied from what I learn here that you can succeed, and thus prohibit the sale of liquor." At the age of twenty-one, he became the possessor of a fortune, and went to New Orleans, and gradually became a drinker by using milk punches before retiring, which grew rapidly on him, until delirium nearly overtook him, and, swearing off for a month, he decided to drink only light wines—a fatal mistake so often made by drinkers. The life history of many of his companions, whose life-torch was quenched in darkness by liquor, was detailed with vividness. He rejoiced that his fortune was all gone—that he was a poor man—for he could sympathize with struggling reformers; he had known what it was to have but a crust and no home-roof above him. It is a struggle to overcome the fierce appetite—to turn away from boon companions—but it is the only way of salvation; you must be firm awhile, and God will help all the time. The address was closed by an earnest appeal to all who have signed the pledge to remain faithful."

Another account from a leading daily may be of interest:

TEMPERANCE

In Vermilion Street Opera House.

The Opera House was again crowded last evening, which encourages the managers of the temperance movement, and who will undoubtedly continue bringing first-class lecturers to speak to the people. Mr. J. R. Talbot's lecture last night was an interesting one, and well received by the audience. He is of pleasing personal appearance, and a good talker.

Talbot was encouraged, and received a letter from the president of the organization, who, in a friendly manner, advised him "to descend to the level of his audience, and not to speak as a professor to college students"—advice ever after followed by the youthful aspirant. This maiden effort was certainly worthy of praise, when one considers the young man spoke to an impartial audience of immense size in a strange town, where, unknown, the only orator of the evening, unacquainted with the customs of the Western people, failure seemed certain. Dr. Storrs, of New York, with hardly a superior as an extemporaneous preacher, made almost a dead failure when, after installation, he delivered his first sermon in Brooklyn. Everybody knows that Disraeli and Sheridan failed in their first speeches. Erskine, who ranks with the first orators of any age, would have abandoned

the effort to address juries if children, jerking and pulling his gown, had not urged him on. Gough, it is said, with all his great experience, is troubled with stage fright.

Talbot next lectured in Champagne, where, dedicating a hall, admission was charged to defray the expenses of chairs and tables. He made in this town the first real impression on a strange audience, was interrupted frequently with applause, and gave perfect satisfaction. The president of the organization gave him a most complimentary letter, and advised the happy youth to visit Decatur, and offer his services at the head-quarters of the State Christian Temperance Union of Illinois.

Decatur contains a population of some fourteen thousand inhabitants, and is situated in Central Illinois, on the Sangamon river, at the crossing of the main line of the Wabash and the Illinois Central Railroads. In its precincts are several manufactories of importance, known throughout the United States by their labor-saving products. It is the centre of a farming country, and does a large business in all the necessities of life. The streets are thronged on Saturdays by the landed element, and long rows of carriages occupy the "Old Square." *Decatur is a live town*, and, a course of action once decided upon, there is no halting, and the work is good as done. Magnificent churches, with all conveniences modern art can furnish, an opera house, handsome marts of trade, beautiful residences, the best of school facilities, all advertise the thrift and push of the inhabitants. Priest's Hotel, northwest corner of the "Old Square," was Talbot's objective point on arriving in the city, and he soon found himself perfectly at home beneath its hospitable and far-famed roof. Frank Priest, the proprietor, mayor of the city and president of the State Christian Temperance Union, was a remarkable man, possessed of an untiring energy truly amazing, manifesting in old age a tenacity, acuteness and executive ability which put those of younger years to the shame. Nothing but the tremendous will power of the man, an untiring courage which no obstacle could alarm, no impediment oppose, sustained him. His acute common sense informed him, when but a youth old enough to reason, that industry, hard knocks and fatiguing labor could alone enable a poor boy to rise in the world, and that money always commanded respect and insured social position. He worked with a will, and, always watching opportunity, soon accumulated, by shrewd investments, considerable capital. This was embarked in a distillery, and Priest was rated a man of wealth. An old Jacksonian Democrat of the most pronounced type, he was elected several times mayor of the city, and, although handicapped by an inferior school education—like the President so much loved—he manifested rare common sense in the chair, and never failed to give satisfaction. This lack of schooling was the cause of much sorrow, and, although this defect was overcome to a great extent by private study, he believed, as did friends, that the walls of Congress, with a thorough law education, could hardly have contained him.

Talbot always found Frank Priest true as steel, pure as gold doubly refined, and longs to take the old man by the hand and speak of bygone days. Mr. Priest had some difficulty with the revenue officers, and, if our information is correct, the distillery, together with whiskey valued at many thousands of dollars, was seized by the United States Government. Much of his property was, fortunately, in the hands of two sons, and he was not a pauper, holding through them large landed estates. Truly this man suffered reverses which would make the most sanguine quail! His shrewdness was always manifesting itself. He obtained from the city a right to build a horse-car railroad from his hotel, through the main streets, to the depot, with lease of

over fifty years. This was laid with his own hands, assisted by debtors, and, costing less probably than any road in the country, is worth a handsome income to its cute originator. Gas was made in the hotel, and the shrewd common sense of the mau everywhere showed itself. His conversion to the temperance cause was most sincere. Knowing the close of the bar would be a great detriment in a business point of view, and attended with frightful loss of patronage from the drummers, who will have their "nip" occasionally, this true man, with fixed resolve and determined front, moved proudly on, awakening such respect and admiration that he was elected by temperance voters mayor of the city. *Nobly was the trust filled.* Surrounded by jealousy and ignorance, which always manifests itself when a new faction, unaccustomed to power, obtains the control—like a huge ship, which, in a calm, moves and dips in the heavy swell; but, as the wind, ever increasing in force, extends the sails, sweeps majestically onward—so this reformed man turned a deaf ear to the babel of voices around, and, unswerving in purpose, held grandly on his way, filling the position with rare dignity and ability. But the crowning work of his life, which buried in the shade that stigma—the sale and manufacture of liquor, darkening in a temperance view, the lustre of his reputation—and which elevated him to the highest niche in the respect of his fellow-men, was the noble manner in which this man, together with M. Murphy, a wealthy land-holder, put shoulder to the wheel, and, at great risk, erected the commodious Tabernacle, which is an honor and an ornament to Decatur. The foundation of this building was built largely of bricks taken from the distillery, and were called, in a witty speech by the son of a well-known judge—Nelson—"*temperance bricks.*" This building will always remain a monument to Priest's generosity and public spirit. Its size and location yearly brings to the town large gatherings, giving business an impulse, and, at the same time, improving and educating the people by bringing them in contact with residents of other cities.

Rowell and Houstetlor, who stood in the same relation to the temperance cause as Moody and Sankey to religion, had worked up Decatur in a most thorough manner, and their names were in everybody's mouth. A Reform Club of two hundred members or more, all converted drunkards, was organized, and to hear these "old soakers" relate their experiences was interesting in the extreme, and would cause many an eye to dim with tears. Lawyers, real estate owners, business men—once of high position and moral standing, all ruined by the accursed demon, RUM—could be found among the number. From this noble band many lecturers started forth, and it was the boast of John W. Brayton, the talented secretary of the "S. C. T. Union," that he was not dependent on foreign talent, but could supply speakers at a moment's notice. Talbot can recall at least a dozen of these determined men; but there is not space to name them here. He cannot forget, however, Capt. Bingham, who, with heart big as a mountain, toiled, at great personal pecuniary loss, in the cause.

Saturday night was appointed for Talbot's *debut*, and fifteen minutes allotted him, when, should the address prove satisfactory, proper credentials would be presented, and the candidate clothed with powers and rights the Union alone could bestow.

Archbishop Whately doubts, in his Rhetoric, "whether a first-rate man can be a first-rate orator." The author believes that a man of giant intellect, who *studies his audience*, can be an orator. Gough, and other speakers, have reiterated again and again that *this* is the secret of their success. An audience requires to be *amused* rather than instructed. An assembly is a mob, and, to fire it, the expression and the reasoning must be clear to the dullest

as to the quickest intellect; then, all having one ear and one mind, the magnetism is felt, and the electricity flows. The audiences of to-day are only awoke above lethargy by that which is understood with little or no trouble. There must be no affectation in the speaker; *he must be natural.* Partridge, in Fielding's "Tom Jones," gives Garrick, in *Hamlet*, the greatest compliment that celebrated actor ever received: "*He* the best player? Why, I could act as well as he myself! I am sure, if I had seen a ghost, I should have looked in the same manner, and done just as he did. The King for my money. He speaks all his words distinctly, half as loud again as the others; anybody may see *he* is an actor."

Talbot had to pass through a trying ordeal. Brayton, the secretary of the organization, was a teacher of elocution, and a good judge of human nature, who gave few credentials, and those only to the most deserving. To carry a letter with his signature affixed was accounted a great honor. The people were accustomed to hear the ablest temperance lecturers the country could produce, and Talbot could see by the manner of the fastidious secretary, and the decorum of the vast intelligent audience, that no average address was expected. At half-past seven, standing room was secured with difficulty, and after prayer, offered in a most impressive manner by Rev. Mr. Wright, and some fine singing, led by D. L. Bunn, Esq., who, a temperance man from boyhood up, possessed more religion than any lawyer Talbot ever met, the debutant was introduced. A deathly silence fell on the assemblage. Curiosity was excited; a low hum, like that of bees, passed through the audience—then all was still. The young man had already made two speeches in Illinois to large audiences, and, although anxious, was not pale with the energy of despair, but filled with hope. To disarm a suspicion of affectation, which is the stumbling block of many aspirants to public favor, Talbot had decided to follow the tactics of Mark Antony, who opened his speech over the dead body of Cæsar by asserting, "I am no orator as Brutus is." Assuming, therefore, to be "no orator," the debutant, in choice, premeditated language, spoke of the town, alluded to the mayor and secretary, related in touching language his own bitter experience, addressed the Reform Club, gave an earnest appeal for signers, and closed with a peroration of seven verses, invoking heaven. The audience applauded energetically, and the secretary smiled approvingly when Talbot sat down. Others followed. The union was brought to a close by a temperance hymn, sang to the grand old tune, "Nearer, my God, to Thee;" there was a great shaking of hands, and all declared the meeting a success.

Talbot slept that night the sleep of the just, and having read on the following morning the most satisfactory notices of his effort in the Decatur *Republican* and *Sun*, considered the question settled. The height of his ambition was reached; the result aimed at, through long hours of study and much burning of the midnight oil, at last attained; an impartial audience, a discriminating press, recognized in him a public speaker. Credentials were presented on April 15th, 1878, by Mr. Brayton in a most affable manner, and Talbot was enrolled on the staff of the State Christian Temperance Union of Illinois. He still retains the precious document; for it recalls joyous, happy, progressive events in his life's history, never to be forgotten.

Priest's Hotel was a resort of the temperance element of the city, and there Talbot made many acquaintances—from old men, who, rich in experience, sat and talked by the hour, thus giving an insight into human nature not otherwise acquired, to the youth just entering on manhood, full of hopes, too soon, perhaps, to be blighted. There the successful candidate became acquainted with Mr. Houstetlor (Brother Jake), the great re-

former alluded to, and Mr. Stoughton, the profound thinker, who gave two temperance lectures never equalled in Decatur, and made Mr. Gorin, the treasurer of the organization, and a man of large wealth, glow with joys never before known, and awakened Talbot, as he placed on paper the burning thoughts of the orator, to a knowledge of his own ignorance, and enlightened his mind to the startling fact that the battle-ground of the temperance party was the halls of Congress; that as long as the central government of our country countenanced the traffic, so long it will exist. Stoughton's style of oratory was striking. He rarely indulged in witticisms; his intellectual faculties were too much developed to countenance sham oratory. He had no inclination or wish to "exalt mole-hills into mountains, or kill humming-birds with Paixhans."

Talbot will never forget the remarks made by a gentleman, as, with brain bursting because of the great thoughts of the evening, he wended his way to the hotel. Said the stranger: "I have always been an unbeliever; but this man has convinced me. He has lodged thoughts I shall carry to the grave; the longer the speech, the more impressive the argument."

Logan, for the defendant, was as forcibly affected by the dazzling and powerful oratory of Sheridan in the impeachment trial of Warren Hastings. When this great orator had spoke an hour, Logan whispered to a gentleman close by: "All this is declamatory assertion, without proof." Two hours passed, and he murmured: "This is a most wonderful oration." At the end of three hours, he acknowledged "Mr. Hastings has acted very unjustifiably." When the fourth hour had been marked by the dial of the clock, he ejaculated: "Mr. Hastings is a most atrocious criminal!"—and, just before the close of the magnificent peroration, he most solemnly asserted: "Of all monsters of iniquity, the most enormous is Warren Hastings!"

Mr. Stoughton made many as great conversions while working in the cause of temperance, and his name is known throughout the Western and Middle States as a giant in the cause he so warmly espoused. We mention this truly wonderful man because his lectures were the turning-point in Talbot's career as a public speaker, and influenced him to rely on facts, instead of anecdotes and bare assertions, which may interest, but never convince. *It is far better to leave a hall, conscious of having acted the logician, than the fool.*

Charles Holt, with whom Talbot was associated for some time, was a reformer of reputation in Decatur. His wife inherited considerable property, and, had Charles been provident, he might to-day possess a comfortable home and ample means; but the love of rum—an unsatiable longing for stimulants in every form—took away manhood for the time being, and he plunged into excesses, which caused personal property and real estate, save one-half acre, with a small house thereon, to become another's. There were many grand, noble traits about Charley, and Holt was regarded by all that heard him as a force in the temperance field. His experience was touching, and his power of delineation so striking, that "the boys," as he delighted to call them, were easily influenced and induced to sign the pledge. While relating the horrors of rum, his face turned to a fiery red, and one could see in him, without bringing imagination into play, what the demon DRINK could accomplish. Talbot traveled with this determined man through the surrounding country, even far as Gilman, doing good work, as this article from the *Star* will show:

MURPHY MEETINGS.

On Tuesday evening Charles Holt, of Decatur, and J. R. Talbot, lectured in the M. E. Church to the Gilman Blue-Ribbon Club. They gave such satisfaction as to secure

their services for three nights. Mr. Talbot is a gentleman with more than ordinary ability, and quite eloquent in the temperance cause. We listened to his addresses with pleasure, as they were filled with startling facts, clothed in elegant language, and delivered trippingly on the tongue. His stories of the horrors of rum were from experience and observation. He pictured the want, woe and desolation that follows in the wake of rum in such glowing colors as to make a deep impression on the hearts of his hearers. He is a very talented young man, and, with a little more experience, he will become one of the most eloquent men in the temperance work. Charles Holt is a worker, and he goes at it with a rush. He enthuses everybody about him. His experience is a sad one, but shows that, no matter how hard a man drinks, he can reform and do good. He formed a Woman's Christian Temperance Union, an account of which will be found elsewhere. They expect to return and organize a Reform Club on Tuesday.

We must relate an anecdote of Mr. Holt. It spread through Illinois at the time, and ministers have laughed over its richness. Talbot and Holt were employed by the Tuscola Temperance Union to lecture at the Opera House. The building was packed from pit to dome with intellect, beauty and fashion. Talbot made an opening speech, and, after a short intermission, Charley was introduced. Speaking for over an hour in an entertaining manner, employing tragedy and comedy in an equal degree, he finally brought down the house by a sally never equalled, even by Gough, in the annals of temperance. Said Holt: "I have been speaking of the power of rum on the human family. Let me call your attention briefly to its effect on the brute creation. Col. Rowell relates the following anecdote: While standing near a liquor saloon with a friend, it was suggested to try the effect of alcohol on an insignificant cur with a stub tail. Col. Rowell grabbed the dog by its collar, his friend by the above-named appendage, and bodily lifted the animal into the saloon. An ounce of spirit was poured with difficulty down the throat of the brute, which was then let loose. It stood stock still for half a minute—then sped like a flash of lightning through the open door. On rushing out to further study the effect of the alcohol, what do you think they saw? A faint blue smoke rising towards high heaven, and the dog rushing madly across the street! *The alcohol had burnt its tail off.*" An old lady, listening with eyes wide open and mouth agape, here made a most hideous grimace, dropping her gold-mounted spectacles on the floor, and the audience, not seeing much of a *point*, the story fell flat, and poor Holt lost the thread of his discourse. Not wishing to make a failure, and knowing something must be said, he added: "*And if you don't look out, it will have the same effect on you!*" The consequence of this sally beggared description. Such a shriek went up as was never known before or since in Tuscola. The young men laughed, clapped their hands and stamped, until it seemed the house would fall. Fair maidens hid faces in handkerchiefs; church members and old maids, looking indignant, arose to go, but seeing the three ministers applauding with might and main, who, knowing the comparison was unintentional, were determined to save the meeting if possible, sat down again. Holt spoke a few minutes longer, and then retired, having made a deep and lasting impression on the people of Tuscola.

Talbot and this gentleman stopped, during one of their trips, at Mattoon, and were the guests of Mr. Heath, the Methodist minister. The Saturday lectures were not well attended, but Sunday evening a grand rally was made in Heath's church, which was crowded—with barely standing room—by an intelligent audience. It is not our wish to call the reader's attention to speakers or auditory, but to the minister and his family. Talbot never thinks or alludes to these people without emotion; they made a deeper impression on his mind

than it is possible to imagine. Travel over the United States—East, West, North, South—and such nobility of soul, such intellect, such purity, such meekness, as embodied in this family, is unknown. Mr. Heath was a self-made man, and over sixty years of age. If law, instead of the ministry, had been his profession, the Senate of the United States would in all probability have been honored with his presence. He had a countenance formed as if on purpose for the most declared manifestation of power. His faculties, whether of heart or mind, were finely proportioned and admirably adjusted. He was a grand-looking man—such an eye, and with an air aristocratic withal! The forehead showed great cultivation and a splendid intellect. Possessing command of language in a remarkable degree, this man was never at a loss for words. His sermons were delivered with few headings, but the language surpassed the best efforts of the most accomplished writers. Heath found no difficulty in obtaining a church, the best always contending to secure his services. Turning in the midst of a sermon to an elderly member, and indirectly propounding a question, he thus frequently heightened the effect of the discourse. His life was martyrdom; he suffered from acute physical pains, which compelled him to lie on the lounge for hours in agony. Talbot saw this lovable man conduct a prayer-meeting a few months after in Champaign. No wonder the people liked him! It was the most interesting service the young man ever attended. Mr. Heath seemed entirely oblivious of self; there was no semblance of parade. He was a child of God—talking, mingling, conversing with the children of the Great Master. Such simplicity, such pathos, such affection! How his voice would change from the faintest whisper to a trumpet peal, like a shock of artillery upon the nervous system of the listener!

"He taught us how to live, and—oh! too high
The price of knowledge—taught us how to die."

Mr. Heath thought Talbot egotistical, and possessed with what out West is called the "big head," and, calling him into the library, severely criticised his lecture. The young man ever after respected him—instantly saw the defects, and tried to correct them. If competent judges, however distasteful, would thus direct and advise the youthful aspirants evincing promise, the world would be benefited, and many mannerisms now blemishing pulpit and stage corrected.

Mrs. Heath, a rare woman, and appreciated, was plainly proud of her husband, and lived for him, her family, and her God.

Talbot saw two daughters, and both were gifted. The younger, shortly after, married a promising young man of Mattoon. A brunette, with a remarkably intelligent face, she was fascinating in the extreme. Her eyes being weakened by incessant study, she was compelled to desist; but not before her accomplishments were noticeable to the most casual observer. A linguist, scholar, writer and musician, she had attained in early life what few possess in maturer years. Her advice to Talbot, her common-sense remarks, her ennobling traits, displayed during the Sunday afternoon of his visit, so elevated the impression of this family already formed, that we would describe more fully her beautiful eyes, black hair, and cast of features, but desist, not wishing to be personal.

There is no circuit of action which furnishes such rare opportunities to study human nature, and make lasting, valuable acquaintances, as the temperance field. While Holt and Talbot were on the road, visiting Mattoon, Tuscola, Monticello, Lovington, Bement, Newman, Atwood, Hammond, Arthur, Cerro Gordo, Long Creek, Prairie Hall, La Place, etc., they were entertained most of the time in private residences, and conversed with the wives, the daughters, the sons, of ministers, tradesmen and farmers. Talbot thus saw Illinois just as it was, and believes, to-day, few understand its

inner life (and the family circles of New York, which he afterwards stumped for the Prohibition party) better than he. The great care exercised by the Illinois Christian Temperance Union in giving credentials, is worthy, therefore, of all praise, and we know not of a single instance where one of its staff of speakers brought disgrace upon the organization. Talbot always believed, like "Dave" Frost, that, without the inward consciousness of Christ's love, it is impossible to succeed as a temperance reformer. Temptations are constantly springing up, which suggest to the unbeliever impure thoughts, and he soon disgraces the cause espoused. Left alone for hours by confiding husbands and fathers with beautiful wives and charming daughters, the serpent is always on the watch to work his ruin.

Women are aroused to action against the hydra RUM in a greater degree than men. *They are the real sufferers.* While the husband, with boon companions, wine and song, makes the hours glide swiftly by, his wife sits disconsolate at home, waiting for his return, and, when the clang of the gate is heard in the distance, the feeling of love is poisoned with fear. Perhaps no fire warms the room, no carpet covers the floor, maybe the cold wind rushes in through the broken window—and she could almost strangle him who pours out the accursed drug to her support, her main stay in life! Women idolize temperance reformers. Nothing is too good for the advocate. The spare chamber, the spring mattress, the most comfortable chair, the best table, all the market affords, is given without a thought of inconvenience. Beautiful, refined, cultured women will sing for hours, play backgammon, do anything in reason, to make the honored guest's visit agreeable.

Talbot, while conversing one evening after a lecture with a mayor and a famous lawyer, was carried off bodily, as it were, by the wives of these distinguished men—magnificent women—who clung to his arm with an affection which, to impure men, would appear sensual, but, to students of human nature, ennobling. They cared naught for Talbot or his physical attributes; it was the cause, so zealously advocated, that set their brains on fire, and influenced them to appear, as said a timid sister, "forward." Noble women have felt the young lecturer's pulse, parted his hair, touched his forehead—so anxious to know his physical health—and without a thought of immorality. The temperance reformer, with proper credentials, is the most privileged of men, and woe be it if he prostitutes his calling! The papers show no mercy; the sin is fully exposed; his name is made public; he finds no place to rest a guilty head.

The succeeding notices, with others, relative to Talbot and Holt's first trip, appeared in the Decatur *Sun*, the leading temperance organ of Central Illinois:

FROM MONTICELLO.

The following explains itself:

MONTICELLO, May 21, 1878.

Bro. Kimball:

We had a glorious meeting here last night. The Court House was filled to overflowing. Messrs. Talbot and Holt are a team, and are accomplishing much good. Talbot has a wonderful power, and is improving fast, while Holt is a thorough worker. To-night we have another meeting, and are anticipating a good time. This afternoon I am invited to organize a Woman's Christian Temperance Union. Will keep you posted.

Fraternally,

BRAYTON.

BLUE-RIBBON WORK.

Messrs. Charles J. Holt and J. R. Talbot put in seven days of solid temperance work. They were at Cerro Gordo two nights, at Long Creek two nights, at Prairie Hall one night, and LaPlace two nights. The speakers at each place aroused the people to the importance of putting down the hydra-headed monster Alcohol, and succeeded in gaining many new recruits to the grand army of Murphyites. Mr. Talbot, as our people well know, is a polished, ready speaker, and takes well wherever he has appeared. His efforts in

the country are producing much good for the cause. Mr. Holt "knows how it is himself," and his experience, before and after, wins the topers to lives of sobriety and usefulness. It is a well-matched team. We understand Mr. Holt and Mr. Talbot will continue their work in the country.

While bed and board are willingly provided, there is, unfortunately, a belief that services should be "free gratis." If the reformer asks for money, his motive is privately questioned; he is considered mercenary, and his facilities for doing good affected. Talbot has seen lecturers absolutely in want of change, too sensitive to ask, fearing their motives might be misconstrued. In audiences of a thousand, where, each auditor giving two pennies, a handsome contribution of twenty dollars might be secured, a beggarly sum is too frequently contributed by over one hundred thousand pounds of humanity. How apropos the words, "O, God! that bread should be so dear, and flesh and blood so cheap!"—and this after listening to eloquence which caused tears to start from every eye, and grandest thoughts to flow. This cannot be called meanness; no one begrudges a penny or two. It is carelessness, or sheer stupidity! If people knew how far every mill went in defraying necessary expenses of perhaps a wife or child at home, they would never attend temperance gatherings without money. Talbot always said to his audience, at the close of an address where a donation was promised: "I am in need of money. If, judging by this discourse, you think me worthy to go on in saving poor suffering humanity, let your response be liberal; if unworthy, let the contribution show your disapprobation." This was very effective, and it is recommended to reformers *called of God* to spread the good work. But if money is your motive power, have nothing to do with temperance—you *will not*, you *cannot*, succeed. Without the love of Christ, "you are but a tinkling bell and a sounding cymbal." Your success will be small; you will speak frequently to empty benches; your motive will be discovered; you will disgrace the cause.

Before Talbot adopted the above plan to "raise the wind," he was accustomed to call, in the morning following his evening lecture, on the leading men of the town, with a paper headed: "We, the undersigned, contribute the sums affixed to our names, to assist Mr. Talbot in the grand work of saving poor, fallen humanity." Much money was raised in this way; but it was so revolting to his nature, prostituting a noble cause to dollars and cents, that it was discontinued. The replies given on such occasions were sometimes humiliating in the extreme. "Young man," said one of the wealthiest men of Hornellsville, N. Y., "I do not care for the money; but you have, judging by that paper, enough already. If, my young friend, you obtain more, you will put for New York, and have a grand old "blow out." This man would scent secession in the Constitution of the United States, and hear the old rebel yell in the ten commandments.

Talbot received, while in Decatur, a weekly letter from his mother, and was startled to learn that an enemy had written to Bristol, reflecting on his character. This was a terrible blow to the young man, who was clearly trying to forget the past, and laboring to build up a future. Friends interested in Talbot, and anxious for his success, wrote to Mrs. Flanders in terms of the highest praise, and advised her sending him to the St. Louis Law School. The letters speak for themselves. One, from J. J. H. Young, Sr., expresses volumes. The composer, an official for many years, was a Western man of the most pronounced type. *What he said, he meant, and he never swallowed his words.* The author is confident the reader will be most liberal in his criticism, on reflecting that these communications were dashed off on the impulse of the moment, and not intended for the public eye. More knowledge can be obtained from these

letters relative to Talbot and his standing in Decatur than from all the newspaper articles —many in number—we could furnish.

DECATUR, ILL., Sept. 5th, 1878.

Mistress Sarah Flanders.

MADAM: After introducing myself to you, I will proceed to talk to you a few moments about your son, *Josiah R. Talbert*, who I have the good fortune to be tolerably well acquainted with.

I have been acquainted with your son Josiah about three months, and that, too, very favorably. I have watched him very close ever since he first struck this city. He being a total stranger, and this town being the great railroad centre of Illinois, where almost everybody that comes this way tarries, and where almost every conceivable cast or character of men congregate or sojourn, it was natural for me, an old citizen of this place, to notice the make-up of a young man of the peculiar cast of J. R. Talbert, your son.

I will say to you, madam, that your son is a young man of rare qualities; he is a man of great promise in the near future. It gives me great pleasure to testify regarding your son; for he has proved himself a gentleman since he has been among us. He has delivered some exceedingly good speeches since he has been with us, and is highly prized by every good citizen that knows him in this and adjourning counties. I am a man of a family, fifty-two years of age, and have lived in this city twenty-two years; have a very promising son just one year younger than your son, and they are well acquainted. Josiah Talbert can tell you who I am, if you will take the trouble to write to him. I have no interest in writing to you further than to say to you that I have recently heard that one Nathaniel Monroe had written to some one in Bristol that Josiah was, or was not, so and so. Let me assure you, dear madam, that anything that you may hear from Nat. *Monroe* is unworthy the notice of any decent and respectable lady or gentleman. Mr. Talbert does not associate or exchange words with him; hence his jealousy or meanness—for it is nothing but pure cussedness on Monroe's part.

Mrs. Flanders, perhaps I had best tell you who this man Monroe is. He is a mere myth or drone in society—a dead-beat, a roustabout, and living off, or spunging off, of Mr. *Priest*; a kind of a fiftieth-rate clerk of the hotel, with a living wife and child unprovided for. This is about what Monroe is in a few words. He is not worthy the notice of any respectable person, as I stated before. I hope you will not let anything that you may hear from this fellow Monroe, or any one else, derogatory to your son's character, influence you; for there are thousands of ladies and gentlemen in this and other counties who will testify with me as to what I have or will state to you. Your boy, Mrs. *Flanders*, at this time, is in great need of some law books. He is studying law, and will soon be admitted to the bar in this State. The great drawback to him now is funds necessary to get legal books. About five hundred dollars, I think, would equip him well for a new beginner, though there are several lawyers in this city whose libraries are worth from five to seven thousand dollars each; but he can add to his selection, as other men or students have had to do. Mr. Talbert does not know that I write this letter to you; but he knows that I am his friend. You may let him know, when you see proper, that I did write to you about him. It is a voluntary act on my part, unsolicited. Mr. *Allen* will write you a letter in a day or two, so also will Mayor Priest, of this city, with whom your son boards. Priest will testify to the worth of Mr. *Talbert*.

Having said what I think is right on this occasion, I will close by saying that I hope what little I have said in behalf of your son will be appreciated.

Truly yours,

J. J. H. YOUNG, SR.

MACON COUNTY PROHIBITION CENTRAL COMMITTEE.

Dr. J. S. KING, Decatur.
ALONZO PIERCE, Mt. Zion.
B. F. HIGHT, Macon.
W. H. HARTMAN, Maiod.

The Chairman of each Township and Voting District Committee is an Advisory Member of the Central Committee.

OFFICE OF

J. STEBBINS KING, M. D.,

Chairman Macon Co. Prohibition Central Committee.

DECATUR, ILL., August 20, 1878.

Mrs. Sarah Flanders:

Your son, J. Richmond Talbot, informs me that a party here has written to Bristol about him, saying that he was making a fool of himself, etc., here. I am sorry to learn that any one could so far misrepresent facts.

Your son is doing good and noble work here in the temperance cause; he is making friends wherever he goes. I send him out on all possible occasions, and this I would not do (as I

have plenty of local talent at my command) were it not that I have confidence in him as an earnest, devoted and thoroughly competent advocate of our cause. On last Thursday, I sent him out into the northeast portion of the county on a trip that occupied four days, and during which time he made four speeches at three places. The most favorable accounts come to me from my sub-committeemen there as to your son as a speaker and a man. You may well be proud of him. If you at any time desire any further information, I will gladly give all in my power.

Yours, to command,

J. STEBBINS KING.

OFFICE OF
JOSEPH H. ALLEN,
Grain, Shipping and Commission Merchant,
21 WATER STREET.

DECATUR, ILL., Sept. 5, 1878.

Mrs. Sarah Flanders, Bristol, R. I.

MY DEAR MADAM: I have been informed by your son, J. Richmond Talbot, Esq., that certain evil disposed persons in Decatur have seen fit to write certain letters to residents of your city, which, to say the least, were not very complimentary to him. I desire to say to you, in all candor, that I have known your son for the past five months, and have been very much gratified and pleased at his conduct and bearing. For four months of the time spoken of, I boarded at the same hotel, and was in daily communication with him, and had ample opportunity to judge of his habits. I found them to be very correct, and of the most moral character. I am confident that the boy is in earnest, and as his ambition seems to be a lawyer, I have no doubt, if he was properly encouraged, he would do his friends a great deal of credit.

I have been led to write you purely from a spirit of fairness, and for the reason that I do not like to see any young man, who is trying to do right, handicapped to the extent that I have understood certain persons have endeavored to overload him.

Please pardon the liberty I have taken.

I am, Madam, yours, with respect,

JOS. H. ALLEN.

DECATUR, ILL., Sept. 9, 1878.

Mrs. Sarah Flanders, Bristol, R. I.

DEAR MADAM: Not without some considerable thought do I take the liberty to address you. I trust, however, that you will be able to see and understand the only object I could possibly have in thus penning these lines to you.

Mrs. Flanders, I am a friend of your son, J. R. Talbot. Although I have known him but a little more than two months, yet have I learned to esteem him as a true and noble man. There is not a man, woman or child in Decatur that can truly say aught against his character. I have tested him, and have found him as true as steel, and as pure as gold; and had I not the greatest confidence in him as a man of his word, as a man of honor, I would not—I could not—write to you, his mother, as I am writing and about to write. I believe him to be a man of rare genius, and, with a chance, would make himself felt and honored by his fellow-men. He is, I am sure, anxious to make a true, noble and useful man of himself, and will surely do all, and even more than he hopes to do, if only started properly.

Mrs. Flanders, your son has spoken to me concerning the past. I have seen him weep as I have asked him of his mother. He has told me, while shame covered his cheek, of the many times he has deceived and wronged his mother. That he truly loves and honors his mother, I have no doubt, and, did I not believe that the *past* was *dead*, and that he is alive and a *new man*, I would sooner lose my good right arm than to write this letter to you. I *know* what *fast living* is, and—please pardon me—I believe I know what it now is to be a man.

Richmond is ambitious, and, in his ambition to do something for himself, may make a great mistake, which will cost him much time and money. He is anxious to make the law his profession, and in the law—*the practice* of it—one must have the foundation laid deep, broad and strong, and then, with his genius, with his powers of elocution and gift of diction, must, and surely will, make as fine and as able a lawyer as any in the East or West. He is, to-day, acknowledged to be the finest and most powerful public speaker in Central Illinois. I have listened to his words, and felt their burning influence on my own heart, and can truly say that, as an orator, he has but few equals, and no superiors. It would be almost foolishness to think of his being admitted to the bar this fall. *Should he succeed* in being admitted this fall, he could not for the next two years make money enough to pay his office rent. A *lawyer*, in order to secure clients, must have something to recommend him. Then, why not send him to a law school, and there let him prepare himself, so that he

may stand at the head of the profession as a lawyer, as he now stands as a public speaker. Not one year has he spent in the study of elocution, and yet you would be proud to hear him speak, and would say: "Time and money well spent." Two years would enable him to practice law in any court in this country. He tells me that he will get through on six hundred dollars, and he can do it on that amount, if he has a mind so to do. His tuition will be fifty dollars per year—seven months. Books are free, and the only expense will be tuition, board, etc.

Mrs. Flanders, I believe the only best thing to do is to send him to the law school at St. Louis. If these were to be my last words to a mother—a mother sustaining the relations you do to my friend, J. R. Talbot—I should say, not only promise to help him, but *urge him to go*, and in no distant future you will see him a man of whom any mother might well be proud.

Trusting that you will pardon me for thus putting myself before your notice,

I am, my dear Madam,

Very truly yours,

JEROME GILMAN.

OFFICE OF
JEAN F. WEBB,
Attorney-at-Law and Solicitor in Chancery,
21 WATER STREET.

DECATUR, ILL., Sept. 13, 1878.

Mrs. Sarah Flanders.

RESPECTED MADAM: I have become somewhat interested in the welfare and success of your son, Mr. Talbot, and have advised him to spend at least one term of seven months in a law school before commencing practice. A law school is the only place where a student can become thoroughly versed in the general principles that underlie the theory of the law, and, without this knowledge at the start, the young attorney meets with many difficulties. The details of practice can be best learned in an office, and I have no doubt but what Mr. Talbot is perfectly familiar with these, as he is evidently a close student; but I am satisfied it would be of immense benefit to him to attend the law school. I say this because I speak from experience, having both studied in an office and attended a law school myself, and having noticed the difference in the success of other young lawyers. There are so many good lawyers in the practice, that it will not do for any one to make mistakes, and a short time spent in the thorough drill of a law school, like the one in St. Louis or Harvard, will give a finish and polish to the knowledge acquired by reading in an office. I suggest St. Louis or Harvard in preference to others, as I consider them the best in the United States. They are both conducted on the same system, and combine the good qualities of all the others. They have both the lecture and the recitation plan of study, and combine the two most thoroughly. The cost, however, will be much less in St. Louis.

I trust you will pardon me for the liberty of addressing you, and earnestly hope that you will join your persuasion to mine, and induce him to follow my advice. Write him and urge him to go.

Very respectfully yours,

JEAN F. WEBB.

Talbot made a speech, severely criticising the candidates for sheriff as opposed to the temperance nominee, and the Decatur *Review* opened fire with a most scurrilous article, which the young man answered through the Decatur *Sun* as follows:

WHAT TALBOT SAYS.

Editor Sun:

I read in to-day's *Review* an article, which I would have thrown into the waste basket without further notice, if it were not for the fact that it might mislead people.

I shall make no effort to descend to the level of the editor of the *Review*. My experience has always taught me that he who wallows in the slum of doggerel English, contaminates himself much more than the man he would traduce.

I came to Decatur as a gentleman, and have tried to deport myself as such. If I have not done so, my friends must be the judge. When, September 3, 1877, an outcast in the city of Chicago, without a friend in the wide world, I formed the grand resolve to bury the past and be a man once more, I determined to wear these words of a famous poet as a breastplate against temptation: "There is nothing which men so admire in others as character. To forfeit character is to become a pauper throughout eternity. Character is the one thing which God has considered worthy of consigning to a magnificent immortality." If I have fallen short of the resolution formed, my friends must be judge. I seek my level; I demand it. If the opinion formed by the editor of the *Review* is correct, I shall occupy the position

where he would place me—a nonentity like himself; if not, I shall rise by contrast the higher. Nothing but the utter insignificance of the man saved him from being cowhided through the streets of Decatur.

Expecting, as I do, to shortly leave your beautiful city, I shall remember with pleasure the many happy hours spent, and the many pleasant acquaintances made.

J. R. TALBOT.

DECATUR, October 8, 1878.

Mrs. Flanders, believing her son, by reason of weak eyes, unequal to the task of a protracted course of study at the St. Louis Law School, Talbot decided to deliver prohibition lectures in all the leading towns and cities of Illinois, and, on taking his departure, received from J. H. Brayton the following letter, signed by J. R. Gorin, treasurer, and D. S. Bunn, president of the executive board. F. J. Priest, president of the State Christian Temperance Union, anxious to affix his signature, was unexpectedly called away before the letter was completed.

J. R. GORIN, Treasurer. F. J. PRIEST, President. JNO. H. BRAYTON, Corresponding Sec'y.

HEAD-QUARTERS

STATE CHRISTIAN TEMPERANCE UNION.

DECATUR, ILL., October 17, 1877.

J. R. Talbot, Esq.:

As you are about to leave Decatur, I cannot but take this opportunity of expressing my esteem and appreciation of your ability as a temperance advocate. You have been almost constantly with us for the past six months, and I have had the best opportunities of judging of your qualifications as a public speaker, and I must say you have the qualities that no one but a natural orator can possess. As you are about to enter the lecture field, I feel no hesitancy in saying that those who listen to you will not be disappointed; for your lectures are both instructive and pleasing.

Permit me to say, in conclusion, that I appreciate your most gentlemanly deportment while among us. You have many sterling qualities, and I sincerely hope you may be appreciated wherever you go.

Accept this as all I have to offer.

Yours, with esteem,

JNO. H. BRAYTON,
Sec'y State C. T. U.
J. R. GORIN,
Treas. State C. T. U.
D. S. BUNN,
Pres't, and Member of Ex. Board, Decatur Alliance.

Talbot left Decatur on the 17th of October, 1878, and, lecturing as far as Paris, then struck north to Chicago, stopping at many places on the way. Again deciding to visit Decatur, he took passage on the Illinois Central, and, speaking in Kankakee, Chebause, Gilman, Buckley—Mr. Johnson's courteous hospitality will never be forgotten—Champaign, Tolono, arrived in Tuscola on the 25th of November, 1878, where a cordial reception was extended, a comfortable room placed at his disposal, and Tuesday night appointed for the lecture.

Talbot had been overworked. He was building up a reputation valued more than gold, and had aimed to give perfect satisfaction. The brain had been taxed by intense study, anxiety to please, the excitement attendant in addressing large audiences, and occasion was only wanting to cause the intellect to act upon the carcass, as a sharp sword upon its scabbard. Lord Byron, Gen. Nathaniel Greene—of the Revolution—and Dr. Dorsey, were destroyed by inflammation of the brain. This organ, larger in man than in other animals, generally weighs from two and a half to three and three-quarters pounds. Lord Byron's brain, without its membranes, weighed six pounds. One of the most acute and profound investigators into the faculties of the mind remarks: "He who thinks with great intenseness and profundity will not continue to do so for many successive years." Sir Isaac Newton, the celebrated mathematician and astronomer, several years before death could not understand his own works. Dean Swift, probably the most original man that ever lived, was, for some years before

called to the Maker, a driveller and confirmed idiot. The minds of these two remarkable individuals had become exhausted and worn out by continuous and overstrained excitement. The writer can recall a young man, who, manifesting rare talent in the great temperance revival at Pittsburg, is now in an insane asylum from similar causes.

The subject of our sketch was sitting, on the morning of the 26th, in the parlor of his boarding-house, considering the main points of the evening's discourse, when a heavy knock sounded at the door. Three men responded to a pleasant "Come in," and one, reading a search warrant, stating seventeen dollars had been stolen from a lady at whose house Talbot stopped at Tolono, proceeded to examine his person and baggage. Nothing was found of a suspicious nature; but the shock was terrible! Talbot had never had a detective's hand upon his shoulder, and, although calm, his sensitive nature yielded slowly, but surely, to the strain. A telegram from Tolono, stating the money had been found in the wood-shed, the sympathy of friends, the minister's explanation to the large audience at the Opera House, the frequent applause of the assemblage, the favorable criticism of the press, could in no way avert the calamity.

The train was boarded on the following morning with a peculiar buzzing in the ears and a hearing of distant voices, portentous of harm. Having perfected arrangements to speak Thursday and Friday evenings in Arcola, our lecturer passed a sleepless night. Hardly able to gulp down a cup of tea at breakfast, his jaws, to all purposes, glued together, and knowing some calamity was impending, the young man, with faltering steps, approached the telegraph office. The operator looked suspicious as Talbot vainly endeavored for over an hour to indite a message, and the poor fellow, fearing arrest, thrust the unintelligible writing into a pocket, and hurried away. This paper was afterwards discovered, being a complexity of sentences of enormous length, with the joints of a boa-constrictor, written in a manner not to be understood, and, at a glance, proving the mind of the miserable wretch had gone back to chaos.

A genius, unusually excellent and appropriate, cannot give a fully sufficient delineation of mania. The impotence of language never so impressed us as now, when anxious to describe the extraordinary looks, thoughts, actions and speech of this unfortunate. Language can no more portray "the full force and joint result of all," than the alphabet a poem. Objects had all changed their relative positions.

Talbot saw the world as it was not. Voices shouted from clouds, trees and sky, thoughts sped on like lightning express trains, and mole-hills became mountains. Detectives, to his excited imagination, were watching every movement; and, jumping on a starting train, the frightened victim to hallucinations hoped thus to escape dread pursuers. The conductor saw the condition of his passenger as the sufferer bought a ticket for Champaign, then Tuscola, afterwards Gilman, and finally Tolono; but, as the poor fellow appeared harmless, did not molest him. Travelers stared with blank amazement, as every jolt of the cars acted upon the nervous system of Talbot, and smiths, with red-hot pincers, detaching huge gaubs of flesh from the human body, could not have awakened a shadow of the reality. Fiends, ranging through all the notes in the scale, from the lowest audible whisper to an unearthly shriek, kept up a constant din as the fast-moving train sped on its way, and, when the conductor firmly, but kindly, took the young man's arm and saw him safely on the platform at Tolono, the brain was in such a whirl, ideas, images, everything, were so heaped, piled up together in one labyrinthial, overwhelming mass, that how the unfortunate found his way to the

house of her who so falsely accused him remains a mystery to this day.

The visitor was kindly received, and treated with that consideration repentance alone can bestow. Talbot was awoke at one o'clock in the morning, after a refreshing sleep, by the clanging of bells. "How kind," he murmured. "These cars undoubtedly hold thousands, who, hearing of my calamity, have chartered trains to show their regard!"—so high an opinion does mania create of one's importance. But no sound of footsteps awoke the echoes, and, disappointed, the poor thing turns, when suddenly a horrid din, long continued, pierced his ears. It is the shriek of a locomotive; but it sounded to his sleepless brain like the crack of doom. The sufferer shrieks aloud; the watcher in the next room hears the wild, the pitiful cry, and Dr. Logan is summoned. Talbot liked Dr. Logan, who, attending both lectures Saturday and Sunday evenings, had shown his approbation by accompanying the speaker home.

With eyes injected, haggard, shining, rendered wild by the light, ears red, and a restless motion of the limbs, the miserable wretch whispers, with bated breath, into the doctor's ears, the most infamous of proposals, asserting it alone would save him. "Yes," whispers the crafty physician; "all right, as you say, but first take this," handing a colorless liquid in a small glass tumbler. "Take this—I am going out a second into the next room—it will make you better." Unsuspicious, the maniac swallows the opiate; the muscles relax, the eyes close, the head sinks upon the pillow—the unfortunate sleeps. Dr. Logan was a skillful practitioner, and, but for this narcotic, the physicians all agree, Talbot would have been in fifteen minutes raving and incurable. He looks to-day upon Drs. Logan, Darrah and King as his saviors, and, but for their care, behind iron bars, tearing the flesh and gnashing the teeth, he would pass the long, long years away until Death—a welcome friend—came, like a kind angel, to bear the tired spirit home.

Letters will speak in stronger terms than our feeble pen can indite, the ensuing events up to his arrival in Bristol, December, 1878, after stopping a few days in Decatur, Chicago and Albany, the home of his brother-in-law, Robert Nelson.

OFFICE OF

A. T. DARRAH, M. D.

Office, in Louk's Block. Residence, on First Avenue.

TOLONO, CHAMPAIGN CO., ILL., NOV. 29, 1878.

Mrs. Sarah Flanders, Bristol, R. I.:

Your son, J. R. Talbot, is here, suffering from mental derangement. He lectured here on Saturday and Sunday evenings, November 23d and 24th, on the subject of temperance. His lectures were very fine. On Monday morning he left here for Tuscola, Douglas county, Ill., fourteen miles south of here. Soon after leaving here, the lady that he was stopping with missed some money—seventeen dollars—and very hastily decided that Mr. Talbot had taken it. An officer was sent after him; he was arrested and searched for the missing money. This was on the eve of his lecturing to a very large audience. After the arrest and search, a telegram was received, stating that the money had been found. This blow was too great for him. He was building up a very fine reputation here as a lecturer. His disease is mental; he is suffering from excitement and hallucinations, which are fearful. He arrived here yesterday. This morning he is better—more calm and quiet. He imagines that you are dead; and that enemies are determined to ruin him. He has but little means, and this is a source of annoyance to him. I think that you had better send him money to go home on. Rest and recreation, I think, will restore him. We are doing all we can for him. He must hear from you soon.

Respectfully,

A. T. DARRAH.

DECATUR, ILL., December 3, 1878.

Mrs. Sarah Flanders:

Yesterday, in response to a telegram from Dr. Darrah, I visited your son, J. Richmond Talbot, at Tolono. Found him in a sad condition, mentally; but, fortunately, of a character that, with rest and proper treatment, can be effectually cured. It is of the utmost

importance that he should have rest at home; hence my reasons for telegraphing you to have Mr. Nelson come on at once. His condition was much better when I left him than it has been. My visit seemed to have done him good. He was very desirous of coming home with me; but, on consultation with Drs. Darrah and Johnson, we deemed it better for him to remain where he was, as we feared the excitement that would follow his seeing and conversing with his old friends here. At first he would not hear to my leaving him; but, when I told him of the danger of a change, he became perfectly reconciled, and even saw that it was for the best. I should have liked much to have had him here, if it would have been the means of improving his condition.

Knowing that you will be interested in a history of the case as far as I can give it, I will briefly write.

Some six weeks ago, your son left here to deliver temperance lectures through the State. After he left, I heard nothing from him, except through the press of some of the towns he visited, all of which spoke in high terms of him as a man and lecturer, as well they might. I was pleased to learn that he was doing so well. Judge, then, of my surprise and sorrow, when on Friday night, November 29th, I received the following dispach:

TOLONO, ILL., November 29th.

Mr. J. R. Talbot is at my house, mentally deranged. Come.

A. T. DARRAH, M. D.

I, being away from home, did not receive this until it was too late for the train that night. Saturday I had a case I could not leave, but wrote Dr. Darrah that I would be with him as soon as possible. In answer, I received a letter from him Saturday night, telling me that your son insisted that I must come at once, and saying that he "could get nothing satisfactory from his mother." I thought, perchance, he did not have your address; hence I telegraphed you—also telegraphed the doctor that I would be down on the first train Monday, there being no Sunday trains. On Sunday, I received another telegram, of which the following is a copy:

TOLONO, December 1st, 1878.

Don't fail to come to-morrow. It is very important that you should come.

A. T. DARRAH, M. D.

On Monday morning, I received your dispatch, which I answered from here and Tolono. I left on the first train Monday, and returned this morning. During all this time, I was much perplexed as to the cause of your son's trouble. Our Monday morning papers threw some light upon the subject. Enclosed find the account, which I clipped out for you. On reading this, and with my knowledge of your son's sensitive condition, I at once concluded that the arrest was the cause of all his troubles, which I found to be too true when I reached Tolono. The citizens of that place are very indignant, and would not have permitted the officers to have departed on their cruel errand had they known of it. Dr. Darrah took your son to his own house as soon as he found out his condition, and since then has devoted his whole time to him.

Your son met me at the depot yesterday, in company with Dr. Darrah. He was delighted to see me, and, for about five minutes, I could not realize that it was not the same J. Richmond; but soon some of his delusions became apparent. One is that a pin he used to wear is worth some three or four hundred thousand dollars, and that men are after him, determined to murder him. He was so fully convinced of this that, the other day, he attempted to destroy it by throwing it on the fire; but the doctor took it out. Another delusion is that he has always been crazy from the effects of a fall he received when three years old, and that the shock of being arrested has completely restored him to reason, and that to-day he is "all right." Other delusions hold him in their power; but his condition is much better than it was a few days ago, and, as I said at the opening of this letter, his case is one that, with proper treatment, can be soon cured—in my opinion, at least. So be of good cheer, and trust in God, who doeth all things for the best—although it is hard, very hard, for us poor mortals to understand sometimes why He afflicts us!

Please write me at length when your son reaches home, that I may know his condition.

Respectfully,

J. STEBBINS KING.

DECATUR, ILL., Saturday, Dec. 7, 1878.

Mrs. Sarah Flanders:

Thursday morning, at ten o'clock, I received the following telegram:

CHICAGO, ILL., Dec. 4, 1878.

Will arrive in Tolono Thursday afternoon. Please meet me.

R. M. NELSON.

—in response to which, I immediately started, reached Tolono at 1 P. M., where, soon after, I met your son-in-law. We found your son greatly improved; indeed, his mind is now fast approaching a normal state. We tried to have him start direct home; but he was determined to come to Decatur, and said that his "whole future life, and thousands of dollars, depended on seeing Decatur again." We found that it would be useless for Mr. Nelson to attempt to take him East without first complying with his whim. We arrived here Friday morning at four o'clock. They expected to start East last evening; but, about three o'clock yesterday afternoon, your son was taken violently sick, and suffered intensely until into the night with a bowel trouble. He was relieved to that extent that he was able to walk up to my house this morning, and, as we found that did him good, he feeling much better, we deemed it safe for him to start for Chicago. He and Mr. Nelson left here at 11.45 A. M., and will remain in Chicago until Sunday night or Monday morning, when they will start for home. If your son does not meet with anything to excite him unduly, I think he will be fully recovered, mentally, against he reaches home. Hope so.

He must have rest; must not think of lecturing any this winter. His mental organization is such that it would be best for him to give up all idea of following in the course he seems to have laid out for himself, viz.: the lecture field. Try to convince him of this; talk with him—and have his friends talk with him—in such a way that he may be brought to see that he must choose some other avocation. He, at times, has insisted that you must come West to live, and on Monday, when I first went to Tolono, he would not at first consent to have Mr. Nelson come; said you must come and stay with him until he got well, and that then you would buy property out here, and stay with him all the time. Now, you must not allow him to convince you against your will in this matter. I tell him you could never adapt yourself to Western life and ways —you could not be contented—and he would still, in all probability, afterwards want to go further West. I advise him to marry some good, sensible girl, settle down to some light business at Bristol, and there be contented and happy. It will be the best thing for him.

I hope he will arrive home safe and well. He has been very wild here, according to Dr. Darrah's account, and, even now, about five days of that time seems to be a blank to him. He can tell a straight story up to the time he reached Tolono; but then comes five days he cannot account for, and, when he attempts to give an account of himself, he invariably skips those days as though they had never existed. He will tell of his arrival at Tolono, and then connect with that, as though it was the next thing that happened, events occurring five days afterward. Dr. Darrah was compelled to give up everything and devote himself entirely to him during this time, as he could not get any one to take care of him.

I told Mr. Nelson to be sure and write me an account of his trip immediately on his arrival at home. I sent my bill by him; can send it to me by P. O. order or draft. Kindest regards to your son on his arrival.

J. STEBBINS KING.

OFFICE OF

A. T. DARRAH, M. D.

Office, in Louk's Block. Residence, on First Avenue.

TOLONO, CHAMPAIGN CO., ILL., Dec. 9, 1878.

Mrs. Sarah Flanders, Bristol, R. I.:

In sending to you my bill for taking care of J. R. Talbot, I thought it important to say that it was necessary for me to give up my business entirely, and give my whole attention to your son. This was no small task. I did the very best for him that I possibly could, and am glad to know that he is improving. I sincerely hope that he may fully recover. I do think that he should never again enter the lecture field.

It seems to me that the best thing for him to do will be to enter into some kind of business where his mind will be engaged, but where there is no kind of excitement. Give my respects to Mr. Talbot, and say that I shall not soon forget him.

Hoping to hear that he has fully recovered, and that he is enjoying a happy and useful life, and with kind regards to yourself, I have the honor of subscribing myself,

Yours, truly,

A. T. DARRAH.

A notice appeared in the Watseka *Times*, edited by Mayor Peters, a self-made man, for whom, with wife, Talbot has great respect and esteem. Mrs. Peters is a woman of rare talent, and, under the *nom de plume* "Aliqua," has written poetry of which a "Poet Laureate"

might well be proud. We print the article, believing it will throw fresh light on this painful subject:

CIRCUMSTANCES IN ERROR.

A very sad and heartrending incident occurred a few days ago in Tolono, that may leave an estimable man bereft of his reasoning powers: Mr. J. R. Talbot, a temperance lecturer, who lectured here recently, and will be remembered by many of our city readers as a speaker of rare powers, possessing a strong magnetic influence, and as a gentleman out and out.

* * * * * * * *

Mr. Talbot lectured at Tolono, stopping at a private house, and, during his stay at the place, the lady of the house missed a pocket-book containing seventeen dollars. Circumstances pointed very plainly to Mr. Talbot as being a thief and the possessor of the money. He went to Tuscola, and, when there, was arrested by a policeman, in company with whom he had stopped in Tolono. While Mr. Talbot was in custody in Tuscola—awaiting a train, probably—a telegram was received from the landlady, saying that the pocket-book had been found in the coal-house, where she had dropped it. Apologies were then made, but of no avail. We quote from the Tolono *Herald* for further information:

"Mr. Talbot returned to town a sad wreck of his former self. The charge of stealing, though he was so soon exonerated from it, was too much for his sensitive nature, and appears to have shaken his reason. He summoned Drs. Logan and Darrah to examine his mental condition, and they and Dr. Johnson, after consultation, prescribed for him. He is now in a pitiable condition, haunted with vague hallucinations and apprehensions of harm, but is as gentle and submissive as a child. A telegram was sent to his mother, advising her of his condition."

Later advices from Tolono say that Mr. Talbot has gone to Rhode Island to his mother, in company with his brother-in-law of Decatur. A card from a friend in Tolono, where this occurred, says:

"J. R. Talbot was no better when he left Tolono, and I believe that no hopes are entertained of his recovery. Dr. J. S. King, of Decatur, as well as our physicians, agree that his mental faculties are completely dethroned, leaving him helpless as a child."

Chapter Thirteen.

TEMPERANCE—CONTINUED.

Quisque suos patimur manes.
—VIRG.

Each has his lot, and bears the fate he drew.
—JOHNSON.

TALBOT was again at home. The arms of a loving mother, after an absence of nearly two years, held him in kind embrace, and the dear woman, anxious to please, willing to assist, did all within her power to encourage his sinking hopes. Neighbors called, and, by presence and advice, relieved the monotony of convalescence.

Many desiring to hear their fellow-townsman, Talbot delivered in Town Hall, December 31st, 1878, his lecture known throughout the West, and afterwards New York, as "Our Nation's Peril, and the Remedy." When one considers the difficulty of drawing inspiration from a critical audience of fellow-townsmen, this address, delivered without notes or headings of any kind, is worthy of praise. L. B. Colt, Esq., a speaker of power and ability, now Judge Colt, was the first to shake the young speaker by the hand, and his beaming smile and words of approbation went far to encourage the aspirant to forensic honors, who is now under many obligations to this talented man for books lent and advice given. L. Bishop, self-made, eloquent and conscientious, presided at this meeting, and Talbot was pleased to see among his audience, Ed. W. Brunsen, Hon. W. T. C. Wardwell, Ed. S. Babbitt—a leading member of St. Michael's Church, and Talbot's Sunday-school teacher in early youth—Charles A. Greene—the able editor of the *Phœnix*—William H. Spooner, Major Goff—a

strong temperance man, and not afraid to express his opinions—Capt. Collins—a retired sea captain of wealth—Martin Bennett and wife, Seth Paul—sound, and of strong common sense, whose advice, frequently given in 1875, made Talbot a wiser man—Mrs. Gardner, John Henry Wardwell, James Miller, Rev. Jas. P. Laue, C. Baker, Father Rogers, Miss Isabella Wardwell, Miss Julia Holmes, Frederick Gladding, Bennett Munroe, Dr. Barnes—an eminent practitioner, a gentleman and a scholar, for whom Senator Burnside had the highest esteem — Lyman Bosworth, deputy sheriff, popular, efficient and trustworthy; John P. Reynolds, William Skinner, and others. The following notice from the Providence *Journal* shows the effort was appreciated:

"The lecture by our young townsman, Mr. J. Richmond Talbot, was a rich treat to those who attended. The speaker discussed the question of prohibition from a national standpoint, showed by statistics what had already been accomplished by the National Prohibition party, and predicted great success in the coming future. The lecture was listened to with marked attention, and occupied about fifty minutes in its delivery. Mr. L. A. Bishop presided at the meeting."

Believing his brain nearly recovered from the severe strain, all but dooming it to darkness and despair, Talbot decided to stump the Empire State for the Prohibition party. This was an eventful trip. The young man had two objects in view—first, advancement of the temperance cause; second, to determine his standing as a speaker through the criticism of the wealthiest and most intelligent of the Eastern States. Money was no object.

Prominent lecturers are paid, according to the American Literary Bureau, as follows: Beecher, $300 to $600; Gough, $250; Eli Perkins, $100; Tilton, $150; Bret Harte, $125; Scott-Siddons, $150; Bayard Taylor, $125; Wendell Phillips, $200. Reductions are made in small towns. These are valued as to capacity to fill the hall. Beecher is worth three hundred dollars, because he will draw that amount, and so on through the list.

Considering himself a novice in the lecture field, Talbot wished to discover his level before making overtures to bureaus, and having been forced by prominent physicians, Dr. Agnew among the number, to abandon the rostrum, owing to over-fullness of blood on the brain, and having nothing to lose, the reader may feel confident his opinions, purchased by experience, will be impartial, and display, we believe, common sense. The young man had decided to lecture on the New York Central as far as Buffalo, returning by way of the New York, Lake Erie and Western Railroad, a length of eight hundred and sixty-two miles, and, when we consider he made several divergences, acted as his own agent, traveled three times over the route to Buffalo, thus adding eight hundred and eighty miles to the distance, and spoke to strange audiences in all the largest cities, and was, through his mother, in comfortable circumstances, the endurance of the man and his love for the cause are truly amazing.

Gen. O'Brien, of Rochester, a friend of Talbot, and who saw in his mind's eye the full star of prohibition in the West, only to be led on as by a chimera—a delusive phantom of Hope—until, in old age, after expending enormous sums, Egyptian darkness had settled down, and who journeyed over Illinois and the West, speaking with the face of an angel, and with thoughts pure as crystal, endeavoring to educate people to fight the fiend at the polls—*this noble man and Talbot, both in services rendered and in honorable motives, deserve a crown and the approbation of true men.*

Want of space will compel a brief mention of the tour. The first lectures were delivered to appreciative audiences in *Tarrytown, Sing Sing, Peekskill, Cold Spring;* but it was at *Poughkeepsie* the first special triumph was won. The temperance society of this place had been organized for nearly twenty years.

Every member was a critic, and the Court House was always crowded. Lawyer Farrington, an able practitioner, a born temperance man, with great reputation for depth of thought on this subject, was present at Talbot's lecture on the 16th of April, and at the close, recognizing the young man as a brother worker, cordially took him by the hand. An aged man, bent double almost with years, tremblingly stroked the speaker's palm, and whispered: "For fifteen years I have attended these meetings. During that time I have heard three very superior lectures, and yours is one of them." The following notice appeared in the morning paper, greatly encouraging Talbot in the work so bravely undertaken:

POKEEPSIE TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.

At the last meeting of this society, held on Sunday afternoon, the 16th inst., a very interesting address was given by Mr. J. R. Talbot, of Chicago. He is a young man of good mind and excellent delivery, and his speech, of nearly an hour in length, was listened to by a full house with the closest attention. It was eloquent and impressive, and there were those present who will hereafter have clearer and better views of the temperance question, and of their duty in the premises. Mr. Talbot is intending to address meetings all along the route from here to Chicago, and we bespeak for him a careful and attentive hearing wherever he may go.

Speaking at *Rhinebeck*, *Hudson*—Mr. Ferguson, an able Methodist minister, lived at this place — *Catskill*, *Castleton*, *Albany* — which gave this most flattering notice in the Albany *Evening Journal*, one of the oldest and most discriminating political papers in the State, that has made and unmade many a prominent member of the Legislature:

"We listened to Mr. Talbot's address with pleasure, as it was filled with startling facts, clothed in elegant language, his subject matter, intonation and propriety of gesture being such as to claim the audience. The lecture field is his mission, and, if he should again visit Albany, we bespeak for him a large and appreciative audience."

—Talbot arrived at *Troy*, where he addressed an immense assemblage of Murphyites. He was told by the president the people believed in moral suasion—would not listen to prohibition ten minutes—and, although the young enthusiast's spirits were thus dampened, he spoke over an hour, was interrupted a score of times by applause, and departed with an inward consciousness of power.

Amsterdam, the home of Mr. Bronson, whose name has appeared on the State Prohibition ticket, was now in order. Mr. Bronson was the most delightful man Talbot ever met, with a face manifesting in every line the nobility of soul that existed within. Living in princely style, with loving wife, the happy father of an affectionate daughter, and boiling over with ardent love for the erring, his whole life outside of business hours appeared to be consumed — without any recompense but that which comes from above—in advancing God's kingdom and the temperance cause, his soul always at a white heat to succor the perishing. Talbot saw this gentleman in June, 1881, at Poughkeepsie, and had just time to press this good man's hand, when the train snatched him away. The following notice appeared in the Amsterdam *Recorder:*

"Mr. Talbot is a successful and forcible speaker, and showed the drinking places of our land to be fruitful of all crime and debasement, thereby endangering the safety of our free institutions. He conclusively showed that only in the prohibition of the baneful traffic is there hope for the future."

Fonda, *Johnstown*, *Little Falls*, *Herkimer*, *Ilion*, *Frankfort*, *Utica*, were next visited in turn. Talbot lectured in the latter city under the auspices of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, at the First M. E. Church. He remembers *Harrison Gilmore* with pleasure, who, a wealthy coal dealer, prominent in politics, a self-made man, surrounded by the luxuries of life, with a superior wife, bid fair to enjoy all the Creator could bestow. Below

is his letter, also one from Mrs. M. M. Northrup, president of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, a woman very energetic and useful in the temperance cause:

UTICA, April 15th, 1879.

To all Friends of Temperance:

Mr. J. R. Talbot, of Chicago, spoke upon temperance in the First M. E. Church of this place last evening, taking as the title of his discourse, "Our Nation's Peril, and the Remedy." The audience were well pleased, many remarking at its close that it was the best lecture we have had.

It will do good wherever delivered.

Respectfully,

HARRISON GILMORE.

UTICA, N. Y., April 15, 1879.

J. R. Talbot has favored our citizens with his admirable lecture, "Our Country's Peril, and its Remedy." His lecture is a *good one*, just *suited* to the *times*. It is argumentative, and, in line of thought, clear and broad, comprehending our country's need, solving the problem, and giving the remedy—that all must accept in due time; many are accepting it now. Mr. Talbot has a pleasing address, and is *gentlemanly in manner*, which does great credit to himself and the cause he represents. As his subject is on the line of prohibition, we trust that every church and community will open wide its doors to receive him and his message.

MRS. M. M. NORTHRUP,
President of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union of the City of Utica, and of Oneida County, N. Y.

AUBURN, N. Y., April 28, 1879.

Mr. Talbot lectured in Auburn, April 27th. I concur in the statements of the above letter.

MRS. JAMES WARREN WILKIE,
President W. C. T. U., Auburn, N. Y.

I fully and freely concur in the above.

W. SEARLS,
Chaplain Auburn Prison.

The Utica *Herald* writes:

"All who heard Mr. Talbot lecture on temperance commend him as an able lecturer."

Speaking in *Oneida* and *Canastota*, our lecturer arrived at *Cazenovia*. James Erwin, an aged man, but in whose blood the fires of youth still boiled, was pastor of the M. E. Church. He sometimes astonished his charge by bursts of eloquence, amazing in one so old. His whole frame seemed on these occasions, although tottering on the brink of the grave, charged with electricity, and quivered with passion. When the explosion was finished, racked and exhausted by the series of burning sentences, he would stagger to his seat behind the pulpit, while the audience murmured with regret: "Erwin has preached his last!" But the next Sabbath the old man was found in his place, supported by an iron will which the grave alone could bend. Talbot has, with Mr. Livermore, "skimmed over the glad waters of the dark blue" Narragansett, Jessie Gladding controlling with matchless skill the beauteous craft; has traversed with lightning speed the Warren road, Prof. Ezra Chadwick, the best veterinary surgeon and dentist he ever knew, and general manager for the New York Hoof Expander and Horse-shoeing Company, holding with faultless grace the slender "ribbons," and encouraging, with cunning hand and sharp, peculiar chirp, the panting steeds; has watched with anxious eye and beating heart the base-ball play of Andrew Burns, Johnny Hammill, Billy Gough, Lucian Fitts, Doty, Mott and Hart; has conversed with Major Newton, David Fish, William Chadwick, Jas. Stoughton and J. F. Munroe on bygone days, and believed he knew true happiness—but, great as were these joys, they hardly equalled the exulting sense, the lofty emotion, thrilling every fibre of his body, when James Erwin conversed on God aud the life beyond the grave! He writes a characteristic letter:

CAZENOVIA, April 17, 1879.

I take pleasure in saying that Mr. J. R. Talbot, of Chicago, lectured on temperance in the Baptist Church in this village last evening. His lecture was one of the best to which

I ever listened. It was able, logical and eloquent, and highly appreciated by the intelligent audience who had the privilege of hearing it. I earnestly eommend Mr. Talbot as a first-class temperance lecturer, promoting the good cause.

JAMES ERWIN.
Pastor of M. E. Church.

Talbot, studying his audience, made in *Cortland* and *Cazenovia*—not surpassed for eulture by towns of like size—the *two great efforts* of his life. The following letters from George L. Waters, a leading lawyer, H. S. Westgate, a prominent and able minister, and George W. Izer, a scholar, whom Dr. Knox, of the First Presbyterian Chureh, Elmira, greatly admired, are invaluable:

GEORGE L. WATERS. J. E. EGGLESTON.
LAW OFFICE OF
WATERS & EGGLESTON.

CORTLAND, N. Y., April 19, 1879.

To all Whom it may Concern:

I had the pleasure last evening of listening to the lecture of Mr. J. R. Talbot, entitled "Our Nation's Peril, and its Remedy." I was very agreeably surprised at its excellence. For full an hour he held the closest attention of his audience, and closed the address when all wanted more.

The lecture is filled with startling facts and figures, and just what is needed to stir men to aetion.

I can cheerfully recommend Mr. Talbot as a pleasing gentleman, and his lecture as a finished, scholarly production, calculated to do much good in the cause in which he is so earnestly engaged.

GEORGE L. WATERS,
President Cortland Temperance Union.

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH,
CORTLAND, N. Y.
H. S. WESTGATE, Pastor.

CORTLAND, N. Y., April 19, 1879.

This is to certify that Mr. J. Talbot, of Chicago, leetured on temperanee in my church on the evening of the 18th inst., to the entire satisfaction of his audience. Mr. T.'s leeture was a *finished production*, delivered in a faultless manner, and held the undivided attention of the audience. He is most cordially commended to all workers in the temperance cause.

H. S. WESTGATE.

The undersigned takes pleasure in bearing testimony to the efficieney of Mr. Talbot as a temperance leeturer. Having listened to his lecture, entitled "The Nation's Peril, and its Remedy," I commend it to the hearing of all who may have the privilege. For chasteness of language, logic of thought, and freshness of style, it is worthy of a high encomium.

GEORGE W. IZER,
Pastor of the M. E. Church,
Cortland, N. Y.

Mayor Beldon and *Mr. Bagg* entertained Talbot at *Syracuse*. The speaker remembers the mayor, his eordial shake of the hand, his magnificent residence, his wish that he should speak in the largest opera house of the city, and his kind words of encouragement. Mr. Bagg presided at the meeting; bnt, cold and unbelieving, the youth felt in his presenee as though chilled by an iceberg.

Talbot will never forget *Auburn*. The lecture was delivered in the Opera House, under the auspiees of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, Mrs. James Wilkie, president. Mr. W. Searls, chaplain of Auburn prison, presided. Dr. Willard, a man of immense wealth, whose magnifieent residence, adorned on the outside with statuary in niehes, was a curiosity and an ornament, received the speaker with hospitality.

Leeturing in *Waterloo*, also *Geneva*, Talbot arrived in *Rochester*, and here, as in Utica and Auburn, spoke under the auspices of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union. Mrs. Smith entertained him in a most agreeable manner. A writer of superior excellence, her power was appreciated by many; but there can be no doubt she was living at least fifty years beyond the present age.

Talbot had made arrangements to leeture in *Buffalo;* but, by a mischance, the hall was not seeured, and May 6th, 1879, he took the

early morning train on the New York, Lake Erie and Western Railroad for *Warsaw*, a beautiful town of some six thousand inhabitants, widely scattered. We print the short laconic letter of H. F. Dudley:

WARSAW, N. Y.

Mr. J. R. Talbot gave a *very* common-sense temperance lecture in this village, Tuesday evening, May 6th, 1879.

H. F. DUDLEY,
Pastor of Congregational Church of Warsaw.

Hornellsville was next visited. Calling in the morning, according to custom, on the leading men of the town, a Mr. Babcock pricked up his ears like a reynard when the name of Talbot was mentioned, and, from apathy, became suddenly energetic. "Talbot!" said he; "Talbot—and from Bristol, Rhode Island! Are you related to Captain Talbot, who died some thirty years ago?" "I am his son," was the answer. The right hand of the gentleman was extended with lightning rapidity, and the palm and fingers of the interlocutor held in a grasp of iron. "I am Babcock; remember your father as if seen yesterday. When a boy, I lived in Bristol; worked for the Ushers on Thames street. And you are Captain Talbot's son? Sit down, and have a talk." A half-hour was pleasantly passed with this remarkable man, whose face manifested in every line great propulsive force. Mr. Babcock's brain was never idle; every day, every hour, every minute, every second, it teemed with ideas, pregnant with thought, which displayed themselves to the world in undertakings whereby others were benefited. This energetic man advanced step by step, until, through untiring perseverance, he stood before all the moneyed king of Hornellsville, recognized as a man of character and ability.

Talbot frequently refers to Lawyer Bemis, a talented practitioner of Hornellsville, but whom rum, at one time, well nigh ruined. He never heard this man before a jury; but Bemis was said to have few, if any, superiors, when clothed in his right mind. Almost irresistible in a criminal case, he was admired by the dangerous element as was Plunkett, the Irish advocate, in Ireland, who once, in a town of his circuit, defended a horse stealer with such remarkable cunning and consummate tact that all the thieves present were lifted to a seventh heaven of ecstasy, and one, no longer able to restrain himself—so great his admiration—ejaculated: "Good for you, Plunkett! Long life to you, Plunkett! By Jerkers, boys, the next horse I steal, I'll have Plunkett!" Lawyer Bemis was saved by temperance from the accursed fiend RUM, and is now, it is hoped, far beyond the reach of the monster, with feet firmly planted on the rock CHRIST JESUS.

Stopping three nights at *Elmira*, Talbot was the guest of Mr. Rathburn, a distant relative by marriage, and owner of the Rathburn House. Formerly a member of the Legislature, a thorough business man, of acknowledged ability and wealth, and with features cast in the Ciceronic mould, this gentleman once seen was never forgotten. As trustee of Dr. Knox's church, he readily secured its use for Sunday afternoon, where was gathered one of the most cultured audiences Talbot ever addressed. The criticism of Monday morning's press was very favorable, as also the letter of H. F. Spencer, a handsome, powerful-built man, an eloquent, forcible speaker, who, settled over a large and wealthy parish, was a Methodist minister of great endowments:

I had the pleasure of listening yesterday afternoon to the lecture of Mr. Talbot on the "National Curse, and its Remedy," at the First Presbyterian Church (Dr. Knox's), and cheerfully bear testimony to the high order of the lecture in matter and manner of delivery. I am sure it will both please and profit those who hear it.

H. F. SPENCER,
Vice-President E. T. Union.

ELMIRA, N. Y., May 12, 1879.

Owego and *Port Jervis* were next visited, where Talbot made the acqnaintance of W. H. King, a Baptist minister, and C. M. Lawrence, M. D., president of the Christian Temperance Union, who write as follows:

OWEGO, May 14, 1879.

To all Whom it may Concern:

This may certify that the bearer, Mr. J. R. Talbot, lectured on temperance in the lectnre-room of the Baptist Church last evening, and gave a lecture that showed thonght, a knowledge of this great subject, and was done with no ordinary skill.

W. H. KING.

OFFICE OF

C. M. LAWRENCE, M. D.,

Homœopathist.

OFFICE HOURS: 8 to 9 A. M.; 1½ to 2½ P. M.; 6½ to 8 P. M.

PORT JERVIS, N. Y., May 15, 1879.

Our meeting, held in the reading-room on Thursday evening, May 15th, and addressed by Mr. J. R. Talbot, was a grand success. The large and intelligent audience who had the pleasure of listening to him at that time were anxious to have him remain in town longer, that they might hear him again.

C. M. LAWRENCE,
President C. T. U. of Port Jervis.

The final lecture of the trip was delivered in *Middletown* on Sunday afternoon, and Monday, May 19th, saw Talbot in *New York City*.

His views on the subject of temperance, purchased North, South, East, West, by experience, are very decided, and must interest the reader: First—*So long as the United States Government upholds the traffic, so long will it exist.* Second—*Churches, as moulders of public opinion, can alone influence that Government.* Christians undoubtedly hold in hand the welfare of inebriates. If they would rise as one man, and press forward in serried ranks to the polls, intemperance would become a thing of the past. Representiug the best class of society, public opinion must soon be on *their* side. With a majority in Congress of men elected by *their* suffrages, and pledged for prohibition, a change in the Constitution of the nation, based on the demand of three-fourths of the States, mnst necessarily follow.

Talbot does *not* believe in temperance reformers, so-called, going from town to town, making converts. If the ministers are not capable of looking after this part of their profession, which daily, with its bat-like wings, darkens their door, they are uncalled of God, and a cnrse, not a blessing, to the land. He would make a *few* exceptions. There are individuals especially called for this work; but they are *very few.* Nearly all temperance reformers are looked upon as interlopers, and are only tolerated. When an individnal is gifted as Whitefield—of whom complaint was made to his bishop that he had driven fifteen people mad by his first sermon, and to which this good man replied, "I hope the madness will not be forgotteu before the next Snnday!"—with a man so gifted, duty is plain, and, like the Demosthenes of the pnlpit, he shonld make the world resound with the inspiration of his thoughts. Whether lashed at by whips, attacked by swords, voice drowned by trumpets or drums, struck by offensive missiles, he should press forward to save. Would to God there were speakers like Whitefield, that their mere word, as a cannon ball ploughing through a regiment of soldiers, might cast all sexes to the ground, panting, groaning, fainting, nnder the excitement of strong impressions!

Ministers, arise! Let there be no more sluggishness, no more fattening on high salaries, living in costly houses, owning fast horses, and manifesting a Platonic love, which allows the poor nnfortunate to go naked by the door, while those called of God (?) sit, with feet on fender, before the warm grate fire! Why, called of God (?), are you idle? Hear you not shrieks, wafted on the gale? Hark!—that is the shrill scream of a dying wretch, as the cold steel of a murderer sinks to the hilt in his

quivering flesh! *You could have saved that soul.* Listen!—that is the cry of infants, who, wrapped in a coarse flannel, crawl over the bloated form of a drunken woman, frozen by the cold blast that sweeps in through the broken window! *You could have saved that soul.* Give ear! A low, murmuring wail fills the air; it comes from the lips of thousands, starving for the want of bread! *You can save these souls.* Hurl that sermon into the fire; there is not an idea in it but was advanced more than a thousand years ago. *Preach, preach, preach temperance,* until the people shall rise as one man, and hurl the monster from the land. Think not of the ministry as a profession, a means of gaining a livelihood, to be slighted when possible, but as a means of saving souls! When you fully comprehend this, lifted up by the inspiration, self will be a secondary consideration, and God will be with you in the cold hovel, as in the palatial mansion. You will shout His praises to multitudes in the open fields—

"In that Cathedral, boundless as our wonder,
Whose quenchless lamps the sun and moon supply;
Its choir, the winds and waves—its organ, thunder—
Its dome the sky."

Chapter Fourteen.

POLITICS.

Cum tabulis animum censoris sumet honesti.
—HOR.

Bold be the critic, zealous to his trust,
Like the firm judge inexorably just.
—JOHNSON.

TALBOT had conscientiously performed his duty, had met with remarkable success, thousands had been converted, his services were recognized both by people, press and pulpit; *but the advice of Dr. Agnew, so emphatically expressed, should not have been disregarded.* "Never again appear on the rostrum; you cannot endure the strain; you must have rest!" said the famous oculist. Talbot had lost twenty pounds; his brain was weakened, and did not recover wonted power till six months after, when a different pursuit brought into play other faculties of the mind.

Knowing, by the law of nature, man must retrograde or advance, Talbot decided to adopt a light business, which would be a relief rather than a strain to the faculties. The manufacture of "*Topical Reparation,*" a remarkable external cure for rheumatism and other ailments, engaged his attention. It is sold by all leading druggists in this country, among whom may be mentioned McKesson & Robbins, 91 and 93 Fulton street, New York; Charles N. Crittenden, 115 Fulton street, New York; Weeks & Potter, 360 Washington street, Boston; Carter, Harris & Hawley, 356 Washington street, Boston; Geo. L. Claflin & Co., 62, 64 and

66 South Main street, Providence; William B. Blanding, 54 and 58 Weybosset street, Providence.

At home in Bristol, the outside world has no charms for Talbot. Surrounded by kind friends, enjoying the luxuries of life, removed from the excitement of a hazardous career, and with hopes of an ennobling future, he seems favored by Fortune's smiles.

The following anonymous circulars, written, it is said, by Talbot with intense feeling, and when the character of his native town was jeopardized, must be of interest as evidence of political talent as a satirist, and epistolographic skill. Distributed at night, *April 6th, 1882*, they occasioned tremendous excitement in town and State, and were productive of much good to the temperance cause.

THE DANGER OF DESPOTISM.

The Arrogance and Ambition of Williams.

People of Bristol: We are not alarmists, but the peril, in a minor sense, which Washington and Jackson dreaded, which all the early statesmen strove to prevent, is upon us, and its shadow darkens the very doors. In brief, we assert that our liberty is imperilled, and he who threatens it is *Isaac Williams.* But a few hours ago the state of things now confronting us seemed impossible, and far off as the *Day of Judgement;* but a terrible reality is now impending, Bristol is shaken from centre to circumference, and, unless we look to the present, evils far greater than ever before known will overwhelm the community.

Aaron Burr devised a kingdom in the West; Jeff. Davis an empire in the South. *Isaac Williams* would rule Bristol with a rod of iron, and make the *community* a *petty monarchy.* This bold, ingenious, intriguing politician now stands in almost the same relation to Bristol as Louis Napoleon did to France. True, he will not come like that consummate tactitian, openly to the front, and grasp the reins of government, but, with puppets moulded to his desire, will aim to govern the town. Cool, determined, he journeyed, an utter stranger to Bristol, and, by a coalition, became Senator. From 1870 to 1880, his course was one series of political victories, by reason of the large Rubber vote, which, ready to follow like sheep, was held in the hollow of his hand. Flushed with victory, and blinded, like Napoleon, by unequalled success, this presumptuous man was "burnt out of Moscow" in 1880. Trusting to his creatures—compact, mercenary, well-organized, bought with office, disciplined by the hope of reward and the fear of removal —Williams committed, in 1880, the great political blunder of his life, which, to the present writing, has placed him under a cloud, and belittled him in the estimation of his townsmen. A ticket was placed in the field, which, an insult to Bristol people, was received with derision and overwhelming defeat.

Williams again persisted in 1881, but the opposition was so great that even *he* became alarmed, and retired discomfited from the caucus. His exertions during the past year have been tremendous. Shades of opinion have been studied, ingenious schemes devised, and, taking advantage of the great *Temperance upheaval* now rending Bristol asunder, without a blush, and with a bearing in no way proclaiming the deceit beneath, he talks of "a *coalition* between Republicans and Democrats." *A coalition between the Rubber clique and rum-sellers* is the apter phrase. What can Williams think of the moral status of Bristol? Does he believe its citizens will countenance a *Town*

Council supported by such a backing? *Never! Never!! Never!!!* The moment his ticket meets the public gaze, the populace will divide into two factions. On the one side will stand *morality;* on the other *vice.* Many will waver and oscillate between the two parties.

Thomas Carpenter, foxy, shrewd and deep, surrounded by a blear-eyed crew of horrid front, with uplifted finger and beckoning nod, will cajole the vacillating; but, when the "*Sumner*" face of Stephens, with its angelic smile, is lifted heavenward, and soft, inviting chants from the lips of loving women fill the breeze, moral stamina will return to the timorous, who, amid the dreadful, hellish execrations of the pirate crew, will join the serried ranks of morality, and Williams will, *too late*, discover that the *Rubber clique* is not the *Republican party of Bristol*, and that *rumsellers* constitute but a very small faction of the *Democracy.*

To recall that Rome had her Cæsars and France her Napoleons, is to know that Bristol is neither too conscientious nor too wise to avoid the fate of others. The gradual progressions towards open despotism have always been these which *Williams* is now taking. With a *Town Council* in no way *up*holding the high status of the community, and but tools in his unscrupulous hands, it will be but a step to dispossess such grand men as Spooner and Bennett, elect a band of his own ilk to the legislative halls, and make himself sole dictator of Bristol.

People of Bristol: If you elect this so-called "*Coalition,*" you encourage an ambition ever greedy, and a tyranny that would make you slaves. You drag down the pulpit; you endanger the virtues of your wives and daughters; you debase the morality of Bristol; you become a stench, a hateful smell, in your native state. There is but *one way* to meet this danger: Fight the Rubber clique wherever its *hydra* head appears. *Combine against it. Defeat it at the polls. Hurl it from existence.*

THE HOUR.

Its Opportunity and Its Disgrace.

The importance of the town clerk's office in Bristol is something which no sagacious and honest man would pretend to deny. Its high status is owing not only to the moral standing of the present incumbent, *Peter Gladding*, whose name, like that of *Dr. Sheppard*, is a household word, revered by young and old alike, as the very embodiment of truth, honor and sobriety, but also by reason of the charge, consisting of records, which, defaced or destroyed, might occasion a loss of thousands to unfortunate land-holders. There are many aspirants to this exalted office, many of whom, we fear, will be bitterly disappointed. *No ordinary man can attain this position.* The people of Bristol will never bestow such a conspicuous trust, showing the moral standing of the community, upon an imbecile, or place such valuable archives in the hands of an individual against whose character there is the slightest tinge of immorality. Canvassing, lobbying and a *citizens' meeting*, governed and controlled by the wires of a previous private caucus, will in no way change or alter the fixed will of the people that a man of unblemished record, who is untrammeled by a ring and unapproachable, must hold the office. The number of candidates proves how difficult it is for a man to conceal his own unimportance from himself—to understand how few are interested in his welfare—how small his proportion to the collective body of mankind, and how the brightest gleam of merit scarce penetrates the murky shadows of business and of folly, and may at once be obliterated by their attractions. Men with no living show for this exalted position have come forward, and unblushingly subjected themselves to the crucible of public opinion.

We will consider, at the proper time and place, the prominent candidates and their claims. Bristol witnessed a great upheaval in 1870. *Isaac Williams* was elected Senator to the State Legislature, and became at once prominent in town and State. After drinking to satiety legislative delights, he retired from the lists, and was content to control for several years, by rare sagacity and ability, the trusts dependent on the suffrages of the town.

A. O. Bourn, a leading stockholder and now *treasurer* of the *National Rubber Company*, soon aspired to office, and has held the exalted position of senator for several years. This man, by reason of the corporation with which he is connected, and its bread and butter policy, strangling and choking public opinion, holds full sway over the suffrages of the town, and *Williams* is content to take a humble seat, like the cur, who watches from a distance his more powerful adversary gnaw the bone, hoping that some slight morsel, through a fortuitous circumstance, may reach his jaws. He (Williams) pulls the wires for town officers, and stands with erect bearing, gleaming eye and ready hand at the polls, anxious to pounce on any needy operative who should thwart his mandate.

This ring—*it is a ring, and of the worst kind*—is reaching forward *at this very moment*, with rapacious hand, to seize the office of town clerk, and retain it in its hungry maw. It recognizes the *importance* of the position and its *opportunity*. Nothing but the wonderful popularity of the incumbent saved him from long since being retired to private life. The large, red, glaring, single eye of the *Rubber Polyphemus* has turned again and again in its socket towards *Peter's* sanctum, with greedy gaze watching the incoming wealth, and anxious to gulp it down. Shall this giant gain renewed strength by feeding on this charge, or shall it be driven back discomfited, to feed on its own discontent?

People of Bristol, it rests with you to decide this question. The ring will present a strong man—a popular man, to cajole you. It will say: "Look at him: will he not honor the position?" Their candidate will be in all probability a native, with many relatives and many ramifications; but remember, people of Bristol, he represents the *ring*, and is subservient to its wishes, and, however fair to look on, is a "whited sepulchre, full of dead men's bones." He has been approached, or the *ring* would not endorse him, and is expected to "pony up" at elections, and such a man, whatever his past record, should never be trusted with the public archives. Beware of the Rubber candidate; combine against him, and defeat him at the polls, or the yoke which now so galls your necks will be more closely fitted, and without an office in possession, hopelessly as serfs and slaves, life will drag its weary length away.

Herbert Bennett is a candidate for town clerk. A man of irreproachable character, prominent in St. Michael's Church, respected by all that know him, and holding for years a position of trust, it is truly unfortunate that this high-minded, well-informed man, who would adorn with personal bearing and intellect any office, should have been induced to come before the people. There are four weighty objections to *Herbert Bennett*, any one of which, there being so many eligible aspirants, and the lines so closely drawn, would defeat him: First—*He is not a native of Bristol*, being, in Southern parlance, a "carpet-bagger." With an opposing native-born citizen of equal ability, the most superficial observer must see on which side the original vote must preponderate. *No native-born citizen will vote for Herbert Bennett.* Second—*His main supporters are "carpet-baggers."* Two high officials in Government and State employ—not to the manor-born — accustomed to see him during daily trips to Providence, and pleased with the bearing of the man, will, it is asserted, support *Bennett* in the citizens' meeting.

They will shout to deafened ears. Third—*He holds a remunerative position.* There are many needy men of equal ability whose claims deserve prior consideration. Fourth—*He jeopardizes his own future.* Could true friends advise an incumbent to leave a permanent position to assume an office dependent on the suffrages of a capricious public? *Is Bennett the Rubber candidate?*

G—— U. A—— has developed strength, if reports are true, and is most sanguine of success. His hopes are groundless, and will disappear in fragments, as the house built on sand. True, he is of quiet demeanor, town librarian and smells of books, but his iceberg stiffness * * * and a strong opposition must defeat him. It is asserted *Trotter* induced this man to become a candidate, that *George Eddy* will support, and *Isaac Williams* nominate him. This backing—*the ring*—will create a tremendous opposition, which, strengthened by the Temperance party under *Jones*, who has become terribly aggravated at A——'s perfidy in declaring against him and his works, can but insure defeat. So great is his unpopularity that many believe he is used by the "*clique*" as a decoy, a "*stool pigeon*," and that a new candidate, a "*dark horse*," will suddenly be sprung by the *ring*, who expect in the general mêlée to carry all before them. *Is A—— the Rubber candidate?*

Thomas Church has not appeared to our knowledge among the aspirants for the clerkship, but there are rumors that he could be induced to accept. Church is very popular; he comes from splendid stock. His ancestry have tilled Bristol soil for nigh two centuries, and his relatives, so great their faith, will concentrate on him to a man. Three reasons are given why this gentleman should not hold the position: First—*He will appoint a deputy.* The citizens of Bristol would never consent to such "hocus pocus" with this exalted trust, and Mr. Church, however great his popularity, would find himself, at the next election, dispossessed of office and without a following. Second—*John Pierce, postmaster, and a prominent member of the ring, desires his election.* Mr. Pierce, it is claimed, has always looked on Church as a dangerous rival for the post office, and seeing in this vacancy an opportunity to make a friend and dispose adroitly of an antagonist, will, through some tool, spring him on the meeting, after A—— has blinded the opposition. Third—*The Rubber clique desire his election.* We do not believe this report, but the wire-pulling of the meeting will, to the most casual observer, refute or prove it. *Is Thomas Church the Rubber candidate?*

E—— B——, some assert, would accept the office. This young man has a superior college education, business experience and undoubted ability, but has come so little in contact with Bristol people, has such a reputation for egotism and superciliousness, that he could hardly be made available by any faction. *Is E—— B—— the Rubber candidate?*

Crawford Esterbrooks is a candidate. Although in every way fitted for the position, honest, capable and painstaking, with claims second to none, *he is a Democrat*, and we fear no Democrat, with the powerful Republican opposition, can hope to secure the office. The whole party, however, out of respect, should concentrate on this estimable young man, who has suffered much by reason of his views, and poll a large complimentary vote. *Is Crawford Esterbrooks the Rubber candidate?*

A—— U—— is mentioned by many. U—— is a conscientious man, and his record proves it. Honest as the day is long, president of the Christian Association, unapproachable, untrammeled by rings, and unsuccessful in business, his chances, to the careless reviewer, would seem good. This gentleman, unfortunately, is considered slow, and so artless that he would fall an easy prey to sharpers, thus endangering the public records. But for these failings, we should advocate his election. *Is A—— U—— the Rubber candidate?*

Chandler Coggeshall has come before the

public in his quiet, gentlemanly way, asking their suffrages. Coggeshall is known to every native-born citizen in Bristol, and has their love, their esteem, their regard. Unobtrusive, conscientous, of high standing in church matters, a fine classical scholar, thoroughly competent, never even approached by a ring, gentlemanly in bearing, and a good penman, the Bristol people have in this promising young man, as in Crawford Esterbrooks, an opportunity to preserve the present high standing of the town clerk. He is a Bristol boy, would adorn the position, and, we believe, such will be the verdict of all. He is above suspicion, no ring would dare to hint a thought of crookedness, and the public records, under his perfect, painstaking care, would not only be an ornament, but a safeguard to the town. Unless a better man, and we can name no other, presents himself, public opinion, which rarely errs and which rises above all petty schemes of men, will place by an overwhelming avalanche of votes Chandler Coggeshall in the clerkship's chair. *Is Chandler Coggeshall the Rubber candidate?*

People of Bristol, the writer, but recently settled in your town, and therefore impartial, in this short, hardly premeditated article, indited on the spur of the moment, has endeavored to point out "*The Hour, the Opportunity, the Disgrace.*" You have a most favorable time to show *character*. If the citizens of the town will combine as one man, and march from the anvil, the plough-share and the shop to the polls, party lines unthought of, *liberty* and *morality* the battle cry, the Rubber clique, which is *vastly inferior* in numbers, will be overwhelmed, its yoke, which now galls your necks, will be removed, and as birds joyously sing heavenward their morning matins, your souls will mount upward, despair will be turned into rejoicing, and the sun will go down on the annihilation of a ring, which for years has been an eye-sore and disgrace to your once happy town.

THE NEW TOWN COUNCIL.

Does Thomas Carpenter Control Bristol?

A town governed by one party is but a monarchy. It is indispensable to the public safety that the minority should possess a legitimate share of goverument. The Democracy of Bristol since 1875 has been utterly ignored, and its name traduced. Now, by the *trickery*—we say *trickery* (it is none else)—of a second John Kelly, it has assumed a position easily retained, and from which it can never be driven. But at what a cost!

Citizens of Bristol, the last election was a solemn mockery. The question was not that of candidates, but the moral status of the town. The character of Bristol, Saturday, April 8th, 1882, was tested at the polls, and the midnight bell in mournful cadence tolled the requiem of lost manhood. Family circles, in solemn silence, waited the loved ones, and, with anxious face and enquiring glance, mothers, clasping tiny babes to swelling bosoms, put the portentous question, and sobs awoke the midnight echoes when the answer came: "*The Ring is successful. Thomas Carpenter, now acknowledged leader of the Democratic party, controls, by balance of power, Bristol.*"

After a savage conflict, where tremendous blows were given, where the largest *audience* of voters ever gathered in Bristol beneath one roof were held spell-bound by the eloquence, the wit, the *repartee*, of one man, Edward Brunsen—*too honest to be a politician* —after a day of tremendous excitement unparalleled in the history of the town, where the *close dragooned Hessian corps* of the *Rubber Clique* relieved the people of their choice, and so worked as to deaden, silence and bury the voice of conscience forever, a coalition of the *Ring* under *Williams*, and the

rumsellers under *Carpenter*, triumphed over truth and morality.

The ticket was a strong one, made so by the patronage of the *Clique*, and, without this support, Williams must have been overwhelmed by the general discontent. In 1875, Wardwell —the little giant—saved him from defeat, and the same name, seven years after, gives character to his ticket. But for this fast friend, the "Rubber war horse," who, with his record of arrogance and ambition, forced himself upon the people, demanding election at the hands of a long enduring community—but for this man, *at this very moment*, in spite of his great thirst and inexorable yearning—*Isaac Williams* would be left high and dry, and very much alone, upon the shore. Let us consider the complexion of the new Town Council.

Isaac Williams heads the list, and in reality, though not in name, is *Mayor* of Bristol. Possessing some good traits, these, unfortunately, are nearly obliterated by inordinate ambition and love of power. A wondrous change is now noticeable in the bearing of the man —promising future reform. No voter was personally intimidated, Saturday, by Isaac Williams, although his lieutenants hurled the bodies of frightened operatives at the batteries of morality as cannon balls against a fortress, and anxious friends believe his reformation lasting. Despotism always arouses the Irish vote, and Williams to regain prestige, must show humility. If the circulars of Friday had been fully distributed, this presumptuous man must have been defeated. Suppressed, traced, fabulous sums paid for ownership and destruction, scarce one remains to tell the tale. Hundreds, who had traveled the ocean o'er to find a home safe from despotism and tyranny, voted in ignorance, endangering their birthright. Does Isaac Williams mean future reformation? Does he purpose to cast away the gag and rule by suasion, or trusting to a Ring, by the iron hammer of power? Will this despotic man, to whom all look with anxious eye, see a thousand-dollar appropriation effect its object, or will he unfairly subvert the popular vote of the people, and, by procrastination, delay, and the employment of an effigy official, destroy all hopes of reform? *Is Williams controlled by Thomas Carpenter?*

Wm. T. C. Wardwell ornaments the Town Council. The most popular man in Bristol, of large wealth, anxious to improve and adorn the town, possessing "common sense" in a marked degree, the friend of all classes, generous, practical, liberal in his views, it is not astonishing his name graced both tickets. We have known this gentleman for years. We *like* him; we *admire* him; we *believe* in him. His affiliation with Williams amazed us. By accidental endearments and superficial accomplishments, we frequently love those we cannot esteem; blinded by commanding talents and proofs of virtue, we are frequently forced to hold in high regard those we cannot love; Wardwell, irreproachable in character, a leading member of St. Michael's Church, and considered by Mr. Locke of inestimable value in religious matters, seduced by one or more of these influences, consented. We cannot blame him. It is said of Senator Blaine that a clasp of his warm hand always makes a friend; it is claimed by Williams' admirers that those once under his magic spell are his through life. However attracted by this determined man, Wardwell, seeing the Rubber war horse in a "last flutter," listened to the piteous cry and saved him from defeat. Wardwell is not soft or flexible. Reports, whispers, alarms of dubious circumstance, confident advisers, envy, flatterers, cannot influence him. Only the all-powerful charm of the serpent Williams could bring the fluttering bird nearer, nearer and nearer, until it fell, panting and lifeless, into the cruel jaws. We regret it; the town weeps over it—but it is too late! It now remains for this good, this noble man, to break the chain, to face the enemy, and stand, as in the past, for the best interests

of the town. The "*Coalition*" will then be forgotten, and Wardwell, at some future day, when Rhode Island, freed from its despotic laws—a young eaglet, with fixed eye, glancing at the Sun of Hope—takes its position with the other States, and with the blush of shame and serfdom no longer mantling its brow, cries aloud the anthem of Liberty, at that future day Wardwell, with his honesty and his patriotism, may adorn Congressional halls. *Is Wm. T. C. Wardwell controlled by Thomas Carpenter?*

John Post Reynolds is a member of the Town Council. Trained in the Democratic school, imbibing Democratic principles in his mother's milk, taught by a loving father, "the greatest good to the greatest number," the people of Bristol elected him, by an overwhelming vote, to his present position. We have no fear as to Reynolds. Distinguished by nobler motives than the love of fame, and knowing that the eyes of schoolmates, of elders, who have watched and admired, are upon him, the siren smile and voice of Williams must prove ineffectual, and the despotic voice of the "Rubber war horse," filled with gusts of pride and rubbish of interest, fall on unheeded ears. *Is John Post Reynolds controlled by Thomas Carpenter?*

Nathan Cole is a man of the people, and as far removed from despotism as East and West. Knowing the road of security, he will avoid the pitfalls of uncertainty and the precipices of ruin. *Is Nathan Cole controlled by Thomas Carpenter?*

William Spooner, (considered *indispensable* to the community) is a politician of such long standing, and so well known in Bristol, that further comment is unnecessary. *Is William Spooner controlled by Thomas Carpenter?*

People of Bristol, the rumsellers demand another lease of power; *so does the Devil.* They wish to live in ease! Aristocrats by virtue of a pine table and a stone jug, they desire to lay the foundations of colossal fortunes, to elevate subservient Town Councils to office, to corrupt the community, to debauch morality. *Merciless*, they discover no pity. *Invaders*, every movement shows the cloven foot. They would suppress the laws of the State, annul the anti-license vote, prove the Bristol people *fools*, and, with fiendish, hellish glee, dictate the future. *Thomas Carpenter shall not control Bristol.* Every hour, every minute, every second, pronounces his doom. The sublimity of *Stephens* declares it; the firmness of *Jones* asserts it; the immobility of *Locke* emphasizes it. *Argument is at an end.* The kind word, the cordial shake of the hand, the pleasant smile, have been ineffectual. The strong arm of the law must be employed. Thomas Carpenter and the other rumsellers must close their bars; moral sentiment is aroused. *Edwin F. Jones is a great agitator!*

Action! action! action! is now the battle cry. The character of Bristol is assailed. Its character is a greater estate than all the millions of Astor, Stewart or Vanderbilt can buy. Every true citizen prizes the virtue of his native town higher than the Presidency. The utter extermination of the rum power in Bristol will be the most noteworthy event in its history, and become a *proverb.*

The moral sentiment of Bristol is not difficult to approach. Its people are not mercenary creatures — treacherous, deceitful, corrupt. True as steel, strong as adamant, they can manifest prodigious power. No longer the slaves of mercenary influence, or the prey of passion—cool, practical and impartial—they have weighed the matter, and, conscious of the *Titanic* struggle, have faced the terrible adversary. With a leading star—an instinct of improvement—they cannot grovel with liquor dealers in congenial mire.

People of Bristol, the end is near. Husbands, wives, sons and daughters, will soon be safe from the accursed cup; drunken men, drunken women, will no longer affect the morality of the town; official standing will

be raised; the weekly paper, open in exposing official lewdness, will increase in popularity. The impulse thus set in motion, spreading outwards, the whole State will be influenced, and the *non-license* vote of the good old town credited with moulding the morality of Rhode Island.

Does Thomas Carpenter control Bristol?

It has been our lot, kind reader, to paint Talbot's reminiscences. True, we watched with misgivings the swelling bud and opening blossom; but every sun and shower added to its growth, and, incidents crowding thick and fast, the volume has reached maturity before our labors became an irksome burden or an endless task. May this volume be productive of good, is our humble prayer. We are deeply interested and anxious as to our hero's future; but believe, after steering his ship at so early an age through the tempests of life, as *sporting man*, *politician*, *lecturer* and *writer*, he has, at last, safely anchored in sight of land.

An eminent writer—Dr. Johnson—once said: "*Nothing is ended with honor which does not conclude better than it began.*" May such be the verdict, kind reader, both as to Talbot's life and our humble effort!

INDEX

PAGE.

Abbot's Hall..... 7
Abd el Koree...15, 16, 17, 75
Academy of Music, N. Y.. 30
Adam..... 89
Adams—P. & W. R. R.... 91
Africanus, Scipio..... 73
Agnew, Dr.–New York.115, 121
Aladdin..... 88
Albany Evening Journal...116
Albion.....63, 79
Alcæus..... 59
Alexander the Great..... 73
Alexis, Prince.....42, 57
Algebra..... 6
Allen, J. H.....106, 107
Ambassador..... 63
Andrews, Morton..... 91
Angelo, Michael..... 53
Angora..... 63
Anne, Queen..... 47
Annie B..... 65
Antony, Mark.....55, 56, 100
Apple, Francis..... 73
Arcola.....110
A——, G. U.....125
Aristophanes..... 41
Ashby de la Zouch..... 8
Astor Library..... 10
Atlantic Club..... 13
Auburn—Woman's C. T. U.118

Babbitt, E. S.....114
Babcock, F. G.—Hornellsv.119
Babcock, W. R.....16, 64
Bagg—Syracuse.....118
Baker, C.....91, 93, 115
Balch, Treas. P. & W. R. R. 91
Ball, Mrs..... 83
Bangs, F. C.....55, 56
Barclay Street.....23, 25
Barnes, Dr. G.....91, 115
Barrett, Lawrence..48, 55, 56
Bascombe, John..... 63
Basin Street—N. Orl's..33, 34
Beard, Capt. O. P..... 73
Beecher, Rev. Henry Ward.
6, 19, 66, 95, 115
Belcher, Jem..... 8
Beldon, Mayor.....118

PAGE.

Bell, James—New York... 80
Belmont, Augustus..16, 64, 65
Bemis, Lawyer—Hornellsv.119
Bennett, H..... 91
Bennett, M.....115
Bennett, Mrs. M.....115
Bernstein, B..... 46
Bessemer, Henry..... 87
Bias..... 11
Bidwell's Theatre—N. Orl's. 48
"Big Jake"..... 84
Bingaman, A. L..... 63
Bird-Catcher..... 77
Bishop, L. A.....114, 115
Black Crook.....51, 52
Black Friday..... 75
Blake, Lawyer..... 91
Blackstone..... 94
Blanding, W. B.....122
B——, E.....125
Bonaparte, Napol'n.53, 82, 92
Bond, Colonel..... 63
Bonfanti, Mlle. M..... 51
Bonnie Scotland..... 63
Booth, Edwin.....51, 55, 84
Booth's Theatre....54, 55, 59
Borden, Miss Hannah..... 27
Boston..... 63
Bosworth, Lyman.....115
Bourn, Hon. A. O.....124
Bowery Theatre..... 53
Bowie, Colonel..... 63
Bowie, Governor..... 16
Bradford, L. B..... 7
Brainard..... 13
Brayton, J. W.99, 100, 104, 109
Breckenridge, Gen. J. C... 73
Briggs, Dr. L..... 88
Bristol.....5, 6
Bristol Court House..... 91
Bristol High School.....6, 7
Bronson—Amsterdam.....116
Brooklyn Tabernacle..... 96
Brougham, John..... 46
Broughton..... 8
Brown University.....6, 7
Brunsen, Ed. W.....
91, 92, 93, 114, 126
Brutus.....55, 56, 100

PAGE.

Bryant..... 8
Buford, Gen. A..... 73
Bull, Ole..... 59
Bunn, D. S.....100, 109
Burgess, Tristam..... 96
Burke..... 9
Burns, A.....117
Burnside, Senator A. E.92, 115
Burr, Aaron.....122
Bush, Charles..... 24
Butler, Ben.....15, 28
By the Sea..... 65
Byrne, S..... 9
Byron.....41, 109

Cadwallader, George..... 69
Cæsar, Augustus....41, 52, 87
Cæsar, Julius.....55, 56, 100
Callender's Ga. Minstrels.. 81
Camille..... 49
Cards..... 39
Carr, Annie..... 36
Carnival of Venice..... 59
Carpenter, Thomas.....
123, 126, 127, 128, 129
Carter, Harris & Hawley..121
Cass, Lewis..... 8
Cassio..... 54
Cassius.....55, 66
Chadwick, L..... 59
Chadwick, Prof. Ezra.....117
Chadwick, W.....117
Chamberlain, John..71, 72, 73
Chambers.....32, 33, 36, 38
Chambers, Colonel..... 73
Charlemagne..... 87
Chapman..... 13
Chapman, Miss.....29, 89
Chickasaw Jockey Club.... 86
Childe Harold..... 82
Church, Hon. Samuel W... 11
Church, T.....125
Churchill..... 57
Cicero..... 96
Claflin & Co., G. L.....121
Clarke, G..... 56
Claude Melnotte..... 55
Clay, Henry.....8, 63
Clay, J. M..... 63

PAGE.
Claybourne—N. O. 39, 40, 41, 43
Clifford, Governor..... 7
Coburn, Joe..... 84
Cœur de Lion, Richard,... 8
Coffee, John.....65, 66, 67
Coggeshall, C.....91, 125, 126
Coggeshall, J..... 93
Cole, Nathan.....128
Coleman House....12, 17, 87
Collins, G..... 19
Collins, Capt. J.....115
Collins, Wilkie..... 62
Collyer, Dr..... 97
Colston..... 69
Colt, Col. P..... 59
Colt, Judge L. B.....114
Colton, Judge.....23, 48
Conner, Secretary W. M. 24, 69
Constitution, United States.
6, 7, 58, 91, 105
Cooper, J. Fenimore..... 62
Cooper, T..... 53
Cottrill, M.—Mobile.....
16, 65, 68, 71
Count D'Orsay..... 64
Craft..... 85
Crane..... 56
Crescent Billiard Saloon.26, 44
Cribb, Tom..... 9
Crittenden, C. N., Wholesale
Druggist—New York...121
Cromwell, Oliver..... 41
Crowell, Col. J..... 63
Crump, J..... 59

Dailey, John..... 48
Dalton..... 48
Damasky, Alice..... 35
Dancey..... 23
Danville..... 95
Darrah, Dr. A. T.—Tolono.
111, 112, 113, 114
Darrah, Prof..... 8
Davenport.....55, 56
Davis, Jeff.....122
Davis, T..... 57
DeBar, Ben..... 27
Decatur.....98, 99
Decatur Reform Club.....100
Decatur Republican.....100
Decatur Review.....108
Decatur Sun.....100, 104, 108
Deerslayer..... 62
Defender.....15, 16
Dement, Miss E....82, 83, 89
Dement, Mrs..... 82
Demosthenes.....120

PAGE.
Dennis..... 6
Derby.....62, 63
Der Frieschütz..... 62
Des Chapelles..... 47
Desdemona..... 54
Deshea, General..... 63
DeVallieés, Madame..... 57
DeWolf, B..... 12
DeWolf House..... 59
DeWolfs..... 5
Diamond, Miss M..... 59
Dickens, Charles..... 62
Dighton..... 5
Disraeli..... 97
Does Thos. Carpenter Con-
trol Bristol?.....126
Dorsey, Dr.....109
Doty.....117
Doswell, Maj. T..... 16
Dudley, Rev. H. F.....119
Duff, Colonel.....78, 81, 86
Du Planter, Fergus..... 63
Durfee, W. M..... 91
Durand, Madame..... 59
"Dutch Hank"..... 48
"Dutch Sam"..... 8

Eclipse..... 63
Eddy, G.....125
Edmunds..... 32
Elliot, Col. G..... 63
Elliot, Joe—N. Y. Herald..
65, 68
Emily.....34, 35, 36
Emmet, Joseph..... 48
English Literature..... 6
Episcopal Church..... 20
Erskine..... 97
Erwin, Rev. Joseph...117, 118
Esterbrooks, Crawford.91, 125
Euripides..... 41
Excelsior Club..... 12
Exeter.....7, 8, 9, 16

Fales, Miss M..... 7
Fall River Line..... 88
Falstaff..... 27
Fanchon..... 64
Faro.....21, 32
Farrington, Lawyer.....116
Fashion..... 63
Faugh à Ballagh..... 77
Ferguson, Rev.....116
Fielding.....100
Figg..... 8
First Presb. Church, Elmira.119
Fisk, "Jim".....75, 87

PAGE.
Fish, David.....117
Fitts, Lucian.....117
Flanders, Benjamin..... 6
Flanders, Fred..... 18
Flanders. Mrs. Sarah.....
6, 105, 106, 107, 108, 109, 111
Flax Pond..... 89
Forrest, Edwin.....
48, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 84
Fortun..... 7
France.....14, 32
Frank Hampton.....64, 65
"French Emma"..... 36
French, G..... 91
French Opera House...57, 59
Frost, "Dave".....104

Gage, William..... 23
Gano..... 63
Gardner, Mrs. J.....115
Garrick.....57, 100
Geometry..... 6
George II..... 8
Gilfert, Manager..... 53
Gilman, J.....108
Gilman Star.....101
Gilmore, H.....116, 117
Gladding, F.....115
Gladding, Jessie.....117
Gladding, Mrs. J..... 9
Gladding, Peter.....123
Glencoe.....63, 64, 77, 79
Goff, "Billy".....117
Goff, Major.....114
Gold Board..... 14
Gorin, J. R.....101, 109
Gorman, C. E..... 93
Gough, John B., 8, 99, 102, 115
Grand Hotel.....89, 94
Grant, Ulysses S..... 7
Grant, Ulysses S., Jr..... 9
Great Republic.....83, 84
Greeley, Horace.....8, 10, 93
Greene, C. A.—Editor.....114
Greene, Gen. N.....109
Greyson..... 9
Grinstead, Judge..... 73
Gulley..... 9
Guiteras, Ramon..... 9
Gurth..... 8

Hall, Oakey..... 51
Hammill, J.....117
Hamlet.....55, 56, 100
Hampton, Col. Wade..... 63
Hannibal..... 73
Hanover, House of..... 8

PAGE.
Harland, "Bob".....42, 43
Harper, John, Sr. .65, 68, 76
Harry Bassett.....65, 69
Hart, J 117
Harte, Bret.....115
Hartman, W. H.....106
Harvard College.....9, 16
Harvard Law School.....108
Hastings, W.....101
Hayes, Rutherford B..... 91
Hayward, William..... 64
Hazlett.. 57
Heath, Miss.....103
Heath, Mrs.....103
Heath, Rev.....102, 103
Helmbold.....15, 16, 17, 69
Heenan, John C.....23, 84
Henry..... 63
Henry II..... 41
Henry VIII..... 41
Hepp, Miss....29, 31, 32, 80
Hepp, Mrs.....28, 31
Hepp, Senior...28, 30, 31, 73
Hepp, Walter.....
26, 27, 30, 59, 77, 78
Heron, Matilda..... 49
Herreshoff, J. B. F 6
Hight, B. F.....106
Hilton, W. D.....90, 91
Hoffman, Prof..... 59
Hogarth.....34, 41, 47
Holt, C.....101, 102, 103, 104
Homer..... 12
Holmes, Miss Julia.....115
Hostetter.....
32, 36, 37, 38, 59, 60, 62
Houdin..... 80
Houstetlor, J.....99, 100
Howes, Capt. Laban..... 89
Howes, O..... 94
Howes, U..... 6
Hoyle..... .....21, 47
Hudson, J.....32, 33, 36, 38
Hudson, H 32
Huntsville, Ala.....19, 20, 24

Iago.....53, 54
Idol Girl..... 18
Illinois State C. T. U...98, 99
Irving..... 55
Izer, Rev. G. W.....118

Jackson..... 9
Jackson, Hostetter's Friend 32
Jackson, Andrew.63, 91, 98, 122
Jennings, W. 71
Jerome, Leonard.15, 16, 63, 64

PAGE.
Jerome Park.....
14, 15, 17, 18, 64, 66, 75, 78
Jerry..... 70
Joe Hooker..... 18
John the Baptist..... 93
Johnson..... 24
Johnson, "Billy".....14, 18
Johnson—Buckley.....109
Johnson—Chicago..... 95
Johnson, Col. W R..... 63
Johnson, Dr.....112
Johnson, S..... 33
Johnson, Thomas..... 18
Jones, J. P..... 74
Jones, Rev. Ed. F....125, 128
Jones, T.....100
Jordan & Marsh..... 87
Josephine..... 89
Judge Durell..... 67
Jury..... 71

Kean, Edmund.51, 53, 57, 84
Kellogg..... 57
Kelly, John—N. Y.74, 76, 126
Kennedy. Supt..... 74
Kenner, D. F..... 63
Kerr, R..... 9
Kimball..... 91
Kimball, Editor.....104
King, Dr. J. S.....
106, 107, 111, 112, 113, 114
King Lear..... 52
King, Rev. W. H.. 120
Kingfisher..... 62
Knickerbocker Club..... 13
Knight of St. George..... 69
Knox, Dr.—Elmira.....119
Krugg & Co.....26, 28, 29

L'Africaine 57
Lady of the Lake..... 62
Lamb..... 57
Lane, Rev. J. P.....115
Larkin 68
Latham, H. S.—Principal..6, 7
Latin.....6, 10
Lawrence, Dr. C. M.....120
Leamington..... 63
Leete, W..... 91
"Leonine Eyes"..... 36
Leviathan.....63, 79
Lewis, A. B. & Co..... 83
Lexington.....64, 79
Lexington Course..... 17
Lincoln, Abraham..... 8
Lind, Jenny..... 57
"Little John"..... 84

PAGE.
Locke, Rev. G. L..... 6
Logan.....101
Logan, Dr.....111, 114
Loge..... 47
Longfellow.....8, 76
Longfellow—race horse....
15, 69, 76
Lorillards..... 64
Lotta.....26, 48
Louisiana Cock-Pit.....
21, 37, 39, 41, 42
Louisiana Jockey Club....
21, 64, 69
Luther, Miss E. R..... 6
Lyon, Merrick — Professor
U. G. S..... 6

Macbeth 55
Mace, Jem..... 84
Macready.....48, 84
Madame Dudley..... 64
Manchester, W..... 91
Mardi Gras Ball.....35, 59
Marshall..... 18
Marshall, G..... 73
Mary Louise..... 66
May Flower 6
McCormick James 65
McCormick, John..... 23
McCullough, John.....
48, 49, 51, 53, 69
McDaniels, Colonel....65, 69
McGrath, Sir Price.....
16, 64, 65, 69, 71, 72, 73, 74
McHenry.....33, 37
McKesson & Robbins.....121
McKinney, J..... 73
McVicker, Manager 50
McVicker's Theatre..... 50
Melsar 63
Mendoza 9
Metairie Race Course.....
21, 24, 64, 70
Metcalf..... 68
Mildred 64
Miller.....14, 16
Miller, J..... 115
Milton 56
Minnehaha..33, 36, 37, 60, 61
Minor, J..... 70
Mississippi.....27, 28, 77
Mitchell, Jennie.... .36, 60
Mohun, Lord..... 47
Monarchist.....16, 64
Monro, N.....106
Moody..... 99
Morgan, Colonel..... 73

PAGE.
Morgan, "Key" 70
Morgan, John 70
Morgan Scout 71
Morrill 59
Morris, Clara 49
Morrissey, John .16, 17, 23, 63, 65, 71, 72, 74, 75, 76
Moses 82
Mott, G. 117
Mountain Boy 85
Mountain Girl 85, 86
Murphy, Francis 95
Murphy, M.—Decatur 99
Munroe, J. F. 117

Nannie Douglas 65
Napoleon, Louis 123
Narragansett Bay 117
National Prohibition Party . 115
National Rubber Co . 5, 92, 124
Neil 85
Nelson, Judge 99
Nelson, R. 111, 112, 113
Nemesis 54
Nerone, A. P. 91
Newcomb, Vic 73
New Town Council 126
New York H. E. & H. S. Co. 117
New York Herald 68
New York World 93
Newton, Major 117
Newton, Sir Isaac 82, 109
Ney, Marshal 95
Nilsson 57
Northrup, Mrs. M. M. 117

Oaks 62
"O Bill!" 23
O'Brien, General 115
Oldershaw 82, 95
Olivette 58
Orosmane 55
Osborne, F. 18
Osborne, Rev. C. P 6
Othello 53, 54
Otis, Nellie 34, 36, 37

Paganini 59
Paine, Colonel 47
Park Theatre 53
Partridge 100
Pat Galway 70
Paul 93
Paul, F. 91
Paul, S. 115
Payne, P. 70, 71

PAGE.
Paytona 63
Peck 91
Perkins, E. 115
Perry, Major R. 24
Perry, W. 12
Peters, Mayor—Watseka 113
Peters, Mrs. 113
Phillips Acad'y . 7, 8, 13, 21, 31
Phillips, W. 95, 115
Phœnix Hotel, Lexing'n . 69, 70
Picayune—New Orleans 38
Pierce, A. 106
Pierce, F. 91, 93
Pierce, John—Postmaster 91
Pike, Dr. 91
Pinafore 58
Pipin & Bishard 53
Pitman 91
Pitman, W. H. 91
Plato 41
Plunkett 119
Plutarch 94
Plymouth Church 6
Pocahontas 77
Pokeepsie Court House 116
Pollock 6
Polyphemus 124
Pompey 84
Pony 63
Poole, "Bill" 74
Post Boy 63
Post Stake 64
Preakness 64, 69
Preston, Gen. W. 73
Priam 63, 79
Priest, Mayor Frank J. 98, 99, 106, 109
Priest's Hotel 98, 100
Prospect Park 14, 18, 78
Providence 6
Providence Journal 115
Providence Opera House 55
Providence & Worc'r R. R. 90
Pullman Car 19

Randall, "Jack" 48
Rathburn—Elmira 119
Reade, Charles 62
Reddy the Blacksmith 16
Red Stockings 12, 13
Reynolds, Dr. 94
Reynolds, H. 75
Reynolds, J. P. 91, 115
Rhode Island 5
Rice, A. 94
Richards, A. Keene 73
Richelieu 55, 56

PAGE.
Ridgeley, General 63
Rivers—Prop. St. Cha's . 20, 77
Robbins, Tim 64, 70
Robinson, General 69, 73
Robson, Stuart 56
Roderigo 54
Rodolph 63
Roe 71
Rogers, Rev. C. J. 115
Rogers, Robert 5
Rome 14
Rosa 57
Rover 70
Rowell, Colonel 95, 99, 102
Rubber Clique 123
Rugby 7
Russian Alice 35, 36, 60

Sala 15
Salina 64, 65
Sallie Watson 71
Salvini 48, 53, 54, 55, 56
Sample 69
Samson 42
Sanford, M. H. 16, 64, 65, 69
Sankey 99
Saratoga 15, 30
Saratoga Cup 64, 68, 69
Saucebox 65
Sayers, Tom 9, 84
Schaffer, Cris 70, 74, 75
Schell, Augustus 76
Scott, Sir Walter 62
Scott, Gen. W. B. 63
Scott-Siddons, Mrs. 115
Searls, Rev. W. 117
Selika 57
Shakespeare 53, 56, 62, 73
Shaw, J. 9
Sheppard, Dr. T. 123
Sheridan 97, 101
Shylock 56
Silent Friend 71
Singleton, Col. R. 63
Skinner, W. 115
Slack, J. 8
Slater, W. S. ..... P. & W. R. R. Co. 91
Smith 13
Smith, Capt. J. 16, 65, 68, 73
Smith—Hostetter's Friend . 32
Smith, R. 27
Smith, Mrs.—Rochester 118
Socrates 41
Solon 49
Soule, Gideon—Principal of Phillips Academy 7, 10

PAGE.
Sovereign..... 63
Spencer, F..... 91
Spencer, Rev. H. F.....119
Spirit of the Times.64, 70, 72, 73
Spooner, W. H.....114
Sporting Magazine..... 42
Spring..... 9
Springbok.....64, 69, 71
Stampede..... 69
Start, "Joe"..... 13
St. Charles Hotel—N. Orl's.
20, 24, 26, 38, 39, 57, 77
St. Charles Theatre..... 48
Stephens, Rev. H. A.....123
Stevens, T..... 22
St. Leger..... 63
St. Louis Law School.108, 109
St. Michael's Church.....114
Stock Exchange..... 87
Stockwell..... 77
Storrs, Dr..... 97
Stoughton, J.—Cor. Transcript.....117
Stoughton, Rev.....96, 101
Stringfield, Woodford..... 70
Sturtevant Hotel..... 87
Styles, Colonel..... 82
Sumner, Charles...28, 47, 123
Susan Ann..... 71
Susan Tandall..... 63
Susie..... 18
Swift, Dean.....29, 109
Sweeting, A..... 91
Swim, "Bobby".... .....
65, 68, 69, 70, 71
Sylvan..... 88
Sylvan, Mrs..... 89

Tabernacle—Decatur..... 99
Talbot Baronial Castle.... 5
Talbot, J. R., Sr....5, 20, 119
Talmage..... 96
Tammany..... 76
Taylor, B. 125
Taylor, President..... 8
Ten Broeck, R..... 73
Thackeray.....46, 47
The Baron..... 77
The Danger of Despotism.122
The Hour, its Opportunity, and its Disgrace.....123
The Mascot..... 58
Themistocles..... 40
Thomas..... 6

PAGE.
Thomas, Major..... 73
Thompson Deane.....
68, 77, 78, 81, 86
Thompson, L.....37, 48
Thompson, Prof..... 7
Ticknor, Prof..... 94
Tilden, Samuel J..... 91
Tilden and Hendricks Club 93
Tilley, Miss K..... 7
Tilton, Theodore.....115
Timon of Athens..... 55
Tolono.....110, 111
Tolono Herald.....114
Tom Bowling.....64, 69, 71
Topical Reparation.....121
Town Hall, Bristol.....114
Tremont House, Chi'go.82, 95
Tri-Mountains..... 12
Trinity Church..... 7
Trotter, A. R.....125
Trumpington..... 46
Truxton..... 63
Tuck, Friar..... 8
Tubman..... 64
Turner, Hon. John..91, 92, 93
Tuscola.....111
Tuscola Opera House.....110
Tuscola Temperance Un'n.102

Underwood, Dr.....
15, 18, 64, 65, 70
Union Base-ball Grounds.. 13
Union Hotel, Saratoga.... 63
Union Square Theatre.... 49
United States Government. 98
United States Senate..... 92
University Grammar School 6
U——, A——.....125
Ushers.....5, 119
Utica W. C. T. U....116, 117
Utica Herald.....117

Valentine..... 63
Vandalite..... 83
Vanderbilt, Commodore.16, 75
Varieties Theatre.....48, 55
Venus of Milo.... 35
Vermilion Opera House... 97
Views on Cards.....46, 47, 48
Views on Stage.....
48, 49, 50, 51, 52
Views on Turf.....62, 63
Views on Temperance.....120
Virginia..... 49

PAGE.
Virginius..... 49
Voltaire..... 55
Von Moltke..... 64

Wallace..... 21
Wall Street.....12, 14, 60, 93
Ward, J..... 9
Ward, Z.....69, 73
Wardwell, Miss Isabella...115
Wardwell, Hon. W. T. C..
11, 91, 92, 93, 114, 127, 128
Wardwell, J. H.....115
Warmouth, Gov....26, 28, 58
Warren, N.....91, 93
Warren, S..... 48
Waters, G. L.....118
Watseka Times.....113
Webb, Jean F.....108
Weber..... 62
Webster, Daniel.....7, 94, 95
Weeden, Miss I..... 59
Weeks & Potter.....121
Weldon, Dr. 19, 65, 67
Westgate, Rev. H. S.....118
West End Hotel, L. Branch 72
Whately, Archbishop..... 99
Whitefield.....120
Whitmarsh.....82, 95
Wilbur, Cora.....37, 60
Wilde, Oscar.....62, 63
Wilkes, G.—Editor Spirit of the Times.....72, 73
Wilkie, Mrs. J. W.....117
William, Duke Cumberland 8
Williams, Hon. Isaac..91, 92, 93, 122, 123, 124, 125, 127, 128
Williamson, "Billy"..... 72
Wilson, Henry..... 9
Winter, T..... 9
Woodhull, Manager..... 53
Woman's C. T. U., Chicago. 94
Wooley, Col. R..... 73
Wolsey, Cardinal..... 73
Wordsworth..... 62
Wright, George.....12, 13
Wright, Harry..... 12
Wright, Rev.....100

"Yankee Sullivan"..... 74
Y. M. C. A., Bristol..... 91
Yorkshire.....63, 79
Young, J. J. H., Sr.....105

Zaire..... 55

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